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THE

WORKS

OF

SHAKESPEARE.

VOL. VII.

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OF

SHAKESPEARE:

VOLUME the SEVENTH.

CONTAINING,

TROILUS and CRESSIDA.	HAMLET, Prince of *Denmark.*
ROMEO and JULIET.	OTHELLO.

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TROILUS

AND

CRESSIDA.

TROILUS

AND

CRESSIDA.

THE PROLOGUE.

IN Troy, *there lies the ſcene: from Iſles of* Greece
The Princes orgillous, their high blood chaf'd,
Have to the Port of Athens *ſent their ſhips,*
Fraught with the miniſters and inſtruments
Of cruel war. Sixty and nine, that wore
Their Crownets regal, from th' Athenian *bay*
Put forth toward Phrygia, *and their vow is made*
To ranſack Troy; *within whoſe ſtrong Immures,*
The raviſh'd Helen, Menelaus' *Queen,*
With wanton Paris *ſleeps; and That's the Quarrel.*
To Tenedos *they come*——
And the deep-drawing Barks do there diſgorge
Their warlike fraughtage. Now on Dardan *Plains,*
The freſh, and yet unbruiſed, Greeks *do pitch*
Their brave Pavillions. Priam's *ſix Gates i'th' City,* (1)
(Dardan, *and* Thymbria, Ilia, Scæa, Troian,
And Antenorides,) *with maſſy ſtaples*

And

(1) —— Priam's ſix-*gated City*
Dardan, and Timbria, Helias, Chetas, *Trojen,*
And Antenoridan, with maſſy Staples
And correſponſive and fulfilling bolts
Stirre *up the Sons of* Troy.] This has been a moſt miſerably mangled Paſſage, thro' all the Editions: corrupted at once into falſe Concord, and falſe Reaſoning. *Priam*'s ſix-gated *City ſtirre* up the Sons of *Troy?*—— Here's a Verb *plural* govern'd of a Nominative *ſingular*. But that is eaſily remedied. The next Queſtion to be asked, is, In what Senſe a City having ſix ſtrong Gates, and thoſe well barr'd and bolted, can be ſaid to *ſtir up* its Inhabitants? unleſs they may be ſuppos'd to derive ſome Spirit from the Strength of their Fortifications. But this could not be the Poet's Thought. He muſt mean, I take it, that the *Greeks* had pitch'd their Tents upon the Plains before *Troy*; and that the *Trojans* were ſecurely barricaded within the Walls and Gates of their City. This Senſe my Correction reſtores.

And correſponſive and fulfilling bolts,
Sperre up the ſons of Troy.——
Now expectation tickling skittiſh ſpirits
On one and other ſide, Trojan *and* Greek,
Sets all on hazard. And hither am I come
A Prologue arm'd, (but not in confidence

——Priam's *Six* Gates i'th' City,

Sperre *up the Sons of* Troy.

Why they might be call'd *Priam*'s Six Gates, will be ſeen in the Sequel of this Note. To *ſperre*, or *ſpar*, (from the old *Teutonic* Word, ſperren) ſignifies, to *ſhut up*, *defend* by *Barrs*, &c. And in this very Senſe has CHAUCER uſed the Term in the 5th Book of his *Troilus* and *Creſeide*.

For when he ſaw her Doorés ſperred *all,*
Well nigh for Sorrow' adown he 'gan to fall.

But now for the Six Gates, the very Names of which our Editors have barbarouſly demoliſh'd; and which Mr. *Pope*, tho the Tranſlator of *Homer*, had not the Skill to reedify, till I chalk'd out the Materials for him. We find them enumerated by *La Cerda*, (from *Dares Phrygius*, as he informs us;) in his Note upon this Paſſage of *Virgil:*

——*Hic* Juno *Scæas ſæviſſima portas*
Prima tenet. Æneid. ii. v. 612.

Trojanæ *urbis portas ſex enumerat* Dares; *Antenoridem, Dardanien, Iliam, Scæam*, Catumbriam, *Trojanam*. This Liſt is again given us by *Tiraquellus* in a Note upon *Alexander* ab *Alexandro*, (lib. iv. cap. 23.) and from theſe two copied by Sir *Edward Sherburne* in his Commentary upon the *Troades* of *Seneca* tranſlated by him. But even in theſe three Paſſages we have to deal with Error: *Catumbria* is a very odd Word; and, I am well ſatisfied, a depraved one. I'll endeavour to account for the Blunder, and give the true Reading. We are to remember, there was near old *Troy* a Plain call'd *Thymbra*; a River, that run thro' it, call'd *Thymbrius*; and a Temple to *Apollo Thymbræus*. The Gate, that we are ſpeaking of, was probably deſcrib'd in the *Greek* Author (ſuppos'd to be *Dares Phrygius*, and now long ſince loſt) to be καλὰ Θύμβρειον: the Gate that fac'd, or was in the Neighbourhood of, the aforeſaid Plain and River. And from thence, as I ſuſpect, by the Negligence or Ignorance of the Tranſlator, the two *Greek* Words were join'd, and corrupted into *Catumbria*. The correcter Editions of *Dares Phrygius* (I mean the *Latin* Verſion, which goes under that Name;) neither read as *Cerda*, *Tiraquellus* or Sir *Edward Sherburne* have given us this Paſſage; but thus:——*Ilio portas fecit (ſcil.* Priamus) *quarum Nomina hæc ſunt, Antenoridæ, Dardaniæ, Iliæ, Scææ*, Thymbrææ, *Trojanæ*. This exactly ſquares with my Emendation, as well as aſſigns the Cauſe why our Poet might call the Six Gates *Priam*'s, who was the Builder of them.

Of

Of Author's pen, or Actor's voice; but ſuited
In like conditions as our Argument;)
To tell you, (fair Beholders) that our Play
Leaps o'er the vaunt and firſtlings of thoſe broils,
'Ginning i'th' middle: ſtarting thence away, (2)
To what may be digeſted in a Play.
Like, or find fault,—do, as your pleaſures are;
Now good, or bad, 'tis but the chance of war.

(2) *Beginning in the middle, ſtarting thence* away,] Thus all the Editions, before Mr. *Pope*'s. He, in the Purity of his Ear, has caſhier'd the laſt Word, becauſe the Verſe was longer than its fellows. I have choſe to retain it; (becauſe, I am perſuaded, the Poet intended a Rhyme) and reduce the Line to Meaſure by an *Apocope* ſo frequent in his Writings.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

PRIAM,
Hector,
Troilus,
Paris,
Deiphobus,
Helenus,
Æneas,
Pandarus,
Antenor,
} TROJANS.

A baſtard Son of Priam.

Agamemnon,
Achilles,
Ajax,
Menelaus,
Ulyſſes,
Neſtor,
Diomedes,
Patroclus,
Therſites,
Calchas,
} GREEKS.

Helen, *Wife to* Menelaus, *in Love with* Paris.
Andromache, *Wife to* Hector.
Caſſandra, *Daughter to* Priam, *a Propheteſs.*
Creſſida, *Daughter to* Calchas, *in love with* Troilus.

Alexander, Creſſida's *Man.*
Boy, *Page to* Troilus.

Trojan *and* Greek *Soldiers, with other Attendants.*

SCENE, Troy; *and the* Grecian *Camp, before it.*

Troilus and *Creſſida.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *the Palace in* Troy.

Enter Pandarus *and* Troilus.

TROILUS.

CALL here my varlet; I'll unarm again. (3)
Why ſhould I war without the walls of *Troy*,
That find ſuch cruel battle here within?
Each *Trojan*, that is maſter of his heart,
Let him to field; *Troilus*, alas! hath none.

Pan. Will this geer ne'er be mended?

Troi. The *Greeks* are ſtrong, and skilful to their ſtrength,
Fierce to their skill, and to their fierceneſs valiant.
But

(5) ——*I'll unarm again.*
Why ſhould I war without *the Walls of* Troy,
That find ſuch cruel Battle here within?] I won't venture to affirm, that this Paſſage is founded on *Anacreon*, but there is a mighty Conſonance both of Thought and Expreſſion in both Poets; particularly, in the Cloſe of the Sentence.

Μάτιω δ' ἔχω βοείην·
Τὶ χὠ βαλώμεθ' ἔξω,
Μάχης ἔσω μ' ἐχούσης;

But I am weaker than a woman's tear,
Tamer than ſleep, fonder than ignorance;
Leſs valiant than the virgin in the night,
And skill-leſs as unpractis'd infancy.

Pan. Well, I have told you enough of this: for my part, I'll not meddle nor make any farther. He, that will have a cake out of the wheat, muſt needs tarry the grinding.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the grinding; but you muſt tarry the boulting.

Troi. Have I not tarried?

Pan. Ay, the boulting; but you muſt tarry the leav'ning.

Troi. Still have I tarried.

Pan. Ay, to the leav'ning: but here's yet in the word hereafter, the kneading, the making of the cake, the heating of the oven, and the baking; nay, you muſt

'*Tis in vain that I have a Shield: for wherefore ſhould I* wear that outward Defence, *when the* Battle *rages all* within me? I hope, my Readers will forgive me, if I take Notice on this Occaſion that the Learned *Tanaquil Faber* quite miſtook *Anacreon*'s Senſe in this Line, Τί γὰρ βαλώμεθ' ἔξω,——He has render'd it; *Quid enim extrà*, aut *foràs, tela mittamus, cùm intùs pugna ſit?* This is abſolutely foreign from the Poet's Meaning. Madam *Dacier* ſeems to have underſtood it in her *French* Verſion, but is repugnant to herſelf, when ſhe gives it us in *Latin*.——*C'eſt donc en vain que j'ay un bouclier, car à quoi ſert de* ſe défendre *au* dehors, *lorſque l' ennemi eſt au* dedans?——I am ſurpriz'd, after ſo juſt a Tranſlation as to the Meaning, that ſhe could ſubjoin this Remark. *Les Interpretes* Latins *n'ont pas bien entendu ce vers qu'ils traduiſent*, Nàm cur petamur extrà; *& il falloit traduire tout au contraire*, nam cur petamus extrà. *Petere hoſtem*, is, to *attack* an Enemy; which is not *Anacreon*'s Meaning. But Monſ. *De la Foſſe* has genteely animadverted upon this *Lady*'s Error. Anacreon *ne ſongeoit qu'au* ſe défendre, *& non pas à* offenſer. *Ainſi* petamus, *qui eſt une Action* offenſive, *n'eſtoit pas ſi juſte que* petamur.

In my Opinion, the Paſſage ſhould be thus render'd;

Fruſtrà gero Clypeum;
Quid enim [illum] *extrinſecùs* objiciam,
Cum Pugna intùs omninò ardeat?

The Tranſlators do not ſeem to have remember'd, that βάλλομαι (as its Compounds, ἀμφιβάλλομαι, ἐπιβάλλομαι, περιβάλλομαι) may ſometimes ſignify actively, *induo, injicio, impono.* Authorities are ſo obvious, that it is unneceſſary to *alledge any.*

ſtay the cooling too, or you may chance to burn your lips.

Troi. Patience her ſelf, what Goddeſs e'er ſhe be,
Doth leſſer blench at ſufferance, than I do:
At *Priam*'s royal table do I ſit;
And when fair *Creſſid* comes into my thoughts,
So, traitor!——when ſhe comes? when is ſhe thence?

Pan. Well, ſhe look'd yeſternight fairer than ever I ſaw her look, or any woman elſe.

Troi. I was about to tell thee, when my heart,
As wedged with a ſigh, would rive in twain,
Leſt *Hector* or my father ſhould perceive me;
I have (as when the Sun doth light a ſtorm)
Buried this ſigh in wrinkle of a ſmile:
But ſorrow, that is couch'd in ſeeming gladneſs,
Is like that mirth Fate turns to ſudden ſadneſs.

Pan. An her hair were not ſomewhat darker than *Helen*'s——well, go to, there were no more compariſon between the women. But, for my part, ſhe is my kinſwoman; I would not (as they term it) praiſe her—but I would, Somebody had heard her talk yeſterday, as I did: I will not diſpraiſe your ſiſter *Caſſandra*'s wit, but——

Troi. O *Pandarus!* I tell thee, *Pandarus*——
When I do tell thee, there my hopes lye drown'd, (4)
Reply not in how many fathoms deep
They lye indrench'd. I tell thee, I am mad

(4) *When I do tell thee, there my Hopes lye drown'd,*
Reply not in how many Fathoms deep
They lye intrench'd.] This is only the Reading of the modern Editors: I have reſtor'd that of the old Books. For beſides that, *intrench*'d in *Fathoms*, is a Phraſe which we have very great Reaſon to ſuſpect; what Conſonance, or Agreement, in Senſe is there betwixt *drown'd* and *intrench'd?* The firſt carries the Idea of Deſtruction, the latter of Security. *Indrench'd* correſponds exactly with *drown'd*; and ſignifies, *immers*'d in the Deep, or, as our Poet in another Place calls it, enſteep'd.
So in his *Venus* and *Adonis*;

O, where am I, (quoth ſhe) in Earth, or Heav'n?
Or in the Ocean drench'd?

And in the *Two Gentlemen* of *Verona* we again find the Terms coupled.

And drench'd *me in the Sea, where I am* drown'd.

In

In *Creſſid*'s love. Thou anſwer'ſt, ſhe is fair;
Pour'ſt in the open ulcer of my heart
Her eyes, her hair, her cheek, her gate, her voice;
Handleſt in thy diſcourſe——O that! her hand!
(In whoſe compariſon, all whites are ink
Writing their own reproach) to whoſe ſoft ſeizure
The cignet's down is harſh, and ſpirit of ſenſe
Hard as the palm of ploughman. This thou tell'ſt me;
(As, true thou tell'ſt me;) when I ſay, I love her:
But ſaying thus, inſtead of oil and balm,
Thou lay'ſt, in every gaſh that love hath given me,
The knife that made it.

Pan. I ſpeak no more than truth.

Troi. Thou doſt not ſpeak ſo much.

Pan. 'Faith, I'll not meddle in't. Let her be as ſhe is, if ſhe be fair, 'tis the better for her; an ſhe be not, ſhe has the mends in her own hands.

Troi. Good *Pandarus*; how now, *Pandarus?*

Pan. I have had my labour for my travel, ill thought on of her, and ill thought on of you: gone between and between, but ſmall thanks for my labour.

Troi. What art thou angry, *Pandarus?* what, with me?

Pan. Becauſe ſhe is kin to me, therefore ſhe's not ſo fair as *Helen*; an ſhe were not kin to me, ſhe would be as fair on *Friday*, as *Helen* is on *Sunday*. But what care I? I care not, an ſhe were a black-a-moor; 'tis all one to me.

Troi. Say I, ſhe is not fair?

Pan. I do not care whether you do, or no. She's a fool to ſtay behind her father: let her to the *Greeks*, and ſo I'll tell her the next time I ſee her: for my part, I'll meddle nor make no more i'th' matter.

Troi. Pandarus,——

Pan. Not I.

Troi. Sweet *Pandarus*,——

Pan. Pray you, ſpeak no more to me; I will leave all as I found it, and there's an end. [*Exit* Pandarus.

[*Sound Alarum.*

Troi. Peace, you ungracious clamours! peace, rude ſounds!

Fools on both ſides.——*Helen* muſt needs be fair,
When with your blood you daily paint her thus.
I cannot fight upon this Argument,
It is too ſtarv'd a ſubject for my ſword:
But *Pandarus*——O Gods! how do you plague me!
I cannot come to *Creſſid*, but by *Pandar*;
And he's as teachy to be woo'd to wooe,
As ſhe is ſtubborn-chaſt againſt all ſute.
Tell me, *Apollo*, for thy *Daphne*'s love,
What *Creſſid* is, what *Pandar*, and what we:
Her bed is *India*, there ſhe lyes, a pearl;
Between our *Ilium*, and where ſhe reſides,
Let it be call'd the wild and wandering flood;
Our ſelf the merchant, and this ſailing *Pandar*,
Our doubtful hope, our convoy, and our bark.

[*Alarum.*] *Enter* Æneas.

Æne. How now Prince *Troilus?* wherefore not i'th' field?

Troi. Becauſe not there; this woman's anſwer ſorts,
For womaniſh it is to be from thence:
What news, *Æneas*, from the field to day?

Æne. That *Paris* is returned home, and hurt.

Troi. By whom, *Æneas?*

Æne. *Troilus*, by *Menelaus.*

Troi. Let *Paris* bleed, 'tis but a ſcar to ſcorn;
Paris is gor'd with *Menelaus*' horn. [*Alarum.*

Æne. Hark, what good ſport is out of town to day?

Troi. Better at home, if *would I might*, were *may*—
But to the ſport abroad——are you bound thither?

Æne. In all ſwift haſte.

Troi. Come, go we then together. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a publick Street, near the Walls of* Troy.

Enter Creſſida, *and* Alexander, *her Servant.*

Cre. WHO were thoſe went by?
Ser. Queen *Hecuba* and *Helen.*
Cre. And whither go they?
Ser. Up to th' eaſtern tower,
Whoſe height commands as ſubject all the vale,
To ſee the fight. *Hector*, whoſe patience
Is, as the Virtue, fix'd, to day was mov'd: (5)
He chid *Andromache*, and ſtruck his armorer;
And like as there were husbandry in war,
Before the Sun roſe, he was harneſs-dight, (6)
And to the field goes he; where ev'ry flower
Did as a prophet weep what it foreſaw,
In *Hector*'s wrath.

(5) ——— ——— *whoſe Patience*
Is as a *Virtue fix'd,*] What's the Meaning of *Hector*'s Patience being fix'd *as a Virtue?* Is not Patience a Virtue? What Room then for the Similitude? The Poet certainly wrote, as I have conjecturally reform'd the Text; and this is giving a fine Character of it, to ſay, *His Patience is as ſtedfaſt as the* Virtue *of* Patience *itſelf*; or the *Goddeſs* ſo call'd: for the Poets have always perſonaliz'd the *Quality*. So we find *Troilus* a little before ſaying;

Patience herſelf, *what* Goddeſs *ere ſhe be,*
Doth leſſer blench at Sufferance than I do.

Mr. *Warburton.*

W. (6) *Before the Sun roſe, he was* harneſt light,] Why, harneſt *light?* Does the Poet mean, that *Hector* had put on *light Armour?* Or that he was *ſprightly* in his Arms, even before Sun-riſe? Or is a Conundrum aim'd at, in *Sun* roſe, and harneſt *light?* A very ſlight Alteration makes all theſe Conſtructions unneceſſary, and gives us the Poet's Meaning in the propereſt Terms imaginable.

Before the Sun roſe, he was harneſs-dight,

i. e. compleatly dreſt, accoutred, in Arms. It is frequent with our Poet, from his Maſters *Chaucer* and *Spenſer*, to ſay *dight* for *deck'd*; *pight*, for *pitch'd*; &c. and from them too he uſes *Harneſs* for Armour. So, again, in *Macbeth*;

——— ——— *blow, Wind! come, Wrack!*
At leaſt we'll die with Harneſs *on our Back.*

Cre.

Cre. What was his cauſe of anger?

Ser. The noiſe goes thus; There is among the *Greeks* A lord of *Trojan* blood, nephew to *Hector*, They call him *Ajax*.

Cre. Good; and what of him?

Ser. They ſay, he is a very man *per ſe*, and ſtands alone.

Cre. So do all men, unleſs they are drunk, ſick, or have no legs.

Ser. This man, lady, hath robb'd many beaſts of their particular additions; he is as valiant as the lyon, churliſh as the bear, ſlow as the elephant; a man into whom Nature hath ſo crouded humours, that his valour is cruſht into folly, his folly ſauced with diſcretion: there is no man hath a virtue, that he hath not a glimpſe of; nor any man an attaint, but he carries ſome ſtain of it. He is melancholy without cauſe, and merry againſt the hair; he hath the joints of every thing, but every thing ſo out of joint, that he is a gouty *Briareus*, many hands and no uſe; or purblind *Argus*, all eyes and no ſight.

Cre. But how ſhould this man, that makes me ſmile, make *Hector* angry?

Ser. They ſay, he yeſterday cop'd *Hector* in the battle and ſtruck him down, the diſdain and ſhame whereof hath ever ſince kept *Hector* faſting and waking.

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. Who comes here?

Ser. Madam, your uncle *Pandarus*.

Cre. *Hector*'s a gallant man.

Ser. As may be in the world, lady.

Pan. What's that? what's that?

Cre. Good morrow, uncle *Pandarus*.

Pan. Good morrow, couſin *Creſſid*; what do you talk of? (7) Good morrow, *Alexander*;—how do you, couſin? when were you at *Ilium*?

Cre.

(7) *Good morrow, couſin* Creſſid; *What do you talk of?* Good morrow, ALEXANDER;——*How do you, couſin?*] *Good morrow*, Alexander—is added in all the Editions, ſays Mr. *Pope*, very abſurdly, *Paris* not being

Cre. This morning, uncle.

Pan. What were you talking of, when I came? was *Hector* arm'd and gone, ere ye came to *Ilium? Helen* was not up? was ſhe?

Cre. Hector was gone; but *Helen* was not up.

Pan. E'en ſo; *Hector* was ſtirring early.

Cre. That were we talking of, and of his anger.

Pan. Was he angry?

Cre. So he ſays, here.

Pan. True, he was ſo; I know the cauſe too: he'll lay about him to day, I can tell them That; and there's *Troilus* will not come far behind him, let them take heed of *Troilus*; I can tell them That too.

Cre. What is he angry too?

Pan. Who, *Troilus?*—*Troilus* is the better man of the two.

Cre. Oh, *Jupiter!* there's no compariſon.

Pan. What, not between *Troilus* and *Hector?* do you know a man, if you ſee him?

Cre. Ay, if I ever ſaw him before, and knew him.

Pan. Well, I ſay, *Troilus* is *Troilus.*

Cre. Then you ſay, as I ſay; for, I am ſure, he is not *Hector.*

Pan. No, nor *Hector* is not *Troilus*, in ſome degrees.

Cre. 'Tis juſt to each of them, he is himſelf.

Pan. Himſelf? alas, poor *Troilus!* I would he were.

Cre. So he is.

Pan. 'Condition, I had gone bare-foot to *India.*

being on the Stage.——Wonderful Acuteneſs! But, with Submiſſion, this Gentleman's Note is much more abſurd: for it falls out very unluckily for his Remark, that tho *Paris* is, for the Generality, in *Homer* call'd *Alexander*; yet, in this Play, by any one of the Characters introduc'd, he is call'd nothing but *Paris.* The Truth of the Fact is this. *Pandarus* is of a buſy, impertinent, inſinuating Character; and 'tis natural for him, ſo ſoon as he has given his Couſin the good Morrow, to pay his Civilities too to her Attendant. This is purely ἐν ἤθει, as the Grammarians call it; and gives us an admirable Touch of *Pandarus*'s Character. And why might not *Alexander* be the Name of *Creſſid*'s Man? *Paris* had no Patent, I ſuppoſe, for engroſſing it to himſelf. But the late *Editor*, perhaps, becauſe we have had *Alexander* the Great, Pope *Alexander*, and *Alexander Pope*, would not have ſo eminent a Name proſtituted to a common *Valet.*

Cre.

Cre. He is not *Hector.*

Pan. Himſelf? no, he's not himſelf; would, he were himſelf! well, the Gods are above; time muſt friend, or end; well, *Troilus*, well, I would, my heart were in her body!——no, *Hector* is not a better man than *Troilus.*

Cre. Excuſe me.

Pan. He is elder.

Cre. Pardon me, pardon me.

Pan. Th' other's not come to't; you ſhall tell me another tale, when th' other's come to't: *Hector* ſhall not have his wit this year.

Cre. He ſhall not need it, if he have his own.

Pan. Nor his Qualities.

Cre. No matter.

Pan. Nor his beauty.

Cre. 'Twou'd not become him, his own's better.

Pan. You have no judgment, Neice; *Helen* her ſelf ſwore th' other day, that *Troilus* for a brown favour, (for ſo 'tis, I muſt confeſs) not brown neither——

Cre. No, but brown.

Pan. Faith, to ſay truth, brown and not brown.

Cre. To ſay the truth, true and not true.

Pan. She prais'd his complexion above *Paris.*

Cre. Why, *Paris* hath colour enough.

Pan. So he has.

Cre. Then *Troilus* ſhould have too much; if ſhe prais'd him above, his complexion is higher than his; he having colour enough, and the other higher, is too flaming a praiſe for a good complexion. I had as lieve *Helen*'s golden tongue had commended *Troilus* for a copper noſe.

Pan. I ſwear to you, I think, *Helen* loves him better than *Paris.*

Cre. Then ſhe's a merry *Greek*, indeed.

Pan. Nay, I am ſure, ſhe does. She came to him th' other day into the compaſs-window; and, you know, he has not paſt three or four hairs on his chin.

Cre. Indeed, a tapſter's arithmetick may ſoon bring his particulars therein to a total.

Pan.

Pan. Why, he is very young; and yet will he within three pound lift as much as his brother *Hector*.

Cre. Is he so young a man, and so old a lifter?——

Pan. But to prove to you that *Helen* loves him, she came and puts me her white hand to his cloven chin.

Cre. Juno, have mercy! how came it cloven?

Pan. Why, you know, 'tis dimpled. I think, his smiling becomes him better, than any man in all *Phrygia*.

Cre. Oh, he smiles valiantly.

Pan. Does he not?

Cre. O yes, an 'twere a cloud in autumn.

Pan. Why, go to then——but to prove to you that *Helen* loves *Troilus*,——

Cre. Troilus will stand to the proof, if you'll prove it so.

Pan. Troilus? why he esteems her no more than I esteem an addle egg.

Cre. If you love an addle egg, as well as you love an idle head, you would eat chickens i'th' shell.

Pan. I cannot chuse but laugh to think how she tickled his chin; indeed, she has a marvellous white hand, I must needs confess.

Cre. Without the Rack.

Pan. And she takes upon her to spy a white hair on his chin.

Cre. Alas, poor chin! many a wart is richer.

Pan. But there was such laughing. Queen *Hecuba* laught, that her eyes run o'er.

Cre. With milstones.

Pan. And *Cassandra* laught.

Cre. But there was more temperate fire under the pot of her eyes; did her eyes run o'er too?

Pan. And *Hector* laught.

Cre. At what was all this laughing?

Pan. Marry, at the white hair that *Helen* spied on *Troilus*'s chin.

Cre. An't had been a green hair, I should have laught too.

Pan. They laught not so much at the hair, as at his pretty answer.

Cre.

Cre. What was his anſwer?

Pan. Quoth ſhe, here's but one and fifty hairs on your chin, and one of them is white.

Cre. This is her queſtion.

Pan. That's true, make no queſtion of that: one and fifty hairs, (8) quoth he, and one white; that white hair is my father, and all the reſt are his ſons. *Jupiter!* quoth ſhe, which of theſe hairs is *Paris*, my husband? the forked one, quoth he, pluck it out and give it him: but there was ſuch laughing, and *Helen* ſo bluſh'd, and *Paris* ſo chaft, and all the reſt ſo laught, that it paſt.

Cre. So let it now, for it has been a great while going by.

Pan. Well, couſin, I told you a thing Yeſterday; think on't.

Cre. So I do.

Pan. I'll be ſworn, 'tis true; he will weep you, an 'twere a man born in *April.* [*Sound a retreat.*

Cre. And I'll ſpring up in his tears, an 'twere a nettle againſt *May.*

Pan. Hark, they are coming from the field; ſhall we ſtand up here, and ſee them, as they paſs towards *Ilium?* (9) good neice, do; ſweet neice *Creſſida.*

Cre. At your pleaſure.

Pan. Here, here, here's an excellent place, here we may ſee moſt bravely; I'll tell you them all by their names, as they paſs by; but mark *Troilus* above the reſt.

(8) Two *and fifty hairs, quoth he, and one white; that white Hair is my Father, and all the reſt are his Sons.*] The Copyiſts muſt have err'd here in the Number; and I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute *one* and *fifty*, I think, with ſome Certainty. How elſe can the Number make out *Priam*, and his fifty Sons?

(9) *Hark, they are coming from the field; ſhall we ſtand up here and ſee them, as they paſs towards* Ilium?] This Conduct of the Poet, in making *Pandarus* decypher the Warriors as they paſs, ſeems an Imitation of *Homer*'s *Helen* on the Walls, where ſhe ſhews the *Greeks* to *Priam.* This Incident was borrow'd by *Euripides*, in his *Phœniſſæ*; and again copied by *Statius*, in the 9th Book of his *Thebais*, where he makes *Phorbas* ſhew to *Antigone* the Chiefs of the *Theban* Army.

Æneas *passes over the stage.*

Cre. Speak not so loud.

Pan. That's *Æneas*; is not that a brave man? he's one of the flowers of *Troy*, I can tell you; but mark *Troilus*, you shall see anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Antenor *passes over the stage.*

Pan. That's *Antenor*, he has a shrewd wit, I can tell you, and he's a man good enough; he's one o'th' soundest judgment in *Troy* whosoever, and a proper man of person; when comes *Troilus?* I'll shew you *Troilus* anon; if he see me, you shall see him nod at me.

Cre. Will he give you the nod?

Pan. You shall see.

[49] *Cre.* If he do, the rich shall have more.

Hector *passes over.*

Pan. That's *Hector*, that, that, look you, that: there's a fellow! go thy way, *Hector*; there's a brave man, neice: O brave *Hector!* look, how he looks! there's a countenance! is't not a brave man?

Cre. O brave man!

Pan. Is he not? It does a man's heart good,——look you, what hacks are on his helmet, look you yonder, do you see? look you there! there's no jesting; there's laying on, take't off who will, as they say, there be hacks.

Cre. Be those with swords?

Paris *passes over.*

Pan. Swords, any thing, he cares not, an the devil come to him, it's all one; by godslid, it does one's heart good. Yonder comes *Paris*, yonder comes *Paris*: look ye yonder, neice, is't not a gallant man too, is't not? why, this is brave now: who said, he came home hurt to day? he's not hurt; why, this will do *Helen*'s heart good now, ha? would, I could see *Troilus* now; you shall see *Troilus* anon.

Cre. Who's that?

Helenus

Helenus *passes over.*

Pan. That's *Helenus.* I marvel, where *Troilus* is: that's *Helenus*——I think, he went not forth to day; that's *Helenus.*

Cre. Can *Helenus* fight, uncle?

Pan. Helenus, no——yes, he'll fight indifferent well—I marvel, where *Troilus* is? hark, do you not hear the people cry *Troilus? Helenus* is a prieſt.

Cre. What ſneaking fellow comes yonder?

Troilus *passes over.*

Pan. Where! yonder? that's *Deiphobus.* 'Tis *Troilus!* there's a man, neice———hem———brave *Troilus!* the prince of chivalry!

Cre. Peace, for ſhame, peace.

Pan. Mark him, note him: O brave *Troilus!* look well upon him, neice, look you how his ſword is bloodied, and his helm more hack'd than *Hector*'s, and how he looks, and how he goes! O admirable youth! he ne'er ſaw three and twenty. Go thy way, *Troilus*, go thy way; had I a ſiſter were a Grace, or a daughter a Goddeſs, he ſhould take his choice. O admirable man! *Paris?*——*Paris* is dirt to him, and I warrant *Helen* to change would give money to boot.

Enter common Soldiers.

Cre. Here come more.

Pan. Aſſes, fools, dolts, chaff and bran, chaff and bran; porridge after meat. I could live and dye i'th' eyes of *Troilus.* Ne'er look, ne'er look; the eagles are gone; crows and daws, crows and daws. I had rather be ſuch a man as *Troilus*, than *Agamemnon* and all *Greece.*

Cre. There is among the *Greeks Achilles*, a better man than *Troilus.*

Pan. Achilles? a dray-man, a porter, a very camel.

Cre. Well, well.

Pan. Well, well——why, have you any diſcretion? have you any eyes? do you know, what a man is? is not birth, beauty, good ſhape, diſcourſe, manhood,

learning, gentleneſs, virtue, youth, liberality, and ſo forth, the ſpice and ſalt, that ſeaſons a man?

Cre. Ay, a minc'd man; and then to be bak'd with no date in the pye, for then the man's date is out,——

Pan. You are ſuch another woman, one knows not at what ward you lye.

Cre. Upon my back, to defend my belly; upon my wit, to defend my wiles; upon my ſecreſie, to defend mine honeſty; my mask to defend my beauty, and you to defend all theſe; and at all theſe wards I lye, at a thouſand watches.

Pan. Say one of your watches.

Cre. Nay, I'll watch you for that, and that's one of the chiefeſt of them too; if I cannot ward what I would not have hit, I can watch you for telling how I took the blow; unleſs it ſwell paſt hiding, and then it is paſt watching.

Pan. You are ſuch another.

Enter Boy.

Boy. Sir, my lord would inſtantly ſpeak with you.

Pan. Where?

Boy. At your own houſe, there he unarms him.

Pan. Good boy, tell him I come; I doubt, he be hurt. Fare ye well, good neice.

Cre. Adieu, uncle.

Pan. I'll be with you, neice, by and by.

Cre. To bring, uncle——

Pan. Ay, a token from *Troilus.*

Cre. By the ſame token, you are a bawd. [*Exit* Pan.

Words, vows, gifts, tears, and love's full ſacrifice,
He offers in another's enterprize:
But more in *Troilus* thouſand-fold I ſee,
Than in the glaſs of *Pandar*'s praiſe may be.
Yet hold I off. Women are angels, wooing;
Things won are done; the ſoul's joy lyes in doing:
That She belov'd knows nought, that knows not this;
Men prize the thing ungain'd, more than it is.
That She was never yet, that ever knew
Love got, ſo ſweet, as when Deſire did ſue:

Atchievement is Command; ungain'd, beſeech.
Therefore this maxim out of love I teach;
That though my heart's content firm love doth bear,
Nothing of That ſhall from mine eyes appear. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to* Agamemnon's *Tent in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Trumpets. *Enter* Agamemnon, Neſtor, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Menelaus, *with others.*

Agam. PRINCES,
What grief hath ſet the jaundice on your cheeks?
The ample propoſition, that hope makes
In all deſigns begun on earth below,
Fails in the promis'd largeneſs: Checks and diſaſters
Grow in the veins of actions higheſt rear'd;
As knots by the conflux of meeting ſap
Infect the ſound pine, and divert his grain
Tortive and errant from his courſe of growth.
Nor, Princes, is it matter new to us,
That we come ſhort of our Suppoſe ſo far,
That after ſev'n years ſiege, yet *Troy*-walls ſtand;
Sith every action that hath gone before,
Whereof we have record, tryal did draw
Bias and thwart; not anſwering the aim,
And that unbodied figure of the thought
That gave't ſurmiſed ſhape. Why then, you Princes,
Do you with cheeks abaſh'd behold our Works?
And think them ſhame, which are, indeed, nought elſe
But the protractive tryals of great *Jove*,
To find perſiſtive conſtancy in men?
The fineneſs of which metal is not found
In fortune's love; for then, the bold and coward,
The wiſe and fool, the artiſt and unread,
The hard and ſoft, ſeem all affin'd, and kin;
But in the wind and tempeſt of her frown,
Diſtinction with a broad and powerful fan,

Puffing at all, winnows the light away;
And what hath mass, or matter by it self,
Lies rich in virtue, and unmingled.

Nest. With due observance of thy godlike Seat, (10)
Great *Agamemnon*, *Nestor* shall apply
Thy latest words. In the reproof of Chance
Lies the true proof of men: the Sea being smooth,
How many shallow bauble boats dare sail
Upon her patient breast, making their way
With those of nobler bulk?
But let the ruffian *Boreas* once enrage
The gentle *Thetis*, and anon, behold,
The strong-ribb'd Bark thro' liquid mountains cuts;
Bounding between the two moist elements,
Like *Perseus'* horse: Where's then the saucy boat,
Whose weak untimber'd sides but even now
Co-rival'd Greatness? or to harbour fled,
Or made a toast for *Neptune*. Even so
Doth valour's shew and valour's worth divide
In storms of fortune. For in her ray and brightness,
The herd hath more annoyance by the brize
Than by the tyger: but when splitting winds
Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,
And flies get under shade; the thing of courage,
As rowz'd with rage, with rage doth sympathize;
And, with an accent tun'd in self-same key,
157] Returns to chiding fortune.

Ulyss. *Agamemnon*,
Thou great commander, nerve and bone of *Greece*,
Heart of our numbers, soul, and only spirit,
In whom the tempers and the minds of all
Should be shut up: hear, what *Ulysses* speaks.
Besides th' applause and approbation

(10) *With due Observance of thy* goodly *Seat,*] *Goodly* is an Epithet carries no very great Compliment with it; and *Nestor* seems here to be paying Deference to *Agamemnon*'s State and Preheminence. The old Books have it,——*to thy* godly *Seat*; *godlike*, as I have reform'd the Text, seems to me the Epithet design'd; and is very conformable to what *Æneas* afterwards says of *Agamemnon*;

Which is that God *in Office, guiding Men?*

The

The which, moſt mighty for thy place and ſway,
[*To* Aga.
And thou, moſt rev'rend for thy ſtretcht-out life,
[*To* Neſt.
I give to both your ſpeeches; which were ſuch,
As *Agamemnon* and the hand of *Greece*
Should hold up high in braſs; and ſuch again,
As venerable *Neſtor* (hatch'd in ſilver)
Should with a bond of air, ſtrong as the axle-tree
On which heav'n rides, knit all the *Grecians* ears
To his experienc'd tongue: yet let it pleaſe Both
(Thou great, and wiſe) to hear *Ulyſſes* ſpeak.

Aga. Speak, Prince of *Ithaca:* we leſs expect,
That matter needleſs, of importleſs burthen,
Divide thy lips; than we are confident,
When rank *Therſites* opes his maſtiff jaws,
We ſhall hear muſick, wit, and oracle.

Ulyſſ. Troy, yet upon her baſis, had been down,
And the great *Hector*'s ſword had lack'd a maſter,
But for theſe inſtances.
The ſpeciality of Rule hath been neglected;
And, look, how many *Grecian* Tents do ſtand
Hollow upon this Plain, ſo many hollow factions.
When that the General is not like the hive,
To whom the foragers ſhall all repair,
What honey is expected? *degree* being vizarded,
Th' unworthieſt ſhews as fairly in the mask.
The heavens themſelves, the planets, and this center,
Obſerve degree, priority and place,
Inſiſture, courſe, proportion, ſeaſon, form,
Office and cuſtom, in all line of order:
And therefore is the glorious planet *Sol*
In noble eminence enthron'd and ſpher'd
Amidſt the reſt, whoſe med'cinable eye
Corrects the ill aſpects of planets evil,
And poſts like the command'ment of a King,
Sans check, to good and bad. But when the planets
In evil mixture to diſorder wander,
What plagues, and what portents, what mutiny?
What raging of the Sea? ſhaking of earth?

Commotion in the winds? frights, changes, horrors,
Divert and crack, rend, and deracinate
The unity and married calm of ſtates
Quite from their fixure? Oh, when *degree* is ſhaken,
(Which is the ladder to all high deſigns)
The enterprize is ſick. How could communities,
Degrees in ſchools, and brotherhoods in cities,
Peaceful commerce from dividable ſhores,
The primogeniture, and due of birth,
Prerogative of age, crowns, ſcepters, lawrels,
(But by degree) ſtand in authentick place?
Take but degree away, untune that ſtring,
And hark what diſcord follows; each thing meets
In meer oppugnancy. The bounded waters
Would lift their boſoms higher than the ſhores,
And make a ſop of all this ſolid Globe:
Strength would be lord of imbecility,
And the rude ſon would ſtrike his father dead:
Force would be Right; or rather, Right and Wrong (11)
(Between whoſe endleſs jar Juſtice reſides)
Would loſe their names, and ſo would juſtice too.
Then every thing includes it ſelf in power,
Power into will, will into appetite;
And appetite (an univerſal wolf,
So doubly ſeconded with will and power)
Muſt make perforce an univerſal prey,
And laſt eat up it ſelf. Great *Agamemnon!*
This Chaos, when degree is ſuffocate,
Follows the choaking:
And this neglection of degree is it,
That by a pace goes backward, in a purpoſe
It hath to climb. The General's diſdain'd
By him one ſtep below; he, by the next;
That next, by him beneath: ſo every ſtep,

(11)——*Right and Wrong,*
Between whoſe endleſs jar Juſtice reſides,
Would loſe their Names;] This is not a bad Comment upon what *Horace* has ſaid on this Subject;

——*ſunt certi deniq*; fines
Quos ultrà citráq; *nequit conſiſtere* rectum.

Exampled

Exampled by the firſt pace that is ſick
Of his Superior, grows to an envious feaver
Of pale and bloodleſs emulation.
And 'tis this feaver that keeps *Troy* on foot,
Not her own ſinews. To end a Tale of length,
Troy in our weakneſs lives, not in her ſtrength.
Neſt. Moſt wiſely hath *Ulyſſes* here diſcover'd
The feaver, whereof all our power is ſick.
Aga. The nature of the ſickneſs found, *Ulyſſes*,
What is the remedy?
Ulyſſ. The great *Achilles*, whom opinion crowns
The ſinew and the fore-hand of our Hoſt,
Having his ear full of his airy fame,
Grows dainty of his worth, and in his tent
Lies mocking our deſigns. With him, *Patroclus*,
Upon a lazy bed, the live-long day
Breaks ſcurril jeſts;
And with ridiculous and aukward action
(Which, ſlanderer, he imitation calls)
He pageants us. Sometimes, great *Agamemnon*,
Thy topleſs Deputation he puts on;
And like a ſtrutting Player, (whoſe conceit
Lies in his ham-ſtring, and doth think it rich
To hear the wooden dialogue and ſound
'Twixt his ſtretch'd footing and the ſcaffoldage)
Such to-be-pitied and o'er-wreſted Seeming
He acts thy Greatneſs in: and when he ſpeaks,
'Tis like a chime a mending; with terms unſquar'd:
Which, from the tongue of roaring *Typhon* dropt,
Would ſeem hyperboles. At this fuſty ſtuff
The large *Achilles*, on his preſt-bed lolling,
From his deep cheſt laughs out a loud applauſe:
Cries——excellent!——'tis *Agamemnon* juſt——
Now play me *Neſtor*——hum, and ſtroke thy beard,
As he, being dreſt to ſome oration.
That's done——as near as the extremeſt ends (12)

(12)————*as near as the extremeſt Ends*
Of Parallels;] i. e. vaſtly diſtant; for *parallel* Lines, tho they run all the way equi-diſtant, yet their Extremities are as far off from each other as the Points of Eaſt and Weſt.

Of

Of parallels; as like, as *Vulcan* and his wife:
Yet good *Achilles* ſtill cries, excellent!
'Tis *Neſtor* right! now play him me, *Patroclus*,
Arming to anſwer in a night-alarm:
And then, forſooth, the faint defects of age
Muſt be the ſcene of mirth, to cough and ſpit,
And with a palſie fumbling on his gorget,
Shake in and out the rivet——and at this ſport,
Sir Valour dies; cries "O!——enough, *Patroclus*——
Or "give me ribs of ſteel, I ſhall ſplit all
"In pleaſure of my ſpleen." And, in this faſhion,
All our abilities, gifts, natures, ſhapes,
Severals and generals of grace exact,
Atchievements, plots, orders, preventions,
Excitements to the field, or ſpeech for truce,
Succeſs or loſs, what is, or is not, ſerves
As ſtuff for theſe two to make paradoxes.

Neſt. And in the imitation of theſe twain,
(Whom, as *Ulyſſes* ſays, opinion crowns
With an imperial voice) many are infect:
Ajax is grown ſelf-will'd, and bears his head
In ſuch a rein, in full as proud a pace,
As broad *Achilles*; and keeps his tent like him;
Makes factious feaſts, rails on our ſtate of war,
Bold as an Oracle; and ſets *Therſites*
(A ſlave, whoſe gall coins ſlanders like a mint)
To match us in compariſons with dirt;
To weaken and diſcredit our expoſure,
How hard ſoever rounded in with danger.

Ulyſſ. They tax our policy, and call it cowardiſe,
Count wiſdom as no member of the war;
Fore-ſtall our preſcience, and eſteem no Act
But that of hand: The ſtill and mental parts,
That do contrive how many hands ſhall ſtrike,
When fitneſs call them on, and know by meaſure
Of their obſervant toil, the enemies weight;
Why, this hath not a finger's dignity;
They call this bed-work Mapp'ry, cloſet war: (13)

So

(13) *They call this* bed-work, mapp'ry, *cloſet War,*] The Poet in my Opinion would ſay, This is planning out Action and War, as a Man might

So that the ram, that batters down the wall,
For the great ſwing and rudeneſs of his poize,
They place before his hand that made the engine;
Or thoſe that with the fineneſs of their ſouls
By reaſon guide his execution.
Neſt. Let this be granted, and *Achilles'* horſe
Makes many *Thetis'* ſons. [*Tucket ſounds.*
Aga. What trumpet? look, *Menelaus.*
Men. From *Troy.*

Enter Æneas.

Aga. What would you 'fore our tent?
Æne. Is this great *Agamemnon*'s tent, I pray you?
Aga. Even this.
Æne. May one, that is a Herald and a Prince,
Do a fair meſſage to his kingly ears?
Aga. With ſurety ſtronger than *Achilles'* arm,
'Fore all the *Greekiſh* heads, which with one voice
Call *Agamemnon* Head and General.
Æne. Fair leave, and large ſecurity. How may
A ſtranger to thoſe moſt imperial looks
Know them from eyes of other mortals?
Aga. How?
Æne. I ask, that I might waken Reverence,
And bid the cheek be ready with a bluſh
Modeſt as morning, when ſhe coldly eyes
The youthful *Phœbus:*
Which is that God in office, guiding men?
Which is the high and mighty *Agamemnon?*
Aga. This *Trojan* ſcorns us, or the men of *Troy*
Are ceremonious courtiers.
Æne. Courtiers as free, as debonair, unarm'd,
As bending Angels; that's their fame in peace:

might do on his Pillow and in his Cloſet. If ſo, *bed-work* muſt be the Epithet to *Mappery*, as *cloſet* is to *War:* and therefore I have expung'd the Comma, which ſeparated the Firſt from its Subſtantive. So *Guiderius*, in *Cymbeline*, ſpeaking of an unactive Life, ſays it is

A cell of Ignorance; travelling a-bed.

But when they would ſeem ſoldiers, they have galls, (14)
Good arms, ſtrong joints, true ſwords; and, *Jove*'s Accord,
Nothing ſo full of heart. But peace, *Æneas*;
Peace, *Trojan*; lay thy finger on thy lips;
The worthineſs of praiſe diſtains his worth,
If he, that's prais'd, himſelf bring the praiſe forth:
What the repining enemy commends,
That breath Fame blows, that praiſe ſole pure tranſcends.

Aga. Sir, you of *Troy*, call you your ſelf *Æneas?*

Æne. Ay, *Greek*, that is my name.

Aga. What's your affair, I pray you?

Æne. Sir, pardon; 'tis for *Agamemnon*'s ears.

Aga. He hears nought privately that comes from *Troy*.

Æne. Nor I from *Troy* come not to whiſper him;
I bring a trumpet to awake his Ear,
To ſet his ſenſe on the attentive bent,
And then to ſpeak.

Aga. Speak frankly as the wind,
It is not *Agamemnon*'s ſleeping hour;
That thou ſhalt know, *Trojan*, he is awake,
He tells thee ſo himſelf.

(14) *But when they would ſeem Soldiers, they have Galls, Good Arms, ſtrong Joints, true Swords, and* Jove's *Accord, Nothing ſo full of heart.*] Can the Poet be ſuppos'd to mean, that the *Trojans* had *Jove*'s Accord whenever they would ſeem Soldiers? No; certainly, he would intimate that nothing was ſo full of Heart as they, when that God did but ſhew himſelf on their Side. This Circumſtance, added, brings no Impeachment to their Courage: Valour would become Preſumption and Impiety in them, if they had truſted to it when *Jove* manifeſtly declared himſelf on the other Side. My Regulation of the Pointing fixes the Poet's Senſe; and 'tis every where his Manner to mention the Concurrence of the Deity ſuppos'd.

Our Coronation done, we will accite
(As I before remember'd,) all our State,
And (Heav'n conſigning to *my good intents,*) &c. 2 Henry IV.
——*for*, God before,
We'll chide this Dauphin *at his Father's Door.* Henry V.
Yet, God before, *tell him, we will come on.* Ibid.
That by the Help of Theſe, (with Him above
To ratify *the Work)* Macbeth.

&c. &c. &c.

Æne.

Æne. Trumpet, blow loud:
Send thy braſs voice thro' all theſe lazy tents;
And every *Greek* of mettle, let him know
What *Troy* means fairly, ſhall be ſpoke aloud.
[*The trumpets ſound.*
We have, great *Agamemnon*, here in *Troy*
A Prince call'd *Hector*, (*Priam* is his father)
Who in this dull and long-continu'd truce
Is ruſty grown; he bad me take a trumpet,
And to this purpoſe ſpeak: Kings, Princes, Lords,
If there be one amongſt the fair'ſt of *Greece*,
That holds his honour higher than his eaſe,
That ſeeks his praiſe more than he fears his peril,
That knows his valour and knows not his fear,
That loves his miſtreſs more than in confeſſion,
(With truant vows to her own lips, he loves,)
And dare avow her beauty and her worth
In other arms than hers: to him, this Challenge.
Hector, in view of *Trojans* and of *Greeks*,
Shall make it good, (or do his beſt to do it)
He hath a lady, wiſer, fairer, truer,
Than ever *Greek* did compaſs in his arms;
And will to morrow with his trumpet call,
Midway between your tents and walls of *Troy*,
To rowze a *Grecian* that is true in love.
If any come, *Hector* ſhall honour him:
If none, he'll ſay in *Troy* when he retires,
The *Grecian* Dames are ſun-burn'd, and not worth
The ſplinter of a lance;——even ſo much.
Aga. This ſhall be told our lovers, lord *Æneas*.
If none of them have ſoul in ſuch a kind,
We've left them all at home: but we are ſoldiers;
And may that ſoldier a meer recreant prove,
That means not, hath not, or is not in love!
If then one is, or hath, or means to be,
That one meets *Hector*; if none elſe, I'm he.
Neſt. Tell him of *Neſtor*; one, that was a man
When *Hector*'s Grandſire ſuckt; he is old now,
But if there be not in our *Grecian* Hoſt
One Nobleman that hath one ſpark of fire,

To

To anſwer for his love: tell him from me,
I'll hide my ſilver beard in a gold beaver,
And in my vantbrace put this wither'd brawn;
And, meeting him, will tell him, that my lady
Was fairer than his grandam, and as chaſte
As may be in the world: his youth in flood,
I'll pawn this truth with my three drops of blood.

Æne. Now heav'ns forbid ſuch ſcarcity of youth!

Ulyſſ. *Amen.*

Aga. Fair lord *Æneas*, let me touch your hand:
To our Pavillion ſhall I lead you firſt:
Achilles ſhall have word of this intent,
So ſhall each lord of *Greece* from tent to tent:
Your ſelf ſhall feaſt with us before you go,
And find the welcome of a noble foe. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Ulyſſes *and* Neſtor.

Ulyſſ. *Neſtor*,——

Neſt. What ſays *Ulyſſes?*

Ulyſſ. I have a young conception in my brain,
Be you my time to bring it to ſome ſhape.

Neſt. What is't?

Ulyſſ. This 'tis:
Blunt wedges rive hard knots; the ſeeded pride,
That hath to this maturity blown up
In rank *Achilles*, muſt or now be cropt,
Or, ſhedding, breed a nurſery of like evil,
To over-bulk us all.

Neſt. Well, and how now?

Ulyſſ. This Challenge that the gallant *Hector* ſends,
However it is ſpread in general name,
Relates in purpoſe only to *Achilles.*

Neſt. The purpoſe is perſpicuous even as Subſtance, (15)
Whoſe groſſneſs little characters ſum up.

And

(15) *The Purpoſe is perſpicuous ev'n as Subſtance,*
Whoſe Groſſneſs little Characters ſum up,
And in the Publication make no Strain:] The modern Editors, 'tis plain, have lent each other very little Information upon this Paſſage: Τυφλὸς τυφλῷ ὁδηγὸς, as the Proverb ſays; *the Blind have led the Blind.* As they have pointed the Paſſage, 'tis ſtrange Stuff; and how they ſolv'd it

And, in the publication, make no ſtrain,
But that *Achilles*, were his brain as barren
As banks of *Libya*, (tho', *Apollo* knows,
'Tis dry enough,) will with great ſpeed of judgment,
Ay, with celerity, find *Hector*'s purpoſe
Pointing on him.

Ulyſſ. And wake him to the anſwer, think you?

Neſt. Yes, 'tis moſt meet; whom may you elſe oppoſe,
That can from *Hector* bring his honour off,
If not *Achilles?* though a ſportful combat,
Yet in this tryal much opinion dwells.
For here the *Trojans* taſte our dear'ſt Repute
With their fin'ſt palate: and truſt to me, *Ulyſſes*,
Our imputation ſhall be odly pois'd
In this wild action. For the ſucceſs,
Although particular, ſhall give a ſcantling
Of good or bad unto the general:
And in ſuch indexes, although ſmall pricks
To their ſubſequent volumes, there is ſeen
The baby figure of the giant-maſs
Of things to come, at large. It is ſuppos'd,
He, that meets *Hector*, iſſues from our Choice;
And Choice, being mutual act of all our ſouls,
Makes merit her election; and doth boil,
As 'twere, from forth us all, a man diſtill'd
Out of our virtues; who miſcarrying,
What heart from hence receives the conqu'ring part,
To ſteel a ſtrong opinion to themſelves!
Which entertain'd, limbs are his inſtruments,

it to themſelves, is paſt my Diſcovery. That little Characters, or Particles, ſum up the Groſſneſs of any Subſtance, I conceive: but how thoſe Characters, or Particles, *make no Strain in the Publication*, ſeems a little harder than *Algebra*. My Regulation of the Pointing brings us to clear Senſe; "The Aim and Purpoſe of this Duel is as viſible as any groſs "Subſtance can be, compounded of many little Particles:" And having ſaid thus, *Ulyſſes* goes on to another Obſervation; "And make no Diffi-"culty, no Doubt, when this Duel comes to be proclaim'd, but that "*Achilles*, dull as he is, will diſcover the Drift of it." This is the Meaning of the laſt Line. So afterwards, in this Play, *Ulyſſes* ſays,

I do not ſtrain *at the Poſition*,

i. e. I do not heſitate at, I make no Difficulty of it.

In no leſs working, than are ſwords and bows
Directive by the limbs.

Ulyſſ. Give pardon to my Speech;
Therefore 'tis meet, *Achilles* meet not *Hector.*
Let us, like merchants, ſhew our fouleſt wares,
And think, perchance, they'll ſell; if not,
The luſtre of the better, yet to ſhew,
Shall ſhew the better. Do not then conſent,
That ever *Hector* and *Achilles* meet:
For both our honour and our ſhame in this
Are dogg'd with two ſtrange followers.

Neſt. I ſee them not with my old eyes: what are they?

Ulyſſ. What Glory our *Achilles* ſhares from *Hector*,
Were he not proud, we all ſhould ſhare with him:
But he already is too inſolent;
And we were better parch in *Africk* Sun,
Than in the pride and ſalt ſcorn of his eyes,
Should he ſcape *Hector* fair. If he were foil'd,
Why, then we did our main opinion cruſh
In taint of our beſt man. No, make a Lott'ry;
And by device let blockiſh *Ajax* draw
The Sort to fight with *Hector:* 'mong our ſelves,
Give him allowance as the worthier man,
For that will phyſick the great *Myrmidon*,
Who broils in loud applauſe, and make him fall
His Creſt, that prouder than blue *Iris* bends.
If the dull brainleſs *Ajax* come ſafe off,
We'll dreſs him up in voices: if he fail,
Yet go we under our opinion ſtill,
That we have better men. But, hit or miſs,
Our project's life this ſhape of ſenſe aſſumes,
Ajax, imploy'd, plucks down *Achilles'* plumes.

Neſt. Ulyſſes, now I reliſh thy advice,
And I will give a taſte of it forthwith
To *Agamemnon*; go we to him ſtreight;
Two curs ſhall tame each other; pride alone
Muſt tar the maſtiffs on, as 'twere their bone. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *the* Grecian *Camp*.

Enter Ajax *and* Therſites.

AJAX.

THERSITES,——

Ther. *Agamemnon*—how if he had boiles—full, all over, generally. [*Talking to himſelf.*

Ajax. *Therſites*,——

Ther. And thoſe boiles did run——ſay ſo—did not the General run? were not that a botchy core?

Ajax. Dog!——

Ther. Then there would come ſome matter from him: I ſee none now.

Ajax. Thou bitch-wolf's ſon, canſt thou not hear? feel then. [*Strikes him.*

Ther. The plague of *Greece* upon thee, thou mungrel beef-witted lord!

Ajax. Speak then, you unwinnow'd'ſt (16) leaven, ſpeak; I will beat thee into handſomneſs.

(16) *Speak then, you* unſalted *Leaven, ſpeak*;] This is a Reading obtruded upon us by Mr. *Pope*, that has no Authority or Countenance from any of the Copies; nor that approaches in any Degree to the Traces of the old Reading, you *whinid'ſt* Leaven. This, 'tis true, is corrupted and unintelligible; but the Emendation, which I have coin'd out of it, gives us a Senſe apt and conſonant to what *Ajax* would ſay.——"Thou Lump "of ſow'r Dough, kneaded up out of a Flower unpurg'd and unſifted, "with all the Droſs and Bran in it."——*Kent*, in *Lear*, uſes the ſame metaphorical Reproach to the cowardly Steward;

I will tread this unboulted *Villain into Mortar.*

i. e. This Villain of ſo *groſs* a Compoſition, that he was not *ſifted* thro' the

windy'ſt W

Ther. I ſhall ſooner rail thee into wit and holineſs; but, I think, thy horſe will ſooner con an oration, than thou learn a prayer without book: thou canſt ſtrike, canſt thou? a red murrain o' thy jade's tricks!

Ajax. Toads-ſtool, learn me the proclamation.

Ther. Doeſt thou think, I have no ſenſe, thou ſtrik'ſt me thus?

Ajax. The proclamation——

Ther. Thou art proclaim'd a fool, I think.

Ajax. Do not, porcupine, do not; my fingers itch.

Ther. I would, thou didſt itch from head to foot, and I had the ſcratching of thee; I would make thee the loathſom'ſt ſcab in *Greece*.

Ajax. I ſay, the proclamation——

Ther. Thou grumbleſt and raileſt every hour on *Achilles*, and thou art as full of envy at his Greatneſs, as *Cerberus* is at *Proſerpina*'s Beauty: I, that thou bark'ſt at him.

Ajax. Miſtreſs *Therſites!*——

Ther. Thou ſhouldſt ſtrike him.

Ajax. Cobloaf!

Ther. He would pound thee into ſhivers with his fiſt, as a ſailor breaks a biſket.

Ajax. You whorſon cur!—— [*Beating him.*

Ther. Do, do.

Ajax. Thou ſtool for a witch!——

Ther. Ay, do, do, thou ſodden-witted lord; thou haſt no more brain than I have in my elbows: an *Aſſinego* may tutor thee. Thou ſcurvy valiant aſs! thou art here but to thraſh *Trojans*, and thou art bought and ſold among thoſe of any wit, like a *Barbarian* ſlave. If thou

the *boulting-Cloth*, before he was work'd up into *Leaven*. So *Pandarus* ſays to *Troilus* in the firſt Scene of this Play.

Ay, the boulting; *but you muſt tarry the* leavening.

I cannot without Injuſtice paſs over another Conjecture, propos'd by my ingenious Friend Mr. *Warburton*;—— *you* windieſt Leaven. An Epithet, as he ſays, not only admirably adapted to the Nature of *Leaven*, which is made only by *Fermentation*, but likewiſe moſt juſtly applied to the loquacious *Therſites*.—— And, indeed, in ſeveral Counties of *England*, an idle Prater is call'd, a *windy* Fellow.

uſe to beat me, I will begin at thy heel, and tell what thou art by inches, thou thing of no bowels, thou! [37]

Ajax. You dog!

Ther. You ſcurvy lord!

Ajax. You cur! [*Beating him.*

Ther. *Mars* his ideot! do, rudeneſs; do, camel, do, do.

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

Achil. Why, how now, *Ajax?* wherefore do you this? How now, *Therſites?* what's the matter, man?

Ther. You ſee him there, do you?

Achil. Ay, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, look upon him.

Achil. So I do, what's the matter?

Ther. Nay, but regard him well.

Achil. Well, why, I do ſo.

Ther. But yet you look not well upon him; for whoſoever you take him to be, he is *Ajax.*

Achil. I know that, fool.

Ther. Ay, but that fool knows not himſelf.

Ajax. Therefore I beat thee.

Ther. Lo, lo, lo, lo, what modicums of wit he utters; his evaſions have ears thus long. I have bobb'd his brain, more than he has beat my bones: I will buy nine ſparrows for a penny, and his *Pia Mater* is not worth the ninth part of a ſparrow. This lord *(Achilles) Ajax*, who wears his wit in his belly, and his guts in his head, I'll tell you what I ſay of him.

Achil. What?

[Ajax *offers to ſtrike him,* Achilles *interpoſes.*

Ther. I ſay, this *Ajax*——

Achil. Nay, good *Ajax.*

Ther. Has not ſo much wit——

Achil. Nay, I muſt hold you.

Ther. As will ſtop the eye of *Helen*'s needle, for whom he comes to fight.

Achil. Peace, fool!

Ther. I would have peace and quietneſs, but the fool will not: he there, that he, look you there.

Ajax. O thou damn'd cur, I ſhall——

Achil. Will you ſet your wit to a fool's?

Ther. No, I warrant you; for a fool's will ſhame it.

Pat. Good words, *Therſites.*

Achil. What's the quarrel?

Ajax. I bad the vile owl go learn me the tenour of the proclamation, and he rails upon me.

Ther. I ſerve thee not.

Ajax. Well, go to, go to.

Ther. I ſerve here voluntary.

Achil. Your laſt ſervice was ſufferance, 'twas not voluntary; no man is beaten voluntary; *Ajax* was here the voluntary, and you as under an impreſs.

Ther. Ev'n ſo——a great deal of your wit too lies in your ſinews, or elſe there be liars. *Hector* ſhall have a great catch, if he knock out either of your brains; he were as good crack a fuſty nut with no kernel.

Achil. What, with me too, *Therſites?*

Ther. There's *Ulyſſes* and old *Neſtor*, (whoſe wit was mouldy ere your Grandſires had nails on their toes,) (17) yoke you like draft oxen, and make you plough up the wair.

Achil. What! what!

Ther. Yes, good ſooth; to, *Achilles!* to, *Ajax!* to—

Ajax. I ſhall cut out your tongue.

Ther. 'Tis no matter, I ſhall ſpeak as much as thou afterwards.

Pat. No more words, *Therſites.*

Ther. I will hold my peace, when *Achilles'* brach bids me, ſhall I?

Achil. There's for you, *Patroclus.*

Ther. I will ſee you hang'd like clotpoles, ere I come any more to your Tents. I will keep where there is wit ſtirring, and leave the faction of fools. [*Exit.*

(17) *There's* Ulyſſes, *and old* Neſtor, *whoſe Wit was mouldy ere* their *Grandſires had Nails on their toes,*] This is one of theſe Editors wiſe Riddles. This is no Folly of *Therſites*'s venting. What! Was *Neſtor*'s Wit mouldy, before his Grandſire's Toes had any Nails? that is, was the Grandſon an old Man, before the Grandfather was out of his Swathing-cloaths? Prepoſterous Nonſenſe! and yet ſo eaſy a Change, as one poor Derivative Pronoun for another, ſets all right and clear.

Pat.

Pat. A good riddance.
Achil. Marry, this, Sir, is proclaim'd through all our Hoſt,
That *Hector*, by the fifth hour of the Sun,
Will with a trumpet, 'twixt our Tents and *Troy*,
To morrow morning call ſome Knight to arms,
That hath a ſtomach, ſuch a one that dare
Maintain I know not what: 'tis traſh, farewel.
Ajax. Farewel! who ſhall anſwer him?
Achil. I know not, 'tis put to lott'ry; otherwiſe
He knew his man.
Ajax. O, meaning you: I'll go learn more of it.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Priam's *Palace in* Troy.

Enter Priam, Hector, Troilus, Paris *and* Helenus.

Pri. AFter ſo many hours, lives, ſpeeches ſpent,
Thus once again ſays *Neſtor* from the *Greeks*:
Deliver *Helen*, and all damage elſe
(As honour, loſs of time, travel, expence,
Wounds, friends, and what elſe dear that is conſum'd
In hot digeſtion of this cormorant war)
Shall be ſtruck off. *Hector*, what ſay you to't?
Hect. Though no man leſſer fears the *Greeks* than I,
As far as touches my particular, yet
There is no lady of more ſofter bowels,
More ſpungy to ſuck in the ſenſe of fear,
More ready to cry out, *who knows what follows?*
Than *Hector* is. The Wound of Peace is Surety, (18)
Surety ſecure; but modeſt Doubt is call'd

(18) *The Wound of Peace is ſurety*;] i. e. the great Danger of Peace is too much Security; the Opinion of our being leaſt in Danger. Therefore, as our Author ſays in his *Hamlet*;

Be wary then; beſt Safety *lies in* Fear.

Velleius Paterculus, ſpeaking of *Arminius*'s Treachery, has left us a Sentiment, that might very well have given Riſe to our Author's. *Haud imprudenter ſpeculatus, neminem celeriùs opprimi, quàm qui nihil timeret*; *& frequentiſſimum* Initium *eſſe* Calamitatis Securitatem.

The beacon of the wise; the tent that searches
To th' bottom of the worst. Let *Helen* go.
Since the first sword was drawn about this question,
Ev'ry tithe soul 'mongst many thousand dismes
Hath been as dear as *Helen*. I mean, of ours.
If we have lost so many tenths of ours
To guard a thing not ours, not worth to us
(Had it our name) the value of one ten;
What merit's in that reason which denies
The yielding of her up?

Troi. Fie, fie, my brother:
Weigh you the worth and honour of a King
(So great as our dread father) in a scale
Of common ounces? will you with counters sum
The vast proportion of his infinite?
And buckle in a Waste most fathomless,
With spans and inches so diminutive
As fears and reasons? fie, for godly shame!

Hel. No marvel, though you bite so sharp at reasons,
You are so empty of them. Should not our father
Bear the great sway of his affairs with reasons;
Because your speech hath none, that tells him so?

Troi. You are for dreams and slumbers, brother Priest,
You fur your gloves with reasons. Here are your reasons.
You know, an enemy intends you harm;
You know, a sword imploy'd is perillous;
And reason flies the object of all harm.
Who marvels then, when *Helenus* beholds
A *Grecian* and his sword, if he do set
The very wings of reason to his heels,
And fly like chidden *Mercury* from *Jove*,
Or like a star dis-orb'd!——Nay, if we talk of reason,
Let's shut our gates, and sleep: manhood and honour
Should have hare-hearts, would they but fat their thoughts
With this cramm'd reason: reason and respect
Make livers pale, and lustyhood deject.

Hect. Brother, she is not worth what she doth cost
The holding.

Troi. What is aught, but as 'tis valu'd?

Hect.

Hect. But Value dwells not in particular will;
It holds its eſtimate and dignity
As well wherein 'tis precious of it ſelf,
As in the prizer: 'tis mad idolatry,
To make the ſervice greater than the God;
And the Will dotes, that is inclinable
To what infectiouſly it ſelf affects,
Without ſome image of th' affected merit.

Troi. I take to day a wife, and my election
Is led on in the conduct of my Will;
My Will enkindled by mine eyes and ears,
Two traded pilots 'twixt the dangerous ſhores
Of Will and Judgment; how may I avoid
(Although my Will diſtaſte what is elected)
The wife I chuſe? there can be no evaſion
To blench from this, and to ſtand firm by honour.
We turn not back the ſilks upon the merchant,
When we have ſpoil'd them; nor th' remainder viands
We do not throw in unreſpective place,
Becauſe we now are full. It was thought meet,
Paris ſhould do ſome vengeance on the *Greeks:*
Your breath of full conſent bellied his ſails;
The ſeas and winds (old wranglers) took a truce,
And did him ſervice: he touch'd the Ports deſir'd;
And for an old aunt, whom the *Greeks* held captive,
He brought a *Grecian* Queen, whoſe youth and freſhneſs
Wrinkles *Apollo*'s, and makes ſtale the morning. (19)

(19) ——————*whoſe Youth and Freſhneſs*
Wrinkles Apollo's, *and make* pale *the morning.*] This is only Mr. *Pope*'s Reading; all the other Editions have, *ſtale*; which ſeems the Poet's Antitheſis to *Freſhneſs*. So in his *Winter's Tale*;

——————*ſo ſhall I do*
To th' freſheſt *Things now reigning, and make* ſtale
The gliſtring of this preſent.

This old Aunt, who is only hinted at by our Poet, is *Heſione*, the Daughter of *Laomedon* and Siſter of *Priam*. She was borne away Captive to *Greece* by *Hercules*, when he ſack'd *Troy*; and was given to *Telamon*'s Bed, by whom ſhe bore *Teucer*.——*Spenſer* mentions her ſubduing *Telamon* to her Charms, in his Verſion of VIRGIL's *Gnat*.

For th' one was raviſh'd of his own Bond-maid,
The fair Ixionè, *captiv'd from* Troy.

For here we muſt read, *Heſione*. The Particulars of her Story are to be found in *Hyginus*'s 89th Fable.

Why keep we her? the *Grecians* keep our aunt:
Is she worth keeping? why, she is a pearl,
Whose price hath launch'd above a thousand ships,
And turn'd crown'd Kings to merchants——
If you'll avouch, 'twas wisdom *Paris* went,
(As you must needs, for you all cry'd, *go, go:*)
If you'll confess, he brought home noble prize,
(As you must needs, for you all clap'd your hands,
And cry'd, inestimable!) why d'you now
The issue of your proper wisdoms rate,
And do a deed that fortune never did,
Beggar that estimation which you priz'd
Richer than sea and land? O theft most base!
That we have stoln what we do fear to keep!
But thieves, unworthy of a thing so stol'n,
Who in *their* country did them that disgrace,
We fear to warrant in our native place!

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans*, cry!

Pri. What noise? what shriek is this?

Troi. 'Tis our mad sister, I do know her voice.

Cas. [*within.*] Cry, *Trojans!*

Hect. It is *Cassandra.*

Enter Cassandra, *with her hair about her ears.*

Cas. Cry, *Trojans*, cry; lend me ten thousand eyes,
And I will fill them with prophetick tears.

Hect. Peace, sister, peace.

Cas. Virgins and boys, mid-age and wrinkled old,
Soft infancy, that nothing can but cry,
Add to my clamour! let us pay betimes
A moiety of that mass of moan to come:
Cry, *Trojans*, cry; practice your eyes with tears.
Troy must not be, nor goodly *Ilion* stand:
Our fire-brand brother, *Paris*, burns us all.
Cry, *Trojans*, cry! a *Helen* and a wo;
Cry, cry, *Troy* burns, or else let *Helen* go. [*Exit.*

Hect. Now, youthful *Troilus*, do not these high strains
Of Divination in our sister work
Some touches of remorse? Or is your blood
So madly hot, that no discourse of reason,

Nor

Nor fear of bad ſucceſs in a bad cauſe,
Can qualifie the ſame?

Troi. Why, brother *Hector*,
We may not think the juſtneſs of each act
Such and no other than event doth form it;
Nor once deject the courage of our minds,
Becauſe *Caſſandra*'s mad; her brain-ſick raptures
Cannot diſtaſte the goodneſs of a quarrel,
Which hath our ſeveral honours all engag'd
To make it gracious. For my private part,
I am no more touch'd than all *Priam*'s ſons;
And, *Jove* forbid! there ſhould be done amongſt us
Such things, as might offend the weakeſt ſpleen
To fight for and maintain.

Par. Elſe might the world convince of levity
As well my undertakings, as your counſels:
But I atteſt the Gods, your full conſent
Gave wings to my propenſion, and cut off
All fears attending on ſo dire a project.
For what, alas, can theſe my ſingle arms?
What propugnation is in one man's valour,
To ſtand the puſh and enmity of thoſe
This quarrel would excite? yet I proteſt,
Were I alone to paſs the difficulties,
And had as ample Power, as I have Will,
Paris ſhould ne'er retract what he hath done,
Nor faint in the purſuit.

Pri. Paris, you ſpeak
Like one beſotted on your ſweet delights;
You have the honey ſtill, but theſe the gall;
So, to be valiant, is no praiſe at all.

Par. Sir, I propoſe not merely to my ſelf
The pleaſures ſuch a Beauty brings with it:
But I would have the ſoil of her fair Rape
Wip'd off, in honourable keeping her.
What treaſon were it to the ranſack'd Queen,
Diſgrace to your great worths, and ſhame to me,
Now to deliver her poſſeſſion up,
On terms of baſe compulſion? can it be,
That ſo degenerate a ſtrain, as this,

Should

Should once ſet footing in your generous boſoms?
There's not the meaneſt ſpirit on our Party,
Without a heart to dare, or ſword to draw,
When *Helen* is defended: none ſo noble,
Whoſe life were ill beſtow'd, or death unfam'd,
When *Helen* is the ſubject. Then, I ſay,
Well may we fight for her, whom, we know well,
The world's large ſpaces cannot parallel.
Hect. *Paris* and *Troilus*, you have Both ſaid well: (20)
But on the cauſe and queſtion now in hand
Have gloz'd but ſuperficially; not much
Unlike young men, whom *Ariſtotle* thought (21)
Unfit to hear moral philoſophy.

The

(20) Paris *and* Troilus, *you have both ſaid well*;
And *on the Cauſe and Queſtion now in hand*
Have gloſs'd, but ſuperficially.] I can never think that the Poet expreſs'd himſelf thus: 'Tis abſurd to ſay, that People have talk'd *well*, and yet but *ſuperficially* at the ſame Time. I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute a *Disjunctive* inſtead of the *Copulative*, by which we gain this commodious Senſe: " You have argued *very well* in the *general*, but have gloz'd too " *ſuperficially* upon the *particular* Queſtion in Debate.

(21) ——————*not much*
Unlike young Men, whom graver Sages *thought*
Unfit to hear moral Philoſophy.] This is a ſophiſticated Reading firſt of Mr. *Rowe*, and afterwards of Mr. *Pope*. I had objected, that this was an Exception to Mr. *Pope*'s Rule laid down in his Preface, that *the Various Readings are fairly put in the Margin, ſo that every one may compare them: and thoſe he has preferr'd into the Text are* CONSTANTLY ex fide Codicum, *upon Authority*. For *graver Sages*, I ſaid, was preferr'd into the Text without *any* Authority, and that all the printed Copies read the Paſſage, as I have reſtor'd it in the Text. To this Mr. *Pope* cavil'd, that Mr. *Rowe* had made the Alteration, ſo that I was miſtaken in ſaying no Edition had it ſo.——But is an arbitrary, undefended Alteration an Authority? I would not have Mr. *Pope* take it as too high a Compliment, when I tell him, I look upon *his* and Mr. *Rowe*'s Editions of *Shakeſpeare* of one and the ſame Authority. But to come to the Juſtification of the Text.

'Tis certain, indeed, that *Ariſtotle* was at leaſt 800 years ſubſequent in Time to *Hector*: and therefore the Poet makes a remarkable Innovation upon Chronology. But Mr. *Pope* will have this to be one of thoſe *palpable Blunders*, which the Illiteracy of the firſt Publiſhers of his Works has father'd on the Poet's Memory; and is of Opinion, it could not be of our Author's penning, *it not being at all credible that theſe could be the Errors of any Man who had the leaſt Tincture of a School, or the leaſt Converſation with*

The reaſons, you alledge, do more conduce
To the hot paſſion of diſtemper'd blood,
Than to make up a free determination
'Twixt right and wrong: for pleaſure and revenge
Have ears more deaf than adders, to the voice
Of any true deciſion. Nature craves,

All

with ſuch as had.——'Twas for this Reaſon, and to ſhelter our Author from ſuch an Abſurdity, that Mr. *Pope* expung'd the Name of *Ariſtotle*, and ſubſtituted in its Place Mr. *Rowe*'s——*graver Sages*. But, with Submiſſion, even herein he made at beſt but half a Cure. If the Poet muſt be fetter'd down ſtrictly to the Chronology of Things, it is every whit as abſurd for *Hector* to talk of *Philoſophy*, as for him to talk of *Ariſtotle*. We have ſufficient Proofs, that *Pythagoras* was the firſt who invented the Word *Philoſophy*, and call'd himſelf *Philoſopher*. And he was near 600 Years after the Date of *Hector*, even from his beginning to flouriſh. 'Tis true, the thing, which we now underſtand by Philoſophy, was *then* known: but it was only *till then* call'd *Knowledge* and *Wiſdom*. But, to diſmiſs this Point; I believe, this Anachroniſm of our Poet (and, perhaps, the greateſt Part of the others he is guilty of;) was the Effect of Poetic Licenſe in him, rather than Ignorance.

It has been very familiar with the Poets, of the Stage eſpecially, upon a Suppoſition that their Audience were not ſo exactly inform'd in Chronology, to anticipate the mention of Perſons and Things, before either the *firſt* were born, or the *latter* thought of. *Shakeſpeare*, again in this Play, compares the Nerves of *Ajax* with thoſe of bull-bearing *Milo* of *Crotona*, who was not in being till 600 Years after that *Greek*; and was a Diſciple of *Pythagoras*. Again, *Pandarus*, at the Concluſion of the Play, talks of a *Wincheſter-Gooſe*: indeed, it is in an Addreſs to the Audience, and then there may be an Allowance, and greater Latitude for going out of Character. In *Coriolanus*, as I have obſerv'd in the proper Place, *Menenius* talks of *Alexander* the Great, and *Galen*. And the very Hero of that Play complains of the Grievance, that he muſt ſtoop to, in begging Voices of *Dick* and *Hob*; Names, which, I dare ſay, Mr. *Pope* does not imagine that *Shakeſpeare* believ'd were ever heard of by that *Roman*. From his many Plays founded on our *Engliſh* Annals, and the many Points of Hiſtory accurately tranſmitted down in them, I ſuppoſe it muſt be confeſs'd, that he was intimately vers'd in that Part of Reading. Yet in his King *Lear*, he has ventur'd to make *Edgar* talk of the *Curfew*, a thing not known in *Britain* till the *Norman* Invaſion. In his King *John* he above fifty times mentions Cannons, tho Gunpowder was not uſed by the *Engliſh*, till above a Century and half after the Death of that Monarch: And what is yet more ſingular, (as he could not be a Stranger to the Date of a remarkable Man, who liv'd ſo near his own Time;) twice in the Story of *Henry* VI. he makes mention of *Machiavel* as a ſubtle Politician, who was alive in the 20th Year of *Henry* VIII.

Nor

All dues be render'd to their owners; now
What nearer debt in all humanity,
Than wife is to the husband? If this law

Nor have these Liberties been taken alone by *Shakespeare*, among our own Poets: In the *Humourous Lieutenant* of *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, all the first Characters of which Play are the immediate Successors of *Alexander* the Great, *Demetrius*, Prince of *Macedon*, comes out of his Chamber with a Pistol in his Hand, above 1500 Years before Fire-Arms were ever thought of. So, in the *Oedipus* of *Dryden* and *Lee*, there is a mention of the Machines in the Theatre at *Athens*: tho neither Plays, nor Theatres were so much as known to the World till above 500 Years after that Prince's Death. And yet I dare say, neither *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* ever suppos'd, or thought to make their Audiences believe, that Pistols were used in *Demetrius*'s Time; nor were *Dryden* and *Lee* so ignorant in Dramatic Chronology, as to suppose Tragedy of as early a Date as *Oedipus*.

But that the Poets of our own Nation may be justified in these Liberties by Examples of the Antients, I'll throw in a few Instances of the like sort from their Predecessors in the Art at *Greece* and *Rome*. The *Anachronisms* of *Æschylus* I shall reserve to my Edition of that Poet. The Great *Sophocles*, in his *Electra*, supposes, that *Orestes* was thrown from his Chariot and kill'd at the *Pythian* Games; which Games, as the Scholiast tells us, were not instituted till 600 Years afterwards by *Triptolemus*. And *Euripides* in his *Phœnissæ*, (the Subject of which is the Invasion of *Thebes* by *Polynices* and the *Argives*) makes *Tiresias* talk of his giving the Victory to *Athens* against *Eumolpus*; tho *Eumolpus*'s War against *Erechtheus* was no less than four Generations elder than the *Theban* War. Frequent Instances occur in *Athenæus*, that shew, beyond Exception, how free the Comic Poets made with Chronology. *Alexis*, in his Comedy call'd *Hesione*, introduces *Hercules* drinking out of a *Thericlean* Cup. Now, this was a Species of Cups, invented by *Thericles* a *Corinthian* Potter, who was Contemporary with *Aristophanes* above 800 Years after the Period of *Hercules*. *Anaxandrides*, in his *Protesilaus*, a Hero that was kill'd by *Hector*, brings in *Hercules* again, and talks of *Iphicrates* the *Athenian* General, and *Cotys* the *Thracian* King, both living in the Poet's own days. And *Diphilus*, in his *Sappho*, makes *Archilochus* and *Hipponax* both address that poetical Lady; tho the first was dead a Century before she was born, and tho she was dead and rotten before the latter was born. To add but two Instances from the *Latin* Poets: *Seneca*, in his Tragedy call'd *Hercules Furens*, makes the Chorus talk of People flocking to the Entertainments of a new Theatre: tho, 'tis evident, no Theatres were as then built or thought of: And *Plautus* in his *Amphitryon*, makes *Blepharo* talk of golden *Philipps*, a Money coin'd by *Alexander*'s Father near 900 Years after the Days of *Amphitryon*.

If these Instances of voluntary Transgression in Time may go any way towards acquitting our Poet for the like Inconsistencies, I'll at any time engage to strengthen them with ten times the Number, fetch'd from the Writings of the best Poets, antient and modern, foreign and domestick.

Of

Of Nature be corrupted through affection,
And that great minds, of partial indulgence
To their benummed wills, reſiſt the ſame;
There is a law in each well-order'd Nation,
To curb thoſe raging appetites that are
Moſt diſobedient and refractory.
If *Helen* then be wife to *Sparta*'s King,
(As, it is known, ſhe is) theſe moral laws
Of Nature, and of Nation, ſpeak aloud
To have her back return'd. Thus to perſiſt
In doing wrong, extenuates not wrong,
But makes it much more heavy. *Hector*'s opinion
Is this in way of truth; yet ne'ertheleſs,
My ſprightly brethren, I propend to you
In reſolution to keep *Helen* ſtill;
For 'tis a cauſe that hath no mean dependance
Upon our joint and ſeveral Dignities.

Troi. Why, there you touch'd the life of our deſign:
Were it not Glory that we more affected
Than the performance of our heaving ſpleens,
I would not wiſh a drop of *Trojan* blood
Spent more in her defence. But, worthy *Hector*,
She is a theam of Honour and Renown,
A ſpur to valiant and magnanimous deeds,
Whoſe preſent courage may beat down our foes,
And Fame, in time to come, canonize us.
For, I preſume, brave *Hector* would not loſe
So rich advantage of a promis'd Glory,
As ſmiles upon the forehead of this Action,
For the wide World's revenue.

Hect. I am yours,
You valiant Off-ſpring of great *Priamus*;
I have a roiſting Challenge ſent amongſt
The dull and factious Nobles of the *Greeks*,
Will ſtrike amazement to their drowſie ſpirits.
I was advertiz'd, their great General ſlept,
Whilſt Emulation in the Army crept.
This, I preſume, will wake him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE,

SCENE, *before* Achilles's *Tent, in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Therſites *ſolus.*

HOW now, *Therſites?* what, loſt in the labyrinth of thy fury? ſhall the elephant *Ajax* carry it thus? he beats me, and I rail at him: O worthy ſatisfaction! would it were otherwiſe; that I could beat him, whilſt he rail'd at me: 'ſfoot, I'll learn to conjure and raiſe devils, but I'll ſee ſome iſſue of my ſpiteful execrations. Then there's *Achilles*, a rare engineer. If *Troy* be not taken 'till theſe two undermine it, the walls will ſtand 'till they fall of themſelves. O thou great thunder-darter of *Olympus*, forget that thou art *Jove* the King of Gods; and, *Mercury*, loſe all the ſerpentine craft of thy *Caduceus*, if thou take not that little, little, leſs than little wit from them that they have; which ſhort-arm'd ignorance it ſelf knows is ſo abundant ſcarce, it will not in circumvention deliver a fly from a ſpider, without drawing the maſſy irons and cutting the web. After this, the vengeance on the whole camp! or rather the bone-ach, for that, methinks, is the Curſe dependant on thoſe that war for a Placket. I have ſaid my prayers, and devil Envy ſay Amen. What ho! my lord *Achilles*!

Enter Patroclus.

Patr. Who's there? *Therſites?* Good *Therſites*, come in and rail.

Ther. If I could have remember'd a gilt counter, thou could'ſt not have ſlip'd out of my contemplation; but it is no matter, thy ſelf upon thy ſelf! The common curſe of mankind, folly and ignorance, be thine in great revenue! heaven bleſs thee from a tutor, and diſcipline come not near thee! Let thy blood be thy direction 'till thy death, then if ſhe, that lays thee out, ſays thou art a fair coarſe, I'll be ſworn and ſworn upon't, ſhe never ſhrowded any but *Lazars*; Amen. Where's *Achilles?*

Patr.

Patr. What, art thou devout? waſt thou in prayer?

Ther. Ay, the heav'ns hear me!

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Who's there?

Patr. *Therſites*, my lord.

Achil. Where, where? art thou come? why, my cheeſe, my digeſtion —— why haſt thou not ſerved thy ſelf up to my table, ſo many meals? come, what's *Agamemnon?*

Ther. Thy commander, *Achilles*; then tell me, *Patroclus*, what's *Achilles?*

Patr. Thy lord, *Therſites:* then tell me, I pray thee, what's thy ſelf?

Ther. Thy knower, *Patroclus:* then tell me, *Patroclus*, what art thou?

Patr. Thou may'ſt tell, that know'ſt.

Achil. O tell, tell,——

Ther. I'll decline the whole queſtion. *Agamemnon* commands *Achilles*, *Achilles* is my lord, I am *Patroclus*'s knower, and *Patroclus* is a fool.

Patr. You raſcal——

Ther. Peace, fool, I have not done.

Achil. He is a privileg'd man. Proceed, *Therſites.*

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool, *Achilles* is a fool, *Therſites* is a fool, and, as aforeſaid, *Patroclus* is a fool.

Achil. Derive this; come.

Ther. *Agamemnon* is a fool to offer to command *Achilles*, *Achilles* is a fool to be commanded of *Agamemnon*, *Therſites* is a fool to ſerve ſuch a fool, and *Patroclus* is a fool poſitive.

Patr. Why am I a fool?

Ther. Make that Demand to thy Creator;—it ſuffices me, thou art.

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, Diomedes, Ajax, *and* Calchas.

Look you, who comes here?——

Achil. *Patroclus*, I'll ſpeak with no body: come in with me, *Therſites.* [*Exit.*

Ther.

Ther. Here is such patchery, such jugling, and such knavery: all the argument is a cuckold and a whore, a good quarrel to draw emulous factions, and bleed to death upon: now the dry *Serpigo* on the subject, and war and lechery confound all! [*Exit.*

Aga. Where is *Achilles?*

Patr. Within his Tent, but ill dispos'd, my lord.

Aga. Let it be known to him that we are here.
He shent our messengers, and we lay by (22)
Our appertainments, visiting of him:
Let him be told so, lest, perchance, he think
We dare not move the question of our place;
Or know not what we are.

Patr. I shall so say to him. [*Exit.*

Ulyss. We saw him at the opening of his Tent,
He is not sick.

Ajax. Yes, lion-sick, sick of a proud heart: you may call it melancholy, if you will favour the man; but, by my head, 'tis pride; but why, why?—let him shew us the cause. A word, my lord. [*To* Agamemnon.

Nest. What moves *Ajax* thus to bay at him?

Ulyss. *Achilles* hath inveigled his fool from him.

Nest. Who, *Therſites?*

Ulyss. He.

Nest. Then will *Ajax* lack matter, if he have lost his argument.

(22) *He* sent *our Messengers*;] Who sent, in the Name of Accuracy? What! did *Achilles* send the Messengers, who were sent by *Agamemnon?* I make no doubt, but the Poet wrote;

He shent *our Messengers*;

i. e. rebuked, ill-treated, rated out of his Presence. As, in *Anthony*, *Augustus* complains of the like Treatment from that Prince;

Did pocket up my Letters, and with Taunts
Did gibe *my Missives out of* Audience.

The word *shent*, disgraced, shamed, (from ἀισχυνὸς, as some Etymologists tell us;) is frequent both in *Chaucer* and *Spenser*; and occurrs more than once again in our Author.

Clown. *Alas, Sir, be patient. What say you, Sir? I am* shent *for speaking to you,* Twelfth-night.

How in my Words soever she be shent,
To give them Seals never my Soul consent. Hamlet.

Ulyſ. No, you ſee, he is his argument, that has his argument, *Achilles.*

Neſt. All the better; their fraction is more our wiſh than their faction; but it was a ſtrong counſel, that a fool could diſunite.

Ulyſ. The amity, that wiſdom knits not, folly may eaſily untye.

Enter Patroclus.

Here comes *Patroclus.*

Neſt. No *Achilles* with him?

Ulyſ. The elephant hath joints, but none for courteſie; His legs are for neceſſity, not flexure.

Patr. Achilles bids me ſay, he is much ſorry,
If any thing more than your ſport and pleaſure
Did move your Greatneſs, and this noble State,
To call on him; he hopes, it is no other,
But for your health and your digeſtion-ſake;
An after-dinner's breath.

Aga. Hear you, *Patroclus*;
We are too well acquainted with theſe anſwers:
But his evaſion, wing'd thus ſwift with ſcorn,
Cannot outflie our apprehenſions.
Much Attribute he hath, and much the reaſon
Why we aſcribe it to him; yet all his virtues
(Not virtuouſly on his own part beheld)
Do in our eyes begin to loſe their gloſs;
And, like fair fruit in an unwholeſom diſh,
Are like to rot untaſted. Go and tell him,
We come to ſpeak with him; and you ſhall not ſin,
If you do ſay, we think him over-proud,
In ſelf-aſſumption greater than in note
Of judgment: ſay, men worthier than himſelf
Here tend the ſavage ſtrangeneſs he puts on,
Diſguiſe the holy ſtrength of their command,
And under-goe in an obſerving kind
His humourous predominance; yea, watch
His courſe and times, his ebbs and flows; as if
The paſſage and whole carriage of this action
Rode on his tide. Go tell him this, and add,

That if he over-hold his price ſo much,
We'll none of him; but let him, like an engine
Not portable, lye under this report,
" Bring action hither, this can't go to war:
A ſtirring dwarf we do allowance give,
Before a ſleeping gyant; tell him ſo.

Patr. I ſhall, and bring his anſwer preſently. [*Exit.*

Aga. In ſecond voice we'll not be ſatisfied,
We come to ſpeak with him. *Ulyſſes*, enter.
[*Exit* Ulyſſes.

Ajax. What is he more than another?

Aga. No more than what he thinks he is.

Ajax. Is he ſo much? do you not think, he thinks himſelf a better man than I am?

Aga. No queſtion.

Ajax. Will you ſubſcribe his thought, and ſay, he is?

Aga. No, noble *Ajax*, you are as ſtrong, as valiant, as wiſe, no leſs noble, much more gentle, and altogether more tractable.

Ajax. Why ſhould a man be proud? how doth pride grow? I know not what it is.

Aga. Your mind is clearer, *Ajax*, and your virtues the fairer; he, that is proud, eats up himſelf. Pride is his own glaſs, his own trumpet, his own chronicle; and whatever praiſes it ſelf but in the deed, devours the deed in the praiſe.

Re-enter Ulyſſes.

Ajax. I do hate a proud man, as I hate the engendring of toads.

Neſt. Yet he loves himſelf: is't not ſtrange?

Ulyſ. *Achilles* will not to the field to morrow.

Aga. What's his excuſe?

Ulyſ. He doth rely on none;
But carries on the ſtream of his diſpoſe,
Without obſervance or reſpect of any,
In will peculiar, and in ſelf-admiſſion.

Aga. Why will he not, upon our fair requeſt,
Un-tent his perſon, and ſhare the air with us?

Ulyſ. Things ſmall as nothing, for requeſt's ſake only,
He makes important: he's poſſeſt with Greatneſs,
And ſpeaks not to himſelf, but with a pride
That quarrels at ſelf-breath. Imagin'd worth
Holds in his blood ſuch ſwoln and hot diſcourſe,
That, 'twixt his mental and his active parts,
Kingdom'd *Achilles* in commotion rages,
And batters down himſelf; what ſhould I ſay?
He is ſo plaguy proud, that the death-tokens of it
Cry, no recovery.

Aga. Let *Ajax* go to him.
Dear lord, go you and greet him in his tent;
'Tis ſaid, he holds you well, and will be led
At your requeſt a little from himſelf.

Ulyſ. O, *Agamemnon*, let it not be ſo.
We'll conſecrate the ſteps that *Ajax* makes,
When they go from *Achilles*. Shall the proud lord,
That baſtes his arrogance with his own ſeam,
And never ſuffers matters of the world
Enter his thoughts, (ſave ſuch as do revolve
And ruminate himſelf,) ſhall he be worſhip'd
Of That, we hold an idol more than he?
No, this thrice-worthy and right-valiant lord
Muſt not ſo ſtale his palm, nobly acquir'd;
Nor, by my will, aſſubjugate his merit,
(As amply titled, as *Achilles* is,) by going to *Achilles*:
That were t' inlard his pride, already fat,
And add more coals to *Cancer*, when he burns
With entertaining great *Hyperion*.
This lord go to him? *Jupiter* forbid,
And ſay in thunder, *Achilles* go to him!

Neſt. O, this is well, he rubs the vein of him.

Dio. And how his ſilence drinks up this applauſe!

Ajax. If I go to him——with my armed fiſt
I'll paſh him o'er the face.

Aga. O no, you ſhall not go.

Ajax. An he be proud with me, I'll pheeſe his pride; let me go to him.

Ulyſ. Not for the worth that hangs upon our quarrel.

Ajax. A paltry inſolent fellow——

Neſt. How he deſcribes himſelf!

Ajax. Can he not be ſociable?

Ulyſ. The raven chides blackneſs.

Ajax. I'll let his humours blood.

Aga. He'll be the phyſician, that ſhould be the patient.

Ajax. And all men were o'my mind——

Ulyſ. Wit would be out of faſhion.

Ajax. He ſhould not bear it ſo, he ſhould eat ſwords firſt: ſhall pride carry it?

Neſt. An 'twould, you'd carry half.

Ulyſ. He would have ten ſhares.

Ajax. I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple,——

Neſt. He's not yet through warm: (23) force him with praiſes; pour in, pour in; his ambition is dry.

Ulyſ. My lord, you feed too much on this diſlike.

Neſt. Our noble General, do not do ſo.

Dio. You muſt prepare to fight without *Achilles.*

Ulyſ. Why, 'tis this naming of him doth him harm.
Here is a man——but 'tis before his face——
I will be ſilent.

Neſt. Wherefore ſhould you ſo?
He is not emulous, as *Achilles* is.

Ulyſ. Know the whole world, he is as valiant.

Ajax. A whorſon dog! that palters thus with us——
Would he were a *Trojan!*

Neſt. What a vice were it in *Ajax* now——

Ulyſ. If he were proud.

Dio. Or covetous of praiſe.

Ulyſ. Ay, or ſurly borne.

Dio. Or ſtrange, or ſelf-affected.

Ulyſ. Thank the heav'ns, lord, thou art of ſweet compoſure;

(23) Ajax. *I will knead him, I'll make him ſupple,* he is not yet through warm.

Neſt. *Force him with praiſes*; &c.] The latter Part of *Ajax*'s Speech is certainly got out of Place, and ought to be aſſign'd to *Neſtor*, as I have ventur'd to tranſpoſe it. *Ajax* is feeding on his Vanity, and boaſting what he'll do to *Achilles*; he'll paſh him o'er the Face, he'll make him eat Swords; he'll knead him, he'll ſupple him, *&c.* *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes* ſlily labour to keep him up in this Vein; and to this End *Neſtor* craftily hints, that *Ajax* is not warm yet, but muſt be cram'd with more Flattery.

Praiſe

Praiſe him that got thee, her that gave thee ſuck:
Fam'd be thy Tutor, and thy parts of nature
Thrice-fam'd beyond, beyond all erudition;
But he that diſciplin'd thy arms to fight,
Let *Mars* divide eternity in twain,
And gave him half; and for thy vigor,
Bull-bearing *Milo* his Addition yields
To ſinewy *Ajax*; I'll not praiſe thy wiſdom,
Which, like a bourn, a pale, a ſhore, confines
Thy ſpacious and dilated parts. Here's *Neſtor*,
Inſtructed by the Antiquary times;
He muſt, he is, he cannot but be wiſe:
But pardon, father *Neſtor*, were your days
As green as *Ajax*, and your brain ſo temper'd,
You ſhould not have the eminence of him,
But be as *Ajax*.

Ajax. Shall I call you father?

Ulyſ. Ay, my good ſon.

Dio. Be rul'd by him, lord *Ajax*.

Ulyſ. There is no tarrying here; the Hart *Achilles*
Keeps thicket; pleaſe it our great General
To call together all his State of war;
Freſh Kings are come to *Troy*: to morrow, friends,
We muſt with all our main of pow'r ſtand faſt:
And here's a lord, come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt,
And cull their flow'r, *Ajax* ſhall cope the beſt.

Aga. Go we to Council, let *Achilles* ſleep;
Light boats ſail ſwift, though greater hulks draw deep.

[*Exeunt.*

ACT III.

SCENE, Paris's *Apartments in the Palace, in* Troy.

Enter Pandarus, *and a Servant.* [*Muſick within.*]

PANDARUS.

FRIEND! you! pray you, a word: do not you follow the young lord *Paris?*

Ser. Ay, Sir, when he goes before me.

Pan. You do depend upon him, I mean?

Ser. Sir, I do depend upon the lord.

Pan. You depend upon a noble gentleman: I muſt needs praiſe him.

Ser. The lord be praiſed!

Pan. You know me, do you not?

Ser. Faith, Sir, ſuperficially.

Pan. Friend, know me better, I am the lord *Pandarus.*

Ser. I hope, I ſhall know your honour better.

Pan. I do deſire it.

Ser. You are in the ſtate of grace?

Pan. Grace? not ſo, friend: honour and lordſhip are my titles:
What muſick is this?

Ser. I do but partly know, Sir; it is muſick in parts.

Pan. Know you the muſicians?

Ser. Wholly, Sir.

Pan. Who play they to?

Ser. To the hearers, Sir.

Pan. At whoſe pleaſure, friend?

Ser. At mine, Sir, and theirs that love muſick.

Pan.

Pan. Command, I mean, friend.

Ser. Who ſhall I command, Sir?

Pan. Friend, we underſtand not one another: I am too courtly, and thou art too cunning. At whoſe requeſt do theſe men play?

Ser. That's to't, indeed, Sir; marry, Sir, at the requeſt of *Paris* my lord, who's there in perſon; with him the mortal *Venus*, the heart-blood of beauty, love's inviſible ſoul.

Pan. Who, my couſin *Creſſida?*

Ser. No, Sir, *Helen*; could you not find out That by her attributes?

Pan. It ſhould ſeem, fellow, that thou haſt not ſeen the lady *Creſſida.* I come to ſpeak with *Paris* from the Prince *Troilus:* I will make a complemental aſſault upon him, for my buſineſs ſeethes.

Ser. Sodden buſineſs! there's a ſtew'd phraſe, indeed.

Enter Paris *and* Helen, *attended.*

Pan. Fair be to you, my lord, and to all this fair company! fair Deſires in all fair meaſure fairly guide them; eſpecially to you, fair Queen, fair thoughts be your fair pillow!

Helen. Dear lord, you are full of fair words.

Pan. You ſpeak your fair pleaſure, ſweet Queen: fair Prince, here is good broken muſick.

Par. You have broken it, couſin, and, by my life, you ſhall make it whole again; you ſhall piece it out with a piece of your performance. *Nell*, he is full of harmony.

Pan. Truly, lady, no.

Helen. O, Sir——

Pan. Rude, in ſooth; in good ſooth, very rude.

Par. Well ſaid, my lord; well, you ſay ſo in fits.

Pan. I have buſineſs to my lord, dear Queen; my lord, will you vouchſafe me a word?

Helen. Nay, this ſhall not hedge us out; we'll hear you ſing, certainly.

Pan. Well, ſweet Queen, you are pleaſant with me; but, marry thus, my lord;——my dear lord, and moſt eſteemed Friend, your brother *Troilus*——

Helen. My lord *Pandarus*, honey-ſweet lord,——

Pan. Go to, ſweet Queen, go to——
Commends himſelf moſt affectionately to you.

Helen. You ſhall not bob us out of our melody:
If you do, our melancholy upon your head!

Pan. Sweet Queen, ſweet Queen, that's a ſweet Queen, I'faith——

Helen. And to make a ſweet lady ſad, is a ſower offence. Nay, that ſhall not ſerve your turn, that ſhall it not in truth, la. Nay, I care not for ſuch words, no, no——

Pan. And, my lord, he deſires you, that if the King call for him at ſupper, you will make his excuſe.

Helen. My lord *Pandarus*,——

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen, my very very ſweet Queen?

Par. What exploit's in hand, where ſups he to night?

Helen. Nay, but my lord,——

Pan. What ſays my ſweet Queen? my couſin will fall out with you.

Helen. You muſt not know where he ſups.

Par. I'll lay my life, with my diſpoſer *Creſſida.*

Pan. No, no, no ſuch matter, you are wide; come, your diſpoſer is ſick.

Par. Well, I'll make excuſe.

Pan. Ay, good my lord; why ſhould you ſay, *Creſſida?* no, your poor diſpoſer's ſick.

Par. I ſpy——

Pan. You ſpy, what do you ſpy? come, give me an inſtrument now, ſweet Queen.

Helen. Why, this is kindly done.

Pan. My neice is horribly in love with a thing you have, ſweet Queen.

Helen. She ſhall have it, my lord, if it be not my lord *Paris.*

Pan. He? no, ſhe'll none of him, they two are twain.

Helen.

Helen. Falling in after falling out may make them three.

Pan. Come, come, I'll hear no more of this. I'll ſing you a ſong now.

Helen. Ay, ay, pr'ythee now; by my troth, ſweet lord, thou haſt a fine fore-head.

Pan. Ay, you may, you may——

Helen. Let thy ſong be love: this love will undo us all. Oh, *Cupid*, *Cupid*, *Cupid!*

Pan. Love! ay, that it ſhall, i'faith.

Par. Ay, good now, love, love, nothing but love.

Pan. In good troth, it begins ſo.

Love, love, nothing but love, ſtill more:
For O, love's bow
Shoots buck and doe:
The ſhaft confounds
Not that it wounds,
But tickles ſtill the ſore:
Theſe lovers cry, oh! oh! they dye:
Yet That, which ſeems the wound to kill,
Doth turn, oh! oh! to ha, ha, he:
So dying love lives ſtill.
O ho a while, but ha, ha, ha;
O ho groans out for ha, ha, ha——hey ho!

Helen. In love, i'faith, to the very tip of the noſe!

Par. He eats nothing but doves, love, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deeds, and hot deeds are love.

Pan. Is this the generation of love? hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deeds? why, they are vipers; is love a generation of vipers? Sweet lord, who's afield to day?

Par. Hector, *Deiphobus*, *Helenus*, *Antenor*, and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would fain have arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not have it ſo. How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

Helen. He hangs the lip at ſomething; you know all, lord *Pandarus*.

Pan. Not I, honey ſweet Queen: I long to hear how they ſped to day. You'll remember your brother's excuſe?

Par. To a hair.

Pan. Farewel, ſweet Queen.

Helen. Commend me to your neice.

Pan. I will, ſweet Queen. [*Exit. Sound a Retreat.*

Par. They're come from field; let us to *Priam*'s Hall,
To greet the warriors.—Sweet *Helen*, I muſt woo you
To help unarm our *Hector:* his ſtubborn buckles,
With theſe your white enchanting fingers toucht,
Shall more obey, than to the edge of ſteel,
Or force of *Greekiſh* ſinews: you ſhall do more
Than all the iſland Kings, diſarm great *Hector.*

Helen. 'Twill make us proud to be his ſervant, *Paris:*
Yea, what he ſhall receive of us in duty
Gives us more palm in beauty than we have,
Yea, over-ſhines our ſelf.

Par. Sweet, above thought I love thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *an Orchard to* Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Pandarus, *and* Troilus's *Man.*

Pan. NOW, where's thy maſter? at my couſin *Creſſida*'s?

Ser. No, Sir, he ſtays you to conduct him thither.

Enter Troilus.

Pan. O, here he comes; how now, how now?

Troi. Sirrah, walk off.

Pan. Have you ſeen my couſin?

Troi. No, *Pandarus:* I ſtalk about her door,
Like a ſtrange ſoul upon the *Stygian* banks
Staying for waftage. O, be thou my *Charon*,
And give me ſwift tranſportance to thoſe fields,
Where I may wallow in the lilly beds
Propos'd for the deſerver! O gentle *Pandarus*,
From *Cupid*'s ſhoulder pluck his painted wings,
And fly with me to *Creſſid.*

Pan.

Pan. Walk here i'th' orchard, I will bring her ſtraight.
[*Exit* Pandarus.

Tro. I'm giddy; expectation whirls me round.
Th' imaginary reliſh is ſo ſweet,
That it enchants my ſenſe; what will it be,
When that the watry palates taſte, indeed,
Love's thrice-reputed nectar? death, I fear me;
Swooning deſtruction, or ſome joy too fine,
Too ſubtle-potent, and too ſharp in ſweetneſs,
For the capacity of my rude powers;
I fear it much, and I do fear beſides,
That I ſhall loſe diſtinction in my joys;
As doth a battel, when they charge on heaps
The flying enemy.

Re-Enter Pandarus.

Pan. She's making her ready, ſhe'll come ſtraight; you muſt be witty now. She does ſo bluſh, and fetches her wind ſo ſhort, as if ſhe were fraid with a ſprite: I'll bring her. It is the prettieſt villain, ſhe fetches her breath as ſhort as a new ta'en ſparrow.
[*Exit* Pandarus.

Troi. Ev'n ſuch a paſſion doth embrace my boſom:
My heart beats thicker than a fev'rous pulſe;
And all my pow'rs do their beſtowing loſe,
Like Vaſſalage at unawares encountring
The eye of Majeſty.

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. Come, come; what need you bluſh? Shame's a baby. Here ſhe is now: ſwear the oaths now to her, that you have ſworn to me. What, are you gone again? you muſt be watch'd ere you be made tame, muſt you? come your ways, come your ways; if you draw backward, we'll put you i'th' files: (24) Why do you not ſpeak to her? Come, draw this curtain, and let's

(24) *If you draw backward, we'll* put you i'th' files.] *Pandarus* here threatens her with military Diſcipline. It was a Cuſtom, we find, as old as *Homer*'s Time, for them, in drawing up a Battle, to place ſuch,

as

let's see your picture. Alas the day, how loth you are to offend day-light? an 'twere dark, you'd close sooner. So, so, rub on, and kiss the mistress; how now, a kiss in fee-farm? build there, carpenter, the air is sweet. Nay, you shall fight your hearts out, ere I part you. The faulcon as the tercel, for all the ducks i'th' river: (25) go to, go to.

Troi. You have bereft me of all words, lady.

Pan. Words pay no debts, give her deeds: but she'll bereave you of deeds too, if she call your activity in question: what, billing again? here's, in witness whereof the parties interchangeably——come in, come in, I'll go get a fire. [*Exit* Pandarus.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Troi. O *Cressida*, how often have I wisht me thus?

Cre. Wisht, my lord! the Gods grant——O my lord.

Troi. What should they grant? what makes this pretty abruption? what too curious dreg espies my sweet lady in the fountain of our love?

Cre. More dregs than water, if my fears have eyes.

Troi. Fears make devils of cherubins, they never see truly.

Cre. Blind fear, which seeing reason leads, finds safer footing than blind reason stumbling without fear. To fear the worst, oft cures the worse.

as they suspected would misbehave, (desert, or decline Fighting;) in the mid Ranks; so that they might be watch'd on every hand.

——— κακὸς δ' ἐς μέσσον ἔλασσεν,
Ὄφρα μὴ ἂκ ἐθέλων τις ἀναγκαίῃ πολεμίζῃ.

Iliad. Δ. 299.

This Method the short Scholiast explains thus; μεταξὺ δύο ἀνδρειων ἕνα κακὸν ἔβαλλεν. i. e. he threw one bad Man in betwixt two approv'd one's, brave Soldiers. This is what we now call *putting in the Files*. *Ælian* has taken Notice, that *Homer* was the first who seems to have been acquainted with *Tactics*.

(25) *The Falcon* has *the Tercel, for all the Ducks i'th' River.*] This Reading first got Place casually, as I presume, in Mr. *Rowe*'s Edition; and was implicitly follow'd by Mr. *Pope*. But they Both deprave the Text. *Pandarus*, seeing *Troilus* kiss with Fervour, and *Cressida* meet his Kisses with equal Zeal, means, that he'll match his Neice against her Lover for any Bett. The *Tercel* is the *male* Hawk; by the *Faulcon*, we generally understand the *Female*.

Troi.

Troi. O, let my lady apprehend no fear; in all *Cupid*'s Pageant there is presented no monster.

Cre. Nor nothing monstrous neither?

Troi. Nothing, but our Undertakings; when we vow to weep seas, live in fire, eat rocks, tame tygers; thinking it harder for our mistress to devise imposition enough, than for us to undergo any difficulty imposed. This is the monstruosity in love, lady, that the will is infinite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is boundless, and the act a slave to limit.

Cre. They say, all lovers swear more performance than they are able; and yet reserve an ability, that they never perform: vowing more than the perfection of ten, and discharging less than the tenth part of one. They that have the voice of lions, and the act of hares, are they not monstrous?

Troi. Are there such? such are not we: praise us as we are tasted, allow us as we prove: our head shall go bare, 'till merit crown it; no perfection in reversion shall have a praise in present; we will not name desert before his birth, and, being born, his addition shall be humble; few words to fair faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressida*, as what envy can say worst, shall be a mock for his truth; and what truth can speak truest, not truer than *Troilus*.

Cre. Will you walk in, my lord?

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. What, blushing still? have you not done talking yet?

Cre. Well, uncle, what folly I commit, I dedicate to you.

Pan. I thank you for that; if my lord get a boy of you, you'll give him me; be true to my lord; if he flinch, chide me for it.

Troi. You know now your hostages; your uncle's word and my firm faith.

Pan. Nay, I'll give my word for her too; our kindred, though they be long ere they are woo'd, they are constant,

ſtant, being won: they are burrs, I can tell you, they'll ſtick where they are thrown.

Cre. Boldneſs comes to me now, and brings me heart:
Prince *Troilus*, I have lov'd you night and day,
For many weary months.

Troi. Why was my *Creſſid* then ſo hard to win?

Cre. Hard to ſeem won: but I was won, my lord,
With the firſt glance that ever——pardon me——
If I confeſs much, you will play the tyrant:
I love you now; but not till now, ſo much
But I might maſter it——in faith, I lie——
My thoughts were, like unbridled children, grown
Too headſtrong for their mother; ſee, we fools!
Why have I blabb'd? who ſhall be true to us,
When we are ſo unſecret to our ſelves?
But though I lov'd you well, I woo'd you not;
And yet, good faith, I wiſht my ſelf a man:
Or that We women had mens privilege,
Of ſpeaking firſt. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue;
For in this rapture I ſhall ſurely ſpeak
The thing I ſhall repent; ſee, ſee, your ſilence
(Cunning in dumbneſs) from my weakneſs draws
My very ſoul of counſel. Stop my mouth.

Troi. And ſhall, albeit ſweet muſick iſſues thence.

[*Kiſſing.*

Pan. Pretty, i'faith.

Cre. My lord, I do beſeech you, pardon me;
'Twas not my purpoſe thus to beg a kiſs:
I am aſham'd;——O heav'ns, what have I done!——
For this time will I take my leave, my lord.

Troi. Your leave, ſweet *Creſſid?*

Pan. Leave! an you take leave till to morrow morning——

Cre. Pray you, content you.

Troi. What offends you, lady?

Cre. Sir, mine own company.

Troi. You cannot ſhun your ſelf.

Cre. Let me go try:
I have a kind of ſelf reſides with you:
But an unkind ſelf, that it ſelf will leave,

To

To be another's fool. Where is my wit?
I would be gone: I ſpeak, I know not what.

Troi. Well know they what they ſpeak, that ſpeak ſo wiſely.

Cre. Perchance, my lord, I ſhew more craft than love,
And fell ſo roundly to a large confeſſion,
To angle for your thoughts: but you are wiſe,
Or elſe you love not: To be wiſe and love, (26)
Exceeds man's might, and dwells with Gods above.

Troi. O, that I thought it could be in a woman,
(As, if it can, I will preſume in you,)
To feed for ay her lamp and flames of love,
To keep her conſtancy in plight and youth
Out-living Beauties outward; with a mind
That doth renew ſwifter than blood decays!

(26)——*To be wiſe and love,*
Exceeds Man's Might, and dwells with Gods above.] This Sentiment has ſtrongly the Air of Imitation. Our Author ſeems partly to have borrow'd it from this Verſe falſely father'd on *Seneca*;

Amare & ſapere *vix* Deo *conceditur.*

and partly from what *Terence* has left us upon the ſame Subject.

Here, quæ Res in ſe neq; conſilium neq; modum
Habet ullum, eam Conſilio regere non potes.
——————*nihilo plus agas,*
Quàm ſi des Operam ut cum ratione inſanias.

Eunuch. *Act* i. *Sc.* 1.

Horace has borrow'd a good Part of his Argument concerning a Lover's mad Behaviour, from this Scene of *Terence*; and follow'd the Stage-Poet's very Words, as far as he could make them conform to the Difference of Numbers. (*Serm.* lib. ii. 3.) *Pliny* the Younger, among ſome other Verſes from *Sentius Augurinus*, quotes one much to our Subject;

I nunc, qui ſapias, amare noli.

And gives it the Praiſe of being acute, apt, and expreſs. *Book* IV. *Epiſt.* 27.

A Lover, in the *Greek* Epigram, declining to marry his Miſtreſs becauſe ſhe was poor, yet profeſſing to love her, is ſaid by the Poet to be a *Lyer*, not a *Lover*, for that right Reaſoning cannot belong to a Spirit in Love.

——Οὐ φιλέεις· ἐψεύσω. πῶς δύναῖαι γὰρ
Ψυχὴ ἐρωμανέειν ὀρθὰ λογιζομένη;

But *Menander* has left us the ſmarteſt Piece of Satire upon Lovers being mad, that I can any where elſe remember.

Ἀλλ' ὅταν ἐρῶνῖα νῦν ἔχειν τὶς ἀξιοῖ,
Παρά τινι τὸ ἀνόητον ἔτος ὄφεται;

But when any one will allow a Lover *to be* in his Wits, *whom will ſuch a Man allow to have the Symptoms of* Madneſs?

Or,

Or, that perſwaſion could but thus convince me,
That my integrity and truth to you
Might be affronted with the match and weight
Of ſuch a winnow'd purity in love:
How were I then up-lifted! but alas,
I am as true as truth's ſimplicity,
And ſimpler than the infancy of truth.
Cre. In that I'll war with you.
Troi. O virtuous fight!
When Right with Right warrs who ſhall be moſt right.
True ſwains in love ſhall in the world to come
Approve their truths by *Troilus*; when their rhimes,
Full of proteſt, of oath, and big compare,
Want ſimilies: truth, tired with iteration,
As true as ſteel, as Planets to their Moons, (27)
As Sun to day, as turtle to her mate,
As iron to adamant, as earth to th' center:
Yet after all compariſons of truth,
(As truth's authentick author to be cited)

(27)——*as Planets to* the Moon.] *Plantage* is certainly very juſtly thrown out, as a Reading of no Senſe or Truth: and yet the Text is a little corrupted, and muſt be help'd thus;

——*as Planets to* their Moons.

He fetches here his Compariſons of true Love from the Sympathy or Affection of the ſeveral Parts of Nature. *As true as Steel*,——I know, by this Phraſe, Men generally mean as true as a well-temper'd Sword is to the Hand of the Warrior: but I am perſuaded, the Phraſe had another Original; and that was, from obſerving its ſtrange Affection to the *Loadſtone*.——But other *Planets*, beſides the *Earth*, (before the Time of our Author,) were diſcover'd to have their *Moons* which revolv'd round them. *Jupiter* has four Moons, and *Saturn* five. The Aſtronomers ſometimes call'd theſe, *Moons*; and ſometimes, *Satellites*. Sometimes, when they ſpoke of the Moon, they call'd it the Earth's *Satellite*: and when they ſpoke of the *Satellites* of the other Planets, they call'd them *Jupiter*, or *Saturn*'s Moons. Their conſtant unerring Attendance on their reſpective Planets made this *Phænomenon* very proper for Compariſon: Tho, properly ſpeaking, as it is here put, it is inverted; for it ſhould be, *as true as* Moons *to their* Planets.——Becauſe the Moons depend on their Planets, not the Planets on their Moons. But that this inverted Order is nothing with *Shakeſpeare*, is plain from many Places of his Works, and particularly from the immediate following Words, *As Sun to Day*;——which is likewiſe in the ſame manner inverted: for the Day depends on the Sun, and not the Sun on the Day.

Mr. *Warburton.*

As

As true as *Troilus* ſhall crown up the verſe,
And ſanctifie the numbers.

Cre. Prophet may you be!
If I be falſe, or ſwerve a hair from truth,
When time is old and hath forgot it ſelf,
When water-drops have worn the ſtones of *Troy*,
And blind Oblivion ſwallow'd Cities up,
And mighty States characterleſs are grated
To duſty Nothing; yet let Memory,
From falſe to falſe, among falſe maids in love,
Upbraid my falſehood! when they've ſaid, as falſe
As air, as water, as wind, as ſandy earth;
As fox to lamb, as wolf to heifer's calf;
Pard to the hind, or ſtep-dame to her ſon;
Yea, let them ſay, to ſtick the heart of falſehood,
As falſe as *Creſſid.*——

Pan. Go to, a bargain made: ſeal it, ſeal it, I'll be the witneſs.——Here I hold your hand; here my couſin's; if ever you prove falſe to one another, ſince I have taken ſuch pains to bring you together, let all pitiful Goers-between be call'd to the world's end after my name; call them all *Pandars*: let all conſtant men be *Troilus's*, all falſe women *Creſſida's*, and all brokers-between *Pandars:* ſay, Amen. (C)

Troi. Amen.

Cre. Amen.

Pan. Amen. Whereupon I will ſhew you a bed-chamber; which bed, becauſe it ſhall not ſpeak of your pretty encounters, preſs it to death: away.
And *Cupid* grant all tongue-ty'd maidens here,
Bed, chamber, and *Pandar* to provide this Geer!

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Diomedes, Neſtor, Ajax, Menelaus, *and* Calchas.

Cal. NOW, Princes, for the ſervice I have done you,
Th' advantage of the time prompts me aloud
To call for recompenſe: appear it to you, (28)
That, through the ſight I bear in things to come,
I have abandon'd *Troy*, left my poſſeſſion,
Incurr'd a traitor's name, expos'd my ſelf,
From certain and poſſeſt conveniences,
To doubtful fortunes; ſequeſtred from all
That time, acquaintance, cuſtom, and condition,
Made tame and moſt familiar to my nature:
And here, to do you ſervice, am become
As new into the world, ſtrange, unacquainted.
I do beſeech you, as in way of taſte,
To give me now a little benefit,
Out of thoſe many regiſtred in promiſe,
Which, you ſay, live to come in my behalf.

Aga. What wouldſt thou of us, *Trojan?* make demand.

Cal. You have a *Trojan* priſoner, call'd *Antenor*,
Yeſterday took: *Troy* holds him very dear.
Oft have you (often have you thanks therefore;)

(28) ——————*appear it to you,*
That, through the Sight I bear in Things to come,
I have abandon'd Troy,] *Calchas* is here preſſing for ſome Reward from the *Grecian* Princes, for his having come over to them: But does it in any kind add to his Merit with them, to ſay, "Gentlemen, by my "Power of Preſcience I found my Country muſt be ſubdued and ruin'd; "and therefore I have left Houſe and Home in Time to [ſave myſelf, "and] come and ſerve you."——And yet this is the Drift and Hinge upon which his Argument turns, and his Hopes and Pretence for Recompenſe are form'd. I own, the Motives of his Oratory ſeem to me ſomewhat perverſe and unartful: nor do I know how to reconcile it, unleſs our Poet purpoſely intended to make *Calchas* act the Part of a true Prieſt; and ſo from Motives of Self-Intereſt inſinuate the Merit of Service.

Desir'd my *Cressid* in right-great exchange,
Whom *Troy* hath still deny'd: but this *Antenor*,
I know, is such a wrest in their affairs,
That their negociations all must slack,
Wanting his Manage; and they will almost
Give us a Prince o' th' blood, a son of *Priam*,
In Change of him. Let him be sent, great Princes,
And he shall buy my daughter: and her presence
Shall quite strike off all service I have done,
In most accepted pain. *pay. H.*

Aga. Let *Diomedes* bear him,
And bring us *Cressid* hither: *Calchas* shall have
What he requests of us. Good *Diomede*,
Furnish you fairly for this enterchange;
Withall, bring word, if *Hector* will to morrow
Be answer'd in his Challenge. *Ajax* is ready.

Dio. This shall I undertake, and 'tis a burthen
Which I am proud to bear. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus, *before their Tent.*

Ulyss. *Achilles* stands i'th' entrance of his Tent,
Please it our General to pass strangely by him,
As if he were forgot; and, Princes all,
Lay negligent and loose regard upon him:
I will come last; 'tis like, he'll question me,
Why such unplausive eyes are bent on him?
If so, I have decision medicinable
To use between your strangeness and his pride,
Which his own will shall have desire to drink.
It may do good: Pride hath no other glass
To shew it self, but pride; for supple knees
Feed arrogance, and are the proud man's fees.

Aga. We'll execute your purpose, and put on
A form of strangeness as we pass along;
So do each lord; and either greet him not,
Or else disdainfully, which shall shake him more
Than if not look'd on. I will lead the way.

Achil. What, comes the General to speak with me?
You know my mind. I'll fight no more 'gainst *Troy*.

Aga. What says *Achilles?* would he ought with us?

Neſt. Would you, my lord, ought with the General?
Achil. No.
Neſt. Nothing, my lord.
Aga. The better.
Achil. Good day, good day.
Men. How do you? how do you?
Achil. What, does the cuckold ſcorn me?
Ajax. How now, *Patroclus?*
Achil. Good morrow, *Ajax.*
Ajax. Ha?
Achil. Good morrow.
Ajax. Ay, and good next day too. [*Exe.*
Achil. What mean theſe fellows? know they not *Achilles?*

Patr. They paſs by ſtrangely: they were us'd to bend,
To ſend their ſmiles before them to *Achilles,*
To come as humbly as they us'd to creep
To holy altars.
Achil. What, am I poor of late?
'Tis certain, Greatneſs, once fall'n out with fortune,
Muſt fall out with men too: what the declin'd is,
He ſhall as ſoon read in the eyes of others,
As feel in his own Fall: for men, like butter-flies,
Shew not their mealy wings but to the ſummer;
And not a man, for being ſimply man,
Hath honour, but is honour'd by thoſe honours
That are without him; as place, riches, favour,
Prizes of accident as oft as merit:
Which when they fall, (as being ſlipp'ry ſtanders)
The love that lean'd on them, as ſlipp'ry too,
Doth one pluck down another, and together
Dye in the Fall. But 'tis not ſo with me:
Fortune and I are friends; I do enjoy
At ample point all that I did poſſeſs,
Save theſe men's looks; who do, methinks, find out
Something in me not worth that rich beholding,
As they have often giv'n. Here is *Ulyſſes.*
I'll interrupt his Reading.——Now, *Ulyſſes?*
Ulyſ. Now, *Thetis'* ſon!
Achil. What are you Reading?

Ulyſ.

Ulyſ. A ſtrange fellow here
Writes me, that Man, how dearly ever parted,
How much in Having, or without, or in,
Cannot make boaſt to have That which he hath,
Nor feels not what he owes, but by reflection;
As when his virtues ſhining upon others
Heat them, and they retort that heat again
To the firſt giver.
Achil. This is not ſtrange, *Ulyſſes.*
The beauty that is borne here in the face
The bearer knows not, but commends it ſelf
To others eyes: nor doth the eye it ſelf
(That moſt pure ſpirit of ſenſe) behold it ſelf
Not going from it ſelf; but eyes oppos'd
Salute each other with each other's form.
For ſpeculation turns not to it ſelf,
'Till it hath travell'd, and is marry'd there
Where it may ſee its ſelf; this is not ſtrange.
Ulyſ. I do not ſtrain at the poſition,
It is familiar; but the author's drift;
Who, in his circumſtance, expreſly proves
That no man is the lord of any thing,
(Tho' in, and of, him there is much conſiſting)
'Till he communicate his parts to others;
Nor doth he of himſelf know them for ought,
'Till he behold them formed in th' applauſe
Where they're extended; which, like an arch, reverb'rates
The voice again; or, like a gate of ſteel
Fronting the Sun, receives and renders back
His figure and his heat. I was much wrapt in this,
And apprehended here immediately
The unknown *Ajax*——
Heav'ns! what a man is there? a very horſe,
That has he knows not what. Nature! what Things there are,
Moſt abject in regard, and dear in uſe?
What things again moſt dear in the eſteem,
And poor in worth? Now ſhall we ſee to morrow
An Act, that very Chance doth throw upon him:
Ajax renown'd! Oh heav'ns, what ſome men do,

While ſome men leave to do!
How ſome men creep in skittiſh Fortune's Hall,
While others play the ideots in her eyes;
How one man eats into another's pride,
While pride is feaſting in his wantonneſs!
To ſee theſe *Grecian* lords! why ev'n already
They clap the lubber *Ajax* on the ſhoulder,
As if his foot were on brave *Hector*'s breaſt,
And great *Troy* ſhrinking.
Achil. This I do believe;
For they paſſed by me, as miſers do by beggars,
Neither gave to me good word, nor good look:
What! are my deeds forgot?
Ulyſ. Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion:
(A great-ſiz'd monſter of Ingratitudes)
Thoſe ſcraps are good deeds paſt, which are devour'd
As faſt as they are made, forgot as ſoon
As done: Perſeverance keeps Honour bright:
To have done, is to hang quite out of faſhion,
Like ruſty Mail in monumental mockery.
For honour travels in a ſtreight ſo narrow,
Where one but goes abreaſt; keep then the path;
For Emulation hath a thouſand ſons,
That one by one purſue; if you give way,
Or turn aſide from the direct forth-right,
Like to an entred tide, they all ruſh by,
And leave you hindermoſt; and there you lye,
Like to a gallant horſe fall'n in firſt rank,
For pavement to the abject near, o'er-run
And trampled on: Then what they do in preſent,
Tho' leſs than yours in paſt, muſt o'er-top yours.
For time is like a faſhionable Hoſt,
That ſlightly ſhakes his parting Gueſt by th' hand;
But with his arms out-ſtretch'd, as he would fly,
Graſps in the comer; Welcome ever ſmiles,
And Farewell goes out ſighing. O, let not virtue ſeek
Remuneration for the thing it was;
For beauty, wit, high birth, deſert in ſervice,
Love, friendſhip, charity, are ſubjects all

To

To envious and calumniating time.
One touch of nature makes the whole world kin;
That all, with one consent, praise new-born Gawds,
Tho' they are made and moulded of things past;
And give to dust, that is a little gilt, (29)
More laud than they will give to Gold o'er-dusted:
The present eye praises the present object.
Then marvel not, thou great and complete man,
That all the *Greeks* begin to worship *Ajax*;
Since things in motion sooner catch the eye,
Than what not stirs. The Cry went once for thee,
And still it might, and yet it may again,
If thou would'st not entomb thy self alive,
And case thy reputation in thy Tent;
Whose glorious deeds, but in these fields of late,
Made emulous missions 'mongst the Gods themselves,
And drave great *Mars* to faction.

Achil. Of my privacy
I have strong reasons.

Ulyss. 'Gainst your privacy
The Reasons are more potent and heroical.
'Tis known, *Achilles*, that you are in love
With one of *Priam*'s daughters.

Achil. Ha! known!

Ulyss. Is that a wonder?
The providence, that's in a watchful State,
Knows almost every grain of *Pluto*'s Gold;
Finds bottom in th' uncomprehensive Deep;
Keeps place with thought; and almost, like the Gods,
Does ev'n our thoughts unveil in their dumb cradles:
There is a mystery (with which relation
Durst never meddle) in the Soul of State;
Which hath an operation more divine,

(29) *And* go *to dust, that is a little gilt,*
More Laud than Gilt *o'er-dusted.*] In this mangled Condition do we find this truly fine Observation transmitted in the old *Folio*'s. Mr. *Pope* saw it was corrupt, and therefore, as I presume, threw it out of the Text; because he would not *indulge his private Sense* in attempting to make Sense of it. I owe the Foundation of the Amendment, which I have given to the Text, to the Sagacity of the ingenious Dr. *Thirlby*.

Than breath, or pen, can give expreſſure to.
All the commerce that you have had with *Troy*
As perfectly is ours, as yours, my lord.
And better would it fit *Achilles* much,
To throw down *Hector*, than *Polyxena*.
But it muſt grieve young *Pyrrhus* now at home,
When Fame ſhall in his iſland ſound her trump;
And all the *Greekiſh* girls ſhall tripping ſing,
Great *Hector*'s ſiſter did *Achilles* win;
But our great *Ajax* bravely beat down him.
Farewel, my lord—I, as your lover, ſpeak;
The fool ſlides o'er the ice, that you ſhould break.
[*Exit.*

Patr. To this effect, *Achilles*, have I mov'd you;
A woman, impudent and manniſh grown,
Is not more loath'd than an effeminate man
In time of act.—I ſtand condemn'd for this;
They think, my little ſtomach to the war,
And your great love to me, reſtrains you thus:
Sweet, rouſe your ſelf; and the weak wanton *Cupid*
Shall from your neck unlooſe his am'rous fold;
And, like a dew-drop from the lion's mane,
Be ſhook to air.

Achil. Shall *Ajax* fight with *Hector!* ——

Patr. Ay, and, perhaps, receive much honour by him.

Achil. I ſee, my reputation is at ſtake;
My fame is ſhrewdly gor'd.

Patr. O then beware:
Thoſe wounds heal ill, that men do give themſelves:
Omiſſion to do what is neceſſary
Seals a Commiſſion to a Blank of Danger;
And danger, like an ague, ſubtly taints
Even then, when we ſit idly in the Sun.

Achil. Go call *Therſites* hither, ſweet *Patroclus:*
I'll ſend the fool to *Ajax*, and deſire him
T'invite the *Trojan* lords, after the Combat,
To ſee us here unarm'd: I have a woman's Longing,
An appetite that I am ſick withal,
To ſee great *Hector* in the Weeds of peace;
To talk with him, and to behold his viſage,

Ev'n

Ev'n to my full of view.—A labour ſav'd!

Enter Therſites.

Ther. A wonder!

Achil. What?

Ther. *Ajax* goes up and down the field, asking for himſelf.

Achil. How ſo?

Ther. He muſt fight ſingly to morrow with *Hector*, and is ſo prophetically proud of an heroical cudgelling, that he raves in ſaying nothing.

Achil. How can that be?

Ther. Why, he ſtalks up and down like a peacock, a ſtride and a ſtand; ruminates like an hoſteſs, that hath no arithmetick but her brain, to ſet down her reckoning; bites his lip with a politick regard, as who ſhould ſay, there were wit in his head, if 'twou'd out; and ſo there is, but it lies as coldly in him as fire in a flint, which will not ſhew without knocking. The man's undone for ever: for if *Hector* break not his neck i'th' combat, he'll break't himſelf in vain-glory. He knows not me: I ſaid, good morrow, *Ajax:* And he replies, thanks, *Agamemnon.* What think you of this man, that takes me for the General? he's grown a very land-fiſh, language-leſs, a monſter. A plague of opinion! a man may wear it on both ſides, like a leather Jerkin.

Achil. Thou muſt be my ambaſſador to him, *Therſites.*

Ther. Who I? — why, he'll anſwer no body; he profeſſes not anſwering; ſpeaking is for beggars; he wears his tongue in's arms. I will put on his preſence; let *Patroclus* make his demands to me, you ſhall ſee the Pageant of *Ajax.*

Achil. To him, *Patroclus* ——tell him, I humbly deſire the valiant *Ajax*, to invite the moſt valorous *Hector* to come unarm'd to my tent, and to procure ſafe Conduct for his Perſon of the magnanimous and moſt illuſtrious, ſix or ſeven times honour'd captain general, of the *Grecian* army, *Agamemnon*, *&c.* Do this.

Patr. *Jove* bleſs great *Ajax!*

Ther.

Ther. Hum ——

Patr. I come from the worthy *Achilles.*

Ther. Ha!

Patr. Who moſt humbly deſires you to invite *Hector* to his Tent.

Ther. Hum ——

Patr. And to procure ſafe Conduct from *Agamemnon.*

Ther. Agamemnon! ——

Patr. Ay, my lord.

Ther. Ha!

Patr. What ſay you to't?

Ther. God be wi'you, with all my heart.

Patr. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther. If to morrow be a fair day, by eleven o' clock it will go one way or other; howſoever, he ſhall pay for me ere he has me.

Patr. Your anſwer, Sir.

Ther. Fare ye well with all my heart.

Achil. Why, but he is not in this tune, is he?

Ther. No, but he's out o' tune thus; what muſick will be in him, when *Hector* has knock'd out his brains, I know not. But, I am ſure, none; unleſs the fidler *Apollo* get his ſinews to make Catlings on.

Achil. Come, thou ſhall bear a letter to him ſtraight.

Ther. Let me carry another to his horſe; for that's the more capable creature.

Achil. My mind is troubled like a fountain ſtirr'd, And I my ſelf ſee not the bottom of it. [*Exit.*

Ther. Would the fountain of your mind were clear again, that I might water an aſs at it! I had rather be a tick in a ſheep, than ſuch a valiant ignorance. [*Exe.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Street in TROY.*

Enter at one door Æneas, *with a torch*; *at another*, Paris, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomede; Grecians, *with Torches.*

PARIS.

SEE, ho! who is that there?
Dei. It is the lord *Æneas.*
Æne. Is the Prince there in perſon?
Had I ſo good occaſion to lie long,
As you, Prince *Paris*, nought but heav'nly
Should rob my bed-mate of my company. [buſineſs
Dio. That's my mind too: good morrow, lord *Æneas.*
Par. A valiant *Greek*, *Æneas*; take his hand;
Witneſs the proceſs of your ſpeech, wherein (30)
You told, how *Diomede* a whole week, by days,
Did haunt you in the field.

(30) *Witneſs the Proceſs of your Speech wherein*
You told, how Diomede *a whole Week by days*
Did haunt You in the Field.] Allowing this Circumſtance to be mere Invention in the Poet, it is a very artful Complement to *Diomede*, and a brave Confeſſion of his Worth from the Mouth of an Enemy. *Homer*, in the 5th Book of his *Ilias*, makes *Diomede* ruſh upon *Æneas*, tho he knew him protected by *Apollo*; and aſſault him four times, in ſpight of that God's Interpoſition.

——— ἵετο δ' ἀιεὶ
Αἰνείαν κτεῖναι, &c.

I own, I have a Suſpicion, our Poet had *Virgil* in his Eye; and meant to copy that fine Praiſe which *Diomede* pays to *Æneas*'s Valour, where *Venulus* comes from the *Latines* to ſollicit *Diomede*'s Aid againſt *Æneas*.

——— *Stetimus tela aſpera contrà,*
Contulimusq; *manus*: experto credite, *quantus*
In clypeum adſurgat, quo turbine torqueat haſtam. Æneid. xi.

Æne.

Æne. Health to you, valiant Sir,
[157] During all queſtion of the gentle Truce:
But when I meet you arm'd, as black defiance
As heart can think, or courage execute.
Dio. The one and th'other *Diomede* embraces.
Our bloods are now in calm, and ſo long, health;
But when contention and occaſion meet,
By *Jove*, I'll play the hunter for thy life,
With all my force, purſuit and policy.
Æne. And thou ſhalt hunt a lion that will flie (31)
With his face back.——In human gentleneſs,
Welcome to *Troy*——now, by *Anchiſes'* life,
Welcome, indeed!——by *Venus'* hand I ſwear,
No man alive can love, in ſuch a ſort,
The thing he means to kill, more excellently.
Dio. We ſympathize.—*Jove*, let *Æneas* live
(If to my ſword his Fate be not the Glory)
A thouſand compleat courſes of the Sun:
But in mine emulous honour let him die,
With every joint a wound, and that to morrow.
Æne. We know each other well.
Dio. We do; and long to know each other worſe.
Par. This is the moſt deſpightful, gentle greeting;
The nobleſt, hateful love, that e'er I heard of.
What buſineſs, lord, ſo early?
Æne. I was ſent for to the King; but why, I know not.

(31) *And thou ſhalt hunt a Lion that will fly*
With his Face back in humane gentleneſs.] Thus Mr. *Pope* in his great Sagacity pointed this Paſſage in his firſt Edition. What Conception he had to himſelf of a Lion *flying in human Gentleneſs*, I won't pretend to affirm: I ſuppoſe, he had the Idea of *as gently as a Lamb*, or as what our Vulgar call an *Eſſex* Lion, a Calf. If any other Lion fly with his Face turn'd backward, it is, fighting all the way as he retreats: And in this Manner it is, *Æneas* profeſſes that he ſhall fly when he's hunted. But where then are the Symptoms of *human Gentleneſs?* My Correction of the Pointing reſtores good Senſe, and a proper Behaviour in *Æneas*. As ſoon as ever he has return'd *Diomede's* Brave, he ſtops ſhort and corrects himſelf for expreſſing ſo much Fury in a Time of Truce; from the fierce Soldier becomes the Courtier at once; and remembring his Enemy to be a Gueſt and an Ambaſſador, welcomes him as ſuch to the *Trojan* Camp. —— I made this Regulation in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* reform'd the Text from thence in his laſt Edition.

Par.

Par. His purpoſe meets you; 'twas, to bring this *Greek*
To *Calchas'* houſe, and there to render him
(For the enfree'd *Antenor*) the fair *Creſſid.*
Let's have your company; or, if you pleaſe,
Haſte thee before. I conſtantly do think,
(Or rather call my thought a certain knowledge)
My brother *Troilus* lodges there to night.
Rouſe him, and give him note of our approach,
With the whole quality whereof; I fear,
We ſhall be much unwelcome.
Æne. That aſſure you.
Troilus had rather *Troy* were borne to *Greece,*
Than *Creſſid* borne from *Troy.*
Par. There is no help;
The bitter diſpoſition of the time
Will have it ſo. On, lord, we'll follow you.
Æne. Good morrow all. [*Exit.*
Par. And tell me, noble *Diomede*; tell me true,
Ev'n in the ſoul of good ſound fellowſhip,
Who in your thoughts merits fair *Helen* moſt?
My ſelf, or *Menelaus?*
Dio. Both alike.
He merits well to have her, that doth ſeek her,
(Not making any ſcruple of her ſoilure,)
With ſuch a hell of pain, and world of charge.
And you as well to keep her, that defend her
(Not palating the taſte of her diſhonour,)
With ſuch a coſtly loſs of wealth and friends.
He, like a puling cuckold, would drink up
The lees and dregs of a flat tamed piece;
You, like a letcher, out of whoriſh loins
Are pleas'd to breed out your inheritors:
Both merits pois'd, each weighs no leſs nor more,
But he as he, which heavier for a whore.
Par. You are too bitter to your Country-woman.
Dio. She's bitter to her Country: hear me, *Paris,*
For ev'ry falſe drop in her baudy veins
A *Grecian's* life hath ſunk; for every ſcruple
Of her contaminated carrion weight,

A *Trojan* hath been ſlain. Since ſhe could ſpeak,
She hath not giv'n ſo many good words breath,
As, for her, *Greeks* and *Trojans* ſuffer'd death.
Par. Fair *Diomede*, you do as chapmen do,
Diſpraiſe the thing that you deſire to buy:
But we in ſilence hold this virtue well;
We'll not commend what we intend to ſell.
Here lyes our way. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Troilus *and* Creſſida.

Troi. DEAR, trouble not your ſelf; the morn is cold.
Cre. Then, ſweet my lord, I'll call my uncle down:
He ſhall unbolt the gates.
Troi. Trouble him not ——
To bed, to bed——ſleep ſeal thoſe pretty eyes,
And give as ſoft attachment to thy ſenſes,
As infants empty of all thought!
Cre. Good morrow then.
Troi. I pr'ythee now, to bed.
Cre. Are you a weary of me?
Troi. O *Creſſida!* but that the buſie day,
Wak'd by the lark, has rous'd the ribald crows,
And dreaming night will hide our joys no longer,
I would not from thee.
Cre. Night hath been too brief.
Troi. Beſhrew the witch! with venomous wights ſhe ſtays,
Tedious as hell; but flies the graſps of love,
With wings more momentary-ſwift than thought:
You will catch cold, and curſe me.
Cre. Pr'ythee, tarry——you men will never tarry——
O fooliſh *Creſſida*—— I might have ſtill held off,
And then you would have tarried. Hark, there's one up.
Pan. within] What's all the doors open here?
Troi. It is your uncle.

Enter

Enter Pandarus.

Cre. A peſtilence on him! now will he be mocking; I ſhall have ſuch a life——

Pan. How now, how now? how go maiden-heads? Hear you, maid; where's my couſin *Creſſida?*

Cre. Go hang your ſelf, you naughty mocking uncle: You bring me to do——and then you flout me too.

Pan. To do what? to do what? let her ſay what: What have I brought you to do?

Cre. Come, come, beſhrew your heart; you'll never be good; nor ſuffer others.

Pan. Ha, ha! alas, poor wretch; a poor *Capocchia*,—(32) haſt not ſlept to night? would he not (a naughty man) let it ſleep? a bugbear take him! [*One knocks.*

Cre. Did not I tell you?——would, he were knock'd o'th' head!——who's that at door? —— good uncle, go and ſee.——My lord, come you again into my chamber: —— you ſmile and mock me, as if I meant naughtily.

Troil. Ha, ha——

Cre. Come, you are deceived, I think of no ſuch thing.
How earneſtly they knock —— pray you, come in.
[*Knock.*
I would not for half *Troy* have you ſeen here.
[*Exeunt.*

Pan. Who's there? what's the matter? will you beat down the door? how now? what's the matter?

Enter Æneas.

Æne. Good morrow, lord, good morrow.

(32) *A poor* Chipochia,] This Word, I am afraid, has ſuffer'd under the Ignorance of the Editors, for it is a Word in no living Language that I can find. *Pandarus* ſays it to his Neice, in a jeering Sort of Tenderneſs, upon her having *made wanton the Night* with *Troilus*, as our Author expreſſes it in his *Othello*. He would ſay, I think, in *Engliſh*,——*Poor* Innocent! *Poor* Fool! *ha'ſt not ſlept to Night?* Theſe Appellations are very well anſwer'd by the *Italian* Word *Capocchia:* for *Capocchio* ſignifies the thick Head of a Club; and thence metaphorically, a Head of not much Brain, a Sot, Dullard, heavy Gull; *un balordo, lourdaut, tête ſans cervelle*; or *cabeça ſin ſeſo*, as the *Spaniards* expreſs it.

Pan.

Pan. Who's there? my lord *Æneas?* by my troth, I knew you not; what news with you so early?

Æne. Is not Prince *Troilus* here?

Pan. Here! what should he do here?

Æne. Come, he is here, my lord, do not deny him. It doth import him much to speak with me.

Pan. Is he here, say you? 'tis more than I know, I'll be sworn; for my own part, I came in late: what should he do here?

Æne. Pho!——nay, then:——come, come, you'll do him wrong, ere y'are aware: you'll be so true to him, to be false to him: do not you know of him, but yet go fetch him hither, go. [*As* Pandarus *is going out,*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. How now? what's the matter?

Æne. My lord, I scarce have leisure to salute you,
My matter is so rash: there is at hand
Paris your brother, and *Deiphobus*,
The *Grecian Diomede*, and our *Antenor*
Deliver'd to us; and for him forthwith,
Ere the first sacrifice, within this hour,
We must give up to *Diomedes'* hand
The lady *Cressida.*

Troi. Is it concluded so?

Æne. By *Priam*, and the general State of *Troy.*
They are at hand, and ready to effect it.

Troi. How my atchievements mock me!
I will go meet them; and (my lord *Æneas*)
We met by chance, you did not find me here.

Æne. Good, good, my lord; the* secret'st things of Nature (33)
Have not more gift in taciturnity. [*Exeunt.*

Enter

(33) ——— *The* Secrets of Nature
Have not more Gift in Taciturnity.] This is the Reading of both the Elder *Folio*'s; but the first Verse manifestly halts, and betrays its being defective. Mr. *Pope* substitutes

The Secrets of Neighbour *Pandar.*

If This be a Reading *ex fide Codicum* (as he professes all his various Read-

* secretest of natures *H.*

Enter Creſſida *to* Pandarus.

Pan. Is't poſſible? no ſooner got, but loſt: the Devil take *Antenor!* the young Prince will go mad: a plague upon *Antenor!* I would, they had broke's neck.

Cre. How now? what's the matter? who was here?

Pan. Ah, ah!

Cre. Why ſigh you ſo profoundly? where's my lord? gone! tell me, ſweet uncle, what's the matter?

Pan. Would, I were as deep under the earth, as I am above!

Cre. O the Gods! what's the matter?

Pan. Pr'ythee, get thee in; would, thou hadſt ne'er been born: I knew, thou would'ſt be his death. O poor gentleman! a plague upon *Antenor!*——

Cre. Good uncle, I beſeech you, on my knees, I beſeech you, what's the matter?

Pan. Thou muſt be gone, wench, thou muſt be gone: thou art chang'd for *Antenor*; thou muſt go to thy father, and be gone from *Troilus*: 'twill be his death; 'twill be his bane; he cannot bear it.

Cre. O you immortal Gods! I will not go.

Pan. Thou muſt.

Cre. I will not, uncle: I've forgot my father. I know no touch of Conſanguinity:

Readings to be) it is founded on the Credit of ſuch Copies, as it has not been my Fortune to meet with. I have ventur'd to make out the Verſe thus;

The Secret'ſt Things *of Nature*, &c.

i. e. the *Arcana Naturæ*, the Myſteries of Nature, of occult Philoſophy, or of religious Ceremonies. Our Poet has Alluſions of this Sort in ſeveral other Paſſages.

——————— Plutus *himſelf*,
That knows the Tinct and multiplying Medicine,
Hath not in Nature's Myſtery *more Science*, &c.

All's Well, &c.

Cats, that can judge as fitly of his Worth,
As I can of thoſe Myſteries *which Heav'n*
Will not have Earth to know.

Coriolanus.

There are more Things *in Heav'n and Earth*, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of *in your* Philoſophy.

Hamlet.

No kin, no love, no blood, no ſoul ſo near me,
As the ſweet *Troilus*. O you Gods divine!
Make *Creſſid*'s name the very Crown of falſhood,
If ever ſhe leave *Troilus*. Time, Force, and Death, (34)
Do to this body what extreams you can;
But the ſtrong Baſe and Building of my Love
Is, as the very centre of the earth,
Drawing all to it.—I'll go and weep,——
Pan. Do, do.
Cre. Tear my bright hair, and ſcratch my praiſed cheeks,
Crack my clear voice with ſobs, and break my heart
With ſounding *Troilus*. I'll not go from *Troy*. [*Exe.*

SCENE, *before* Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Deiphobus, Antenor, *and* Diomedes.

Par. IT is great morning, and the hour prefixt
Of her Delivery to this valiant *Greek*
Comes faſt upon us: good my brother *Troilus*,
Tell you the Lady what ſhe is to do,
And haſte her to the purpoſe.
Troi. Walk into her houſe:
I'll bring her to the *Grecian* preſently;
And to his hand when I deliver her,
Think it an altar, and thy brother *Troilus*
A prieſt, there offering to it his heart.
Par. I know, what 'tis to love;
And would, as I ſhall pity, I could help!
Pleaſe you, walk in, my lords. [*Exeunt.*

(34) ——— *Time and Death*
Do to this Body, &c.]
The firſt *Folio* reads,
Time, orce *and Death*
When the Second Impreſſion came to be publiſh'd, the Editors, I preſume, were at a Loſs, and ſo ſunk the Word upon us which they could not make out. There is no Doubt, but the Poet wrote;
Time, Force, *and Death*,
i. e. The Compulſion of Fate; That, which the Latines call'd *Sæva Neceſſitas*.

SCENE,

SCENE, *an Apartment in* Pandarus's *Houſe.*

Enter Pandarus *and* Creſſida.

Pan. BE moderate, be moderate.
Cre. Why tell you me of moderation?
The grief is fine, full, perfect that I taſte,
And in its ſenſe is no leſs ſtrong, than That
Which cauſeth it. How can I moderate it?
If I could temporize with my affection,
Or brew it to a weak and colder palate,
The like allayment could I give my grief;
My love admits no qualifying droſs.

Enter Troilus.

No more my grief, in ſuch a precious loſs.
Pan. Here, here, here he comes,—a, ſweet duck!—
Cre. O *Troilus*, *Troilus!*
Pan. What a pair of ſpectacles is here! let me embrace too:
Oh heart, (as the goodly ſaying is;)

O heart, O heavy heart,
Why ſigh'ſt thou without breaking?

where he anſwers again;

Becauſe thou can'ſt not eaſe thy ſmart,
By friendſhip, nor by ſpeaking.

There was never a truer rhyme. Let us caſt away nothing, for we may live to have need of ſuch a verſe; we ſee it, we ſee it. How now, lambs?
Troi. Creſſid, I love thee in ſo ſtrange a purity,
That the bleſt Gods, as angry with my fancy,
(More bright in zeal than the devotion, which
Cold lips blow to their Deities) take thee from me.
Cre. Have the Gods envy?
Pan. Ay, ay, 'tis too plain a caſe.
Cre. And is it true, that I muſt go from *Troy?*
Troi. A hateful truth!

Cre. What, and from *Troilus* too?
Troi. From *Troy*, and *Troilus*.
Cre. Is it poſſible?
Troi. And ſuddenly: while injury of chance
Puts back leave-taking, juſtles roughly by
All time of pauſe, rudely beguiles our lips
Of all rejoyndure, forcibly prevents
Our lock'd embraces, ſtrangles our dear vows,
Ev'n in the birth of our own labouring breath.
We two, that with ſo many thouſand ſighs
Each other bought, muſt poorly ſell our ſelves
With the rude brevity and diſcharge of one.
Injurious Time now, with a robber's haſte,
Crams his rich thiev'ry up, he knows not how.
As many farewels as be ſtars in heaven,
With diſtinct breath and conſign'd kiſſes to them,
He fumbles up all in one looſe adieu;
And ſcants us with a ſingle famiſh'd kiſs,
Diſtaſted with the ſalt of broken tears.
Æneas within.] My lord, is the lady ready?
Troi. Hark! you are call'd. Some ſay, the Genius ſo
Cries, come, to him that inſtantly muſt die.
Bid them have patience; ſhe ſhall come anon.
Pan. Where are my tears? rain, to lay this wind, or my heart will be blown up by the root. [*Exit* Pandarus.
Cre. I muſt then to the *Grecians?*
Troi. No remedy.
Cre. A woeful *Creſſid* 'mongſt the merry *Greeks!*
When ſhall we ſee again?
Troi. Hear me, my love; be thou but true of heart—
Cre. I true? how now? what wicked Deem is this?
Troi. Nay, we muſt uſe expoſtulation kindly,
For it is parting from us:——
I ſpeak not, be thou true, as fearing thee:
For I will throw my Glove to Death himſelf,
That there's no maculation in thy heart;
But, be thou true, ſay I, to faſhion in
My ſequent proteſtation: be thou true,
And I will ſee thee.

Cre. O, you ſhall be expos'd, my lord, to dangers
As infinite, as imminent: but, I'll be true.
Troi. And I'll grow friend with danger. Wear this ſleeve.
Cre. And you this glove. When ſhall I ſee you?
Troi. I will corrupt the *Grecian* Centinels
To give thee nightly viſitation.
But yet be true.
Cre. O heav'ns! be true, again?
Troi. Hear, why I ſpeak it, love:
The *Grecian* youths are full of ſubtle qualities,
They're loving, well compos'd, with gift of nature
Flowing, and ſwelling o'er with arts and exerciſe;
How novelties may move, and parts with perſon——
Alas, a kind of godly jealouſie
(Which, I beſeech you, call a virtuous ſin)
Makes me afraid.
Cre. O heav'ns, you love me not!
Troi. Die I a villain then!——
In this, I do not call your faith in queſtion
So mainly as my merit: I cannot ſing,
Nor heel the high Lavolt; nor ſweeten talk;
Nor play at ſubtle games; fair virtues all,
To which the *Grecians* are moſt prompt and pregnant.
But I can tell, that in each grace of theſe
There lurks a ſtill and dumb-diſcourſive Devil,
That tempts moſt cunningly: but be not tempted.
Cre. Do you think, I will?
Troi. No.
But ſomething may be done, that we will not:
And ſometimes we are devils to our ſelves,
When we will tempt the frailty of our powers,
Preſuming on their changeful potency.
Æneas within.] Nay, good my lord,——
Troi. Come kiſs, and let us part.
Paris within.] Brother *Troilus*,——
Troi. Good brother, come you hither,
And bring *Æneas* and the *Grecian* with you.
Cre. My lord, will You be true?

Troi. Who I? alas, it is my Vice, my fault:
While others fish with craft for great opinion;
I, with great truth, catch meer simplicity.
While some with cunning gild their copper crowns,
With truth and plainness I do wear mine bare.
Fear not my truth; the moral of my wit
Is plain and true, there's all the reach of it.

Enter Æneas, Paris, *and* Diomedes.

Welcome, Sir *Diomede*; here is the lady,
Whom for *Antenor* we deliver you.
At the Port (lord) I'll give her to thy hand,
And by the way possess thee what she is.
Entreat her fair; and by my soul, fair *Greek*,
If e'er thou stand at mercy of my sword,
Name *Cressid*, and thy life shall be as safe
As *Priam* is in *Ilion*.

Diom. Lady *Cressid*,
So please you, save the thanks this Prince expects:
The lustre in your eye, heav'n in your cheek,
Pleads your fair usage; and to *Diomede*
You shall be mistress, and command him wholly.

Troi. *Grecian*, thou dost not use me courteously,
To shame the zeal of my petition towards thee, (35)
By praising her. I tell thee, lord of *Greece*,
She is as far high-soaring o'er thy praises,
As thou unworthy to be call'd her servant.
I charge thee, use her well, even for my Charge:
For by the dreadful *Pluto*, if thou dost not,
(Tho' the great bulk *Achilles* be thy guard)
I'll cut thy throat.

(35) *To shame the* Seal *of my Petition tow'rds thee*
By praising her.] There is great Room for hesitating at this Expression. To *shame* the *Seal* of a Petition, carries no sensible Idea that I can find out. The Change of a single Letter makes *Troilus*'s Complaint apt and reasonable; and the Sense is this: "*Grecian*, you use me discourteously; "you see, I am a *passionate* Lover, by my Petition to you; and there- "fore you should not shame the *Zeal* of it, by promising to do, what I "require of you, for the Sake of her *Beauty*: when, if you had good "Manners, or a Sense of a *Lover*'s Delicacy, you would have promised "to do it in Compassion to his *Pangs* and *Sufferings*." Mr. *Warburton*.

Diom.

Diom. Oh, be not mov'd, Prince *Troilus.*
Let me be priviledg'd by my place and meſſage,
To be a Speaker free. When I am hence,
I'll anſwer to my liſt: and know, my lord,
I'll nothing do on Charge; to her own worth
She ſhall be priz'd: but that you ſay, be't ſo;
I'll ſpeak it in my ſpirit and honour——no.
Troi. Come, to the Port——I'll tell thee, *Diomede,*
This Brave ſhalt oft make thee to hide thy head.
Lady, give me your hand——and as we walk,
To our own ſelves bend we our needful talk.
[*Sound trumpet.*

Par. Hark, *Hector*'s trumpet!
Æne. How have we ſpent this morning?
The Prince muſt think me tardy and remiſs,
That ſwore to ride before him in the field.
Par. 'Tis *Troilus*' fault. Come, come, to field with him.
Diom. Let us make ready ſtrait.
Æne. Yea, with a bridegroom's freſh alacrity
Let us addreſs to tend on *Hector*'s heels:
The Glory of our *Troy* doth this day lye
On his fair worth, and ſingle chivalry. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Ajax *armed*, Agamemnon, Achilles, Patroclus, Menelaus, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, *&c.*

Aga. HERE art thou in appointment freſh and fair, (36)
Anticipating time with ſtarting courage.
Give with thy Trumpet a loud note to *Troy,*
Thou dreadful *Ajax,* that th' appalled air

(36) *Here art thou in Appointment freſh and fair,*
Anticipating Time. With ſtarting Courage,
Give with thy Trumpet, &c.] I have alter'd the Pointing of this Paſſage for this Reaſon: The Poet ſeems to mean, that *Ajax* ſhew'd his ſtarting Courage in coming into the Field before the Challenger.

May pierce the head of the great Combatant,
And hale him hither.
Ajax. Trumpet, there's my purſe;
Now crack thy lungs, and ſplit thy brazen pipe:
Blow, villain, till thy ſphered bias cheek
Out-ſwell the cholick of puft *Aquilon:*
Come, ſtretch thy cheſt, and let thy eyes ſpout blood:
Thou blow'ſt for *Hector.*
Ulyſ. No trumpet anſwers.
Achil. 'Tis but early day.
Aga. Is not yond' *Diomede* with *Calchas'* daughter?
Ulyſ. 'Tis he, I ken the manner of his gate;
He riſes on his toe; that ſpirit of his
In aſpiration lifts him from the earth.

Enter Diomede, *with* Creſſida.

Aga. Is this the lady *Creſſida?*
Dio. Ev'n ſhe.
Aga. Moſt dearly welcome to the *Greeks*, ſweet lady. (37)
Neſt. Our General doth ſalute you with a kiſs.
Ulyſ. Yet is the kindneſs but particular;
'Twere better, ſhe were kiſs'd in general.
Neſt. And very courtly counſel: I'll begin.
So much for *Neſtor.*
Achil. I'll take that winter from your lips, fair lady:
Achilles bids you welcome.
Men. I had good argument for kiſſing once.
Patr. But that's no argument for kiſſing now:

(37) *Moſt dearly welcome to the* Greeks, *ſweet Lady.*] From this Line Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to degrade, or throw out of the Text, the Quantity of a whole Page. But is it not very abſurd, that *Diomede* ſhould bring *Creſſid* on, where ſo many Princes are preſent, and preparing to give her a Welcome, and then lead her off abruptly, ſo ſoon as ever *Agamemnon* has ſaid a ſingle Line to her? *An ideò tantùm* venerat, *ut* exiret? as *Martial* ſays of *Cato*'s coming into the Theatre. But is it not ſtill more abſurd for *Creſſid* to be led off without uttering one ſingle Syllable, and for *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes* to obſerve that ſhe is a Woman of quick Senſe, and glib of Tongue, as if ſhe had ſaid ſeveral witty Things? Methinks, *Neſtor*'s Character of her *Wit*, from her ſaying *Nothing*, is as extraordinary as the two Kings of *Brentford* hearing the *Whiſper*, tho' they are not preſent, in the REHEARSAL.

For

For thus pop'd *Paris* in his hardiment,
And parted, thus, you and your argument.
Ulyſ. O deadly gall, and theme of all our ſcorns,
For which we loſe our heads to gild his horns!
Patr. The firſt was *Menelaus'* kiſs——this mine——
Patroclus kiſſes you.
Men. O, this is trim.
Patr. *Paris* and I kiſs evermore for him.
Men. I'll have my kiſs, Sir: lady, by your leave,—
Cre. In kiſſing do you render or receive?
Patr. Both take and give.
Cre. I'll make my match to live,
The kiſs you take is better than you give;
Therefore no kiſs.——
Men. I'll give you boot, I'll give you three for one.
Cre. You are an odd man, give even, or give none.
Men. An odd man, lady? every man is odd.
Cre. No, *Paris* is not; for you know, 'tis true,
That you are odd, and he is even with you.
Men. You fillip me o'th' head.
Cre. No, I'll be ſworn.
Ulyſ. It were no match, your nail againſt his horn:
May I, ſweet lady, beg a kiſs of you?
Cre. You may.
Ulyſ. I do deſire it.
Cre. Why, beg then.
Ulyſ. Why then, for *Venus'* ſake, give me a kiſs,
When *Helen* is a maid again, and his——
Cre. I am your debtor, claim it when 'tis due.
Ulyſ. Never's my day, and then a kiſs of you.
Neſt. A woman of quick ſenſe!
Dio. Lady, a word——I'll bring you to your Father.
[Diomede *leads out* Creſſida.
Ulyſ. Fie, fie upon her!
There's language in her eye, her cheek, her lip:
Nay, her foot ſpeaks; her wanton ſpirits look out
At every joint, and motive of her body:
Oh, theſe Encounterers! So glib of tongue,
They give a Coaſting welcome ere it comes;
And wide unclaſp the tables of their thoughts

To every ticklish reader: set them down
For sluttish Spoils of Opportunity,
And Daughters of the Game. [*Trumpet within.*

Enter Hector, Paris, Troilus, Æneas, Helenus, *and Attendants.*

All. The *Trojans'* trumpet!
Aga. Yonder comes the troop.
Æne. Hail all the State of *Greece!* what shall be done
To him that Victory commands? Or do you purpose,
A Victor shall be known? will you, the Knights
Shall to the edge of all extremity
Pursue each other, or shall be divided
By any voice, or order of the field?
Hector bad ask.
Aga. Which way would *Hector* have it?
Æne. He cares not; he'll obey conditions.
Achil. 'Tis done like *Hector*, but securely done, (38)
A little proudly, and great deal misprizing
The Knight oppos'd.
Æne. If not *Achilles*, Sir,
What is your name?
Achil. If not *Achilles*, nothing.
Æne. Therefore, *Achilles*; but whate'er, know this;
In the extremity of great and little
Valour and pride* excel themselves in *Hector*;
The one almost as infinite as all,
The other blank as nothing; weigh him well;
And That, which looks like pride, is courtesie.

(38) Agam. *'Tis done like* Hector, *but securely done*;] It seems absurd to me, that *Agamemnon* should make a Remark to the Disparagement of *Hector* for Pride, and that *Æneas* should immediately say, *If not* Achilles, *Sir, what is your Name?* and then desire him to take Notice, that *Hector* was as void of Pride as he was full of Valour. Why was *Achilles* to take Notice of this, if it was *Agamemnon* that threw this Imputation of Pride in *Hector*'s Teeth? I was fully satisfied, that this Reproach on *Hector* ought to be placed to *Achilles*, as I have ventur'd to place it; and consulting Mr. *Dryden*'s Alteration of this Play, I was not a little pleas'd to find that I had but seconded the Opinion of that Great Man in this Point. I regulated the Passage in the *Appendix* of my SHAKESPEARE *restor'd*; and Mr. *Pope* has follow'd my Regulation in his last Edition of our Poet.

 This

* parcell. W.

This *Ajax* is half made of *Hector*'s blood,
In love whereof, half *Hector* ſtays at home;
Half heart, half hand, half *Hector*, come to ſeek
This blended Knight, half *Trojan* and half *Greek*.
Achil. A maiden battel then? O, I perceive you.

Re-enter Diomede.

Aga. Here is Sir *Diomede:* go, gentle Knight,
Stand by our *Ajax*; as you and lord *Æneas*
Conſent upon the order of the fight,
So be it; either to the uttermoſt,
Or elſe a breath. The Combatants being kin
Half ſtints their ſtrife before their ſtrokes begin.
Ulyſ. They are oppos'd already.
Aga. What *Trojan* is that ſame, that looks ſo heavy?
Ulyſ. The youngeſt ſon of *Priam*, a true knight;
Not yet mature, yet matchleſs; firm of word;
Speaking in deeds, and deedleſs in his tongue;
Not ſoon provok'd, nor, being provok'd, ſoon calm'd;
His heart and hand both open, and both free;
For what he has, he gives; what thinks, he ſhews;
Yet gives he not, 'till judgment guide his bounty;
Nor dignifies an impair thought with breath:
Manly as *Hector*, but more dangerous;
For *Hector* in his blaze of wrath ſubſcribes
To tender objects; but he in heat of action
Is more vindicative than jealous love.
They call him *Troilus*, and on him erect
A ſecond hope, as fairly built as *Hector*.
Thus ſays *Æneas*, one that knows the youth
Ev'n to his inches; and with private ſoul,
Did in great *Ilion* thus tranſlate him to me.

[*Alarum.* Hector *and* Ajax *fight.*

Aga. They are in action.
Neſt. Now, *Ajax*, hold thine own.
Troi. Hector, thou ſleep'ſt, awake thee.
Aga. His blows are well dispos'd; there, *Ajax*.

[*Trumpets ceaſe.*

Dio. You muſt no more.
Æne. Princes, enough, ſo pleaſe you.

Ajax.

Ajax. I am not warm yet, let us fight again.

Dio. As *Hector* pleases.

Hect. Why then, will I no more.
Thou art, great lord, my father's sister's son; (39)
A cousin-german to great *Priam*'s seed:
The obligation of our blood forbids
A gory emulation 'twixt us twain;
Were thy commixion *Greek* and *Trojan* so,
That thou coud'st say, this hand is *Grecian* all,
And this is *Trojan*; the sinews of this leg
All *Greek*, and this all *Troy*; my mother's blood
Runs on the dexter cheek, and this sinister
Bounds in my sire's: by *Jove* multipotent,
Thou should'st not bear from me a *Greekish* member,
Wherein my sword had not impressure made
Of our rank feud: But the just Gods gainsay,
That any drop thou borrow'st from thy mother,
My sacred aunt, should by my mortal sword
Be drain'd! Let me embrace thee, *Ajax:*
By him that thunders, thou hast lusty arms;
Hector would have them fall upon him thus——
Cousin, all honour to thee!——

Ajax. I thank thee, *Hector!*
Thou art too gentle, and too free a man:
I came to kill thee, cousin, and bear hence
A great addition earned in thy death.

Hect. Not *Neoptolemus* so mirable,
(On whose bright crest, Fame, with her loud'st O yes,
Cries, this is he;) could promise to himself
A thought of added honour torn from *Hector.*

Æne. There is expectance here from both the sides,
What further you will do.

Hect. We'll answer it:
The issue is embracement: *Ajax*, farewel.

Ajax. If I might in entreaties find success,
(As seld I have the chance) I would desire
My famous cousin to our *Grecian* tents.

(39) *Thou art, great lord, my Father's Sister's Son;*] For *Ajax*, as well as *Teucer*, was the Son of *Hesione*, who was the Daughter of *Laomedon*, and Sister of *Priam.*

Dio.

Dio. 'Tis *Agamemon*'s wish, and great *Achilles*
Doth long to see unarm'd the valiant *Hector.*
Hect. *Æneas*, call my brother *Troilus* to me:
And signifie this loving interview
To the expectors of our *Trojan* part:
Desire them home. Give me thy hand, my Cousin:
I will go eat with thee, and see your Knights.

Agamemnon *and the rest of the* Greeks *come forward.*

Ajax. Great *Agamemnon* comes to meet us here.
Hect. The worthiest of them tell me name by name;
But for *Achilles*, mine own searching eyes
Shall find him by his large and portly size.
Aga. Worthy of arms! as welcome, as to one
That would be rid of such an enemy;
But that's no welcome: understand more clear,
What's past and what's to come is strew'd with husks
And formless ruin of Oblivion:
But in this extant moment, faith and troth,
Strain'd purely from all hollow bias-drawing,
Bids thee with most divine integrity,
From heart of very heart, great *Hector*, welcome.
Hect. I thank thee, most imperious *Agamemnon.*
Aga. My well-fam'd lord of *Troy*, no less to you.
[*To* Troilus.
Men. Let me confirm my princely brother's Greeting,
You brace of warlike brothers, welcome hither.
Hect. Whom must we answer?
Æne. The noble *Menelaus.*
Hect. O—you, my lord—by *Mars* his gauntlet, thanks.
Mock not, that I affect th' untraded oath;
Your *quondam* wife swears still by *Venus*' glove:
She's well, but bad me not commend her to you.
Men. Name her not now, Sir, she's a deadly theme.
Hect. O, pardon——I offend.
Nest. I have, thou gallant *Trojan*, seen thee oft,
Labouring for destiny, make cruel way
Through ranks of *Greekish* youth; and I have seen thee,
As hot as *Perseus*, spur thy *Phrygian* steed,
Bravely despising forfeits and subduements,

When

When thou haſt hung thy advanc'd ſword i'th' air,
Not letting it decline on the declin'd:
That I have ſaid unto my ſtanders-by,
Lo, *Jupiter* is yonder, dealing life!
And I have ſeen thee pauſe, and take thy breath,
When that a Ring of *Greeks* have hem'd thee in,
Like an *Olympian* wreſtling. This I've ſeen:
But this thy countenance, ſtill lock'd in ſteel,
I never ſaw 'till now. I knew thy Grandſire,
And once fought with him; he was a ſoldier good;
But by great *Mars*, the Captain of us all,
Never like thee. Let an old man embrace thee,
And, worthy warrior, welcome to our tents.

Æne. 'Tis the old *Neſtor*.

Hect. Let me embrace thee, good old chronicle,
That haſt ſo long walk'd hand in hand with time:
Moſt reverend *Neſtor*, I am glad to claſp thee.

Neſt. I would, my arms could match thee in contention,
As they contend with thee in courteſie.

Hect. I would, they could.

Neſt. By this white beard, I'd fight with thee to morrow.
Well, welcome, welcome; I have ſeen the time—

Ulyſ. I wonder now how yonder city ſtands,
When we have here the baſe and pillar by us.

Hect. I know your favour, lord *Ulyſſes*, well.
Ah, Sir, there's many a *Greek* and *Trojan* dead,
Since firſt I ſaw your ſelf and *Diomede*
In *Ilion*, on your *Greekiſh* embaſſie.

Ulyſ. Sir, I foretold you then what would enſue:
My propheſie is but half his journey yet;
For yonder walls, that pertly front your town,
Yond towers, whoſe wanton tops do buſs the clouds,
Muſt kiſs their own feet.

Hect. I muſt not believe you:
There they ſtand yet; and, modeſtly I think,
The fall of every *Phrygian* ſtone will coſt
A drop of *Grecian* blood; the end crowns all,

And

And that old common Arbitrator, Time,
Will one day end it.
Ulyſ. So to him we leave it.
Moſt gentle, and moſt valiant *Hector*, welcome;
After the General, I beſeech you next
To feaſt with me, and ſee me at my Tent.
Achil. I ſhall foreſtal thee, lord *Ulyſſes*;—thou!
Now, *Hector*, I have fed mine eyes on thee;
I have with exact view perus'd thee, *Hector*,
And quoted joint by joint.
Hect. Is this *Achilles?*
Achil. I am *Achilles.*
Hect. Stand fair, I pr'ythee, let me look on thee.
Achil. Behold thy fill.
Hect. Nay, I have done already.
Achil. Thou art too brief. I will the ſecond time,
As I would buy thee, view thee, limb by limb.
Hect. O, like a book of ſport thou'lt read me o'er:
But there's more in me, than thou underſtand'ſt.
Why doſt thou ſo oppreſs me with thine eye?
Achil. Tell me, you heav'ns, in which part of his body
Shall I deſtroy him? whether there, or there,
That I may give the local wound a name;
And make diſtinct the very breach, where-out
Hector's great ſpirit flew. Anſwer me, heav'ns!
Hect. It would diſcredit the bleſt Gods, proud man,
To anſwer ſuch a queſtion: ſtand again.——
Think'ſt thou to catch my life ſo pleaſantly,
As to prenominate, in nice conjecture,
Where thou wilt hit me dead?
Achil. I tell thee, yea.
Hect. Wert thou the Oracle to tell me ſo,
I'd not believe thee: henceforth guard thee well,
For I'll not kill thee there, nor there, nor there;
But by the forge that ſmithied *Mars* his helm, (40)

I'll

(40) *But by the Forge that* ſtythied Mars *his helm.*]
So, again, in *Hamlet*;

And my Imaginations are as foul
As Vulcan's Stithy.

I'll kill thee every where, yea, o'er and o'er.——
You wiſeſt *Grecians*, pardon me this brag,
His inſolence draws folly from my lips;
But I'll endeavour deeds to match theſe words,
Or may I never——

Ajax. Do not chafe thee, couſin;
And you, *Achilles*, let theſe threats alone,
'Till accident or purpoſe bring you to't.
You may have ev'ry day enough of *Hector*,
If you have ſtomach. The general State, I fear, (41)
Can ſcarce intreat you to be odd with him.

Hect. I pray you, let us ſee you in the field:
We have had pelting wars ſince you refus'd
The *Grecians'* cauſe.

Achil. Doſt thou intreat me, *Hector?*
To morrow do I meet thee, fell as death;
To night, all friends.

Hect. Thy hand upon that match.

Aga. Firſt, all you Peers of *Greece* go to my Tent,
There in the full convive you; afterwards,
As *Hector*'s leiſure and your bounties ſhall
Concur together, ſeverally intreat him

A *Stithy*, or *Stith*, ſignifies an *Anvil*. So CHAUCER in his *Knight's Tale*.

——————*and the Smith*
That forgith ſharpé Swerdis on the Stith.

And the Word is ſtill current in our Northern Counties. But, I own, I ſuſpect this not to have been our Author's Word either in *Hamlet* or here. For, in the firſt Place, an Anvil is far from being the dirtieſt thing in a Smith's Shop: and then the Forge, or Furnace, cannot be ſaid to *anvil* the Helmet. I have corrected;

But by the Forge that ſmithied Mars'*s helm.*

A *Smithy* is the working Shop of a Smith; and to *ſmithy*, is, to perform the Work and Office of a Smith.

(41) *The general State, I fear,*
Can ſcarce intreat you to be odd with him.] This is obſcurely expreſs'd, but the Meaning muſt be this. Notwithſtanding this Bluſtering which you have made, I fear, the whole *Grecian* Confederacy with their united Prayers could ſcarce prevail with you to make *Hector* your Adverſary in good Earneſt, to oppoſe your ſelf to him. This will be farther explain'd by a Paſſage in King *Henry* V.

Say, if my Father render fair Reply,
It is againſt my Will; for I deſire
Nothing but Odds *with* England.

To

To taſte your bounties: let the trumpets blow;
That this great ſoldier may his welcome know.
[*Exeunt.*

Manent Troilus *and* Ulyſſes.

Troi. My lord *Ulyſſes*, tell me, I beſeech you,
In what place of the field doth *Calchas* keep?
Ulyſ. At *Menelaus'* Tent, moſt princely *Troilus*;
There *Diomede* doth feaſt with him to night;
Who neither looks on heav'n, nor on the earth,
But gives all gaze and bent of am'rous view
On the fair *Creſſid.*
Troi. Shall I, ſweet lord, be bound to thee ſo much,
After you part from *Agamemnon's* Tent,
To bring me thither?
Ulyſ. You ſhall command me, Sir:
As, gently tell me, of what honour was
This *Creſſida* in *Troy*; had ſhe no lover there,
That wails her abſence?
Troi. O Sir, to ſuch as boaſting ſhew their ſcars,
A mock is due. Will you walk on, my lord?
She was belov'd, ſhe lov'd; ſhe is, and doth.
But, ſtill, ſweet love is food for fortune's tooth. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *before* Achilles's *Tent, in the* Grecian *Camp.*

Enter Achilles *and* Patroclus.

ACHILLES.

I'LL heat his blood with *Greekiſh* wine to night,
Which with my ſcimitar I'll cool to morrow.
Patroclus, let us feaſt him to the height.
Patr. Here comes *Therſites.*

Enter Therſites.

Achil. How now, thou core of envy? (42)
Thou cruſty botch of Nature, what's the news?
Ther. Why, thou picture of what thou ſeem'ſt, and idol of idiot-worſhippers, here's a letter for thee.
Achil. From whence, fragment?
Ther. Why, thou full diſh of fool, from *Troy.*
Patr. Who keeps the Tent now?
Ther. The ſurgeon's box, or the patient's wound.
Patr. Well ſaid, adverſity; and what need theſe tricks?

(42) *How now, thou core of Envy?*
Thou cruſty batch *of Nature,*] Thus all the printed Copies: but what is a *cruſty* batch *of* Nature? We muſt certainly read, *Botch*; i. e. Scab, Sore, &c. So, before, in the Beginning of the 2d *Act.*
And thoſe Boils did run —— ſay ſo; —— Did not the General run, were not that a botchy Core?

Ther. Pr'ythee, be silent, boy, I profit not by thy talk; thou art thought to be *Achilles*'s male-harlot. (43)

Patr. Male-harlot, you rogue? what's that?

Ther. Why, his masculine whore. Now the rotten diseases of the south, guts-griping, ruptures, catarrhs, loads o' gravel i'th' back, lethargies, cold palsies, raw eyes, dirt-rotten livers, wheezing lungs, bladders full of impostume, sciatica's, lime-kilns i'th' palme, incurable bone-ach, and the rivell'd fee-simple of the tetter, take and take again such prepostrous discoveries.

Patr. Why, thou damnable box of envy, thou, what meaneſt thou to curse thus?

Ther. Do I curse thee?

Patr. Why, no, you ruinous butt, you whorson indistinguishable cur.

Ther. No? why art thou then exasperate, thou idle immaterial skein of sley'd silk, thou green sarcenet flap for a sore eye, thou taffel of a prodigal's purse, thou? Ah, how the poor world is pester'd with such water-flies, diminutives of nature.

Patr. Out, gall!

Ther. Finch-egg!

Achil. My sweet *Patroclus*, I am thwarted quite
From my great purpose in to morrow's battel:
Here is a letter from Queen *Hecuba*,
A token from her daughter, my fair Love,
Both taxing me, and gaging me to keep
An oath that I have sworn. I will not break it;
Fall *Greek*, fail fame, honour, or go, or stay,
My major vow lyes here; this I'll obey.
Come, come, *Therſites*, help to trim my Tent,
This night in banqueting must all be spent.
Away, *Patroclus*. [*Ex.*

Ther. With too much blood, and too little brain, these two may run mad: but if with too much brain, and too little blood, they do, I'll be a curer of madmen. Here's

(43) *Thou art thought to be* Achilles's *male* Varlet.] Dr. *Thirlby* very reasonably conjectures, *harlot*; and this seems confirm'd by what *Therſites* immediately subjoins; —— *Why, his masculine* Whore.

Agamemnon, an honeſt fellow enough, and one that loves quails, (44) but he hath not ſo much brain as ear-wax; and the goodly transformation of *Jupiter* (45) there his brother, the bull, (the primitive ſtatue, and oblique memorial of cuckolds;) a thrifty ſhooing-horn in a chain, hanging at his brother's leg; to what form, but that he is,

(44) *And one that loves* Quails,] This I take to be an obſcure Paſſage, not very commonly underſtood, and therefore may deſerve a Note of Explanation. *Therſites* is every where ſcurrilous, and ſcandalous in his Obſervations upon the *Greeks*. He abuſes *Menelaus* for a ſtupid Cuckold; and with the ſame Freedom, I apprehend, here he is charging *Agamemnon* with being a *Wencher*; in ſaying, he is a Lover of *Quails*. But what Conſonance, may it not be ask'd, is there, betwixt *Quails*, and a Miſtreſs? *Rabelais*, in the Prologue to his 4th Book, ſpeaks of *Cailles coiphées mignonnement chantans*; which *Motteux*, I find, has tranſlated, *Coated* Quails, *and laced* Mutton, *waggiſhly ſinging*. ——(Of *laced Mutton* I have already ſpoken in my 3*d* Note on the *Two Gent.* of *Verona*:) And *Cotgrave*, in his *French* Dictionary, ſeems to have had his Eye on this Paſſage, when he explaines *Cailles coiffées*, Women. Here's a little Authority for my Suſpicion of *Shakeſpeare*'s Meaning: and I'll throw in a Teſtimony or Two from a Contemporary Poet with him, by whom *Quail* is metaphorically uſed for a *Girl of the Game*. *Ford*, in his *Love's Sacrifice*, brings in a Debauchée thus muttering againſt a ſuperannuated Miſtreſs. "*By this Light, I have toil'd more with this carrion* Hen, *than with ten* "Quails *ſcarce grown into their firſt Feathers*."

So we find Mrs. *Urſula*, in *B. Jonſon*'s *Bartholomew Fair*, complaining that She had no young Women for the Entertainment of her Cuſtomers. "*Here will be* Zekiel Edgworth, *and three or four Gallants with him at* "*Night, and I ha' neither Plover nor* Quails *for them: perſwade This, be-* "*tween you Two, to become a* Bird o' the Game, *while I work the Velvet* "*Woman within, as You call her*.

(45) *And the goodly Transformation of* Jupiter *there his brother, the Bull, the primitive Statue and* oblique *Memorial of Cuckolds*.] I underſtand this Paſſage thus. Firſt, he alludes to *Jupiter* having transform'd himſelf into a Bull to gain the Love of *Europa*; and then he calls *Menelaus* a Bull, as being a Cuckold; and then characterizes the Bull, as the primitive Statue and oblique Memorial of Cuckolds: i. e. A Cuckold is ſaid to have Horns; a Bull has Horns; ſo, ſtands for a Cuckold *obliquely*; that is, *typically, emblematically:* as our Poet in *Hamlet* ſays, the Play is call'd the *Mouſetrap:* Marry, how? *tropically*. —— Mr. *Warburton* differs from me in the Conſtruction of this Place; he thinks, *Menelaus* is call'd the *Bull*, and that he is likewiſe call'd the *primitive Statue*, &c. Then he objects, that *primitive* and *oblique* are contradictory Epithets, and cannot be applied to the ſame Thing: He therefore conjectures, the Poet wrote,

—— —— *the primitive Statue, and* Obelisque *memorial of Cuckolds*;

i. e. "He is repreſented, *ſays my Friend*, as One that would remaine an

"eternal

is, ſhould wit larded with malice, and malice forced with wit, turn him to? to an aſs were nothing, he is both aſs and ox; to an ox were nothing, he is both ox and aſs; to be a dog, a mule, a cat, a fitchew, a toad, a lizard, an owl, a puttock, or a herring without a roe, I would not care: but to be *Menelaus*, I would conſpire againſt Deſtiny. Ask me not what I would be, if I were not *Therſites*; for I care not, to be the lowſe of a lazar, ſo I were not *Menelaus*.——

Hey-day, ſpirits and fires!

Enter Hector, Troilus, Ajax, Agamemnon, Ulyſſes, Neſtor, *and* Diomede, *with lights.*

Aga. We go wrong, we go wrong.

Ajax. No, yonder 'tis; there, where we ſee the light.

Hect. I trouble you.

Ajax. No, not a whit.

Enter Achilles.

Ulyſ. Here comes himſelf to guide you.

Achil. Welcome, brave *Hector*; welcome, Princes all.

Aga. So, now fair Prince of *Troy*, I bid good night. *Ajax* commands the Guard to tend on you.

Hect. Thanks and good night to the *Greeks'* General.

Men. Good night, my lord.

Hect. Good night, ſweet lord *Menelaus*.

Ther. Sweet draught——ſweet, quoth a——ſweet ſink, ſweet ſewer.

Achil. Good night, and welcome, both at once, to Thoſe That go or tarry.

Aga. Good night.

Achil. Old *Neſtor* tarries, and you too, *Diomede*, Keep *Hector* company an hour or two.

" eternal Monument of Cuckoldom never to be effaced: And how could " this be better repreſented than by calling him an *Obeliſque memorial?* " For of all human monumental Edifices the *Obeliſque* is the moſt durable. " The *Ægyptians*, 'tis well known, uſed it to record their Arts and Hiſto- " ries upon." —— I could not in Juſtice ſtifle ſo ingenious a Conjecture, tho I have not diſturb'd the Text; and ſubmit the Paſſage, in preſent, to the Determination of the publick Judgment.

Dio. I cannot, lord, I have important buſineſs,
The tide whereof is now; good night, great *Hector*.

Hect. Give me your hand.

Ulyſ. Follow his torch, he goes to *Calchas'* Tent:
I'll keep you company. [*To* Troilus.

Troi. Sweet Sir, you honour me.

Hect. And ſo, good night.

Achil. Come, come, enter my Tent. [*Exeunt.*

Ther. That ſame *Diomede*'s a falſe-hearted rogue, a moſt unjuſt knave: I will no more truſt him when he leers, than I will a ſerpent when he hiſſes: he will ſpend his mouth and promiſe, like *Brabler* the hound; but when he performs, aſtronomers foretel it, that it is prodigious, there will come ſome change: the Sun borrows of the Moon, when *Diomede* keeps his word. I will rather leave to ſee *Hector*, than not to dog him: they ſay, he keeps a *Trojan* drab, and uſes the traitor *Calchas* his Tent. I'll after — Nothing but letchery; all incontinent varlets.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Calchas's *Tent*.

Enter Diomede.

Dio. WHAT are you up here, ho? ſpeak.
Cal. Who calls?
Dio. *Diomede*; *Calchas*, I think; where's your daugh-
Cal. She comes to you. [ter?

Enter Troilus *and* Ulyſſes, *after them* Therſites.

Ulyſ. Stand where the torch may not diſcover us.

Enter Creſſid.

Troi. *Creſſid* come forth to him?
Dio. How now, my Charge?
Cre. Now, my ſweet guardian; hark, a word with you. [*Whiſpers.*
Troi. Yea, ſo familiar?
Ulyſ. She will ſing to any man at firſt ſight.

Ther.

Ther. And any man may ſing to her, if he can take her cliff. She's noted.

Dio. Will you remember?

Cre. Remember? yes.

Dio. Nay, but do then; and let your mind be coupled with your words.

Troi. What ſhould ſhe remember?

Ulyſ. Liſt.——

Cre. Sweet honey *Greek*, tempt me no more to folly.

Ther. Roguery——

Dio. Nay, then,——

Cre. I'll tell you what.

Dio. Fo, fo, come tell a pin, you are a forſworn——

Cre. In faith, I can't: what would you have me do?

Ther. A jugling trick, to be ſecretly open.

Dio. What did you ſwear you would beſtow on me?

Cre. I pr'ythee, do not hold me to mine oath;
Bid me do any thing but that, ſweet *Greek*.

Dio. Good night.

Troi. Hold, patience——

Ulyſ. How now, *Trojan?*

Cre. *Diomede*,——

Dio. No, no, good night: I'll be your fool no more.

Troi. Thy Better muſt.

Cre. Hark, one word in your ear.

Troi. O plague and madneſs!

Ulyſ. You are mov'd, Prince; let us depart, I pray you,
Leſt your diſpleaſure ſhould enlarge it ſelf
To wrathful terms: this place is dangerous;
The time right deadly: I beſeech you, go.

Troi. Behold, I pray you——

Ulyſ. Good my lord, go off:
You fly to great diſtraction: come, my lord.

Troi. I pr'ythee, ſtay.

Ulyſ. You have not patience; come.

Troi. I pray you, ſtay; by hell, and by hell's torments.
I will not ſpeak a word.

Dio. And ſo, good night.

Cre. Nay, but you part in anger?

Troi. Doth that grieve thee? O wither'd truth!

Ulyſ. Why, how now, lord?
Troi. By *Jove*, I will be patient.
Cre. Guardian——why, *Greek*——
Dio. Fo, fo, adieu, you palter.
Cre. In faith, I do not: come hither once again.
Ulyſ. You ſhake, my lord, at ſomething; will you go? You will break out.
Troi. She ſtroaks his cheek.——
Ulyſ. Come, come.
Troi. Nay, ſtay; by *Jove*, I will not ſpeak a word.
There is between my will and all offences
A guard of patience: ſtay a little while.
Ther. How the devil luxury with his fat rump and potato finger tickles theſe together! fry, letchery, fry!—
Dio. But will you then?
Cre. In faith, I will, la; never truſt me elſe.
Dio. Give me ſome token for the Surety of it.
Cre. I'll fetch you one. [*Exit.*
Ulyſ. You have ſworn patience.
Troi. Fear me not, ſweet lord,
I will not be my ſelf, nor have cognition
Of what I feel: I am all patience.

Re-Enter Creſſida.

Ther. Now the pledge; now, now, now.——
Cre. Here, *Diomede*, keep this ſleeve.
Troi. O beauty! where's thy faith?
Ulyſ. My lord.
Troi. I will be patient, outwardly I will.
Cre. You look upon that ſleeve; behold it well:——
He lov'd me:—O falſe wench!——Give't me again.
Dio. Whoſe was't?
Cre. It is no matter, now I have't again.
I will not meet with you to morrow night:
I pr'ythee, *Diomede*, viſit me no more.
Ther. Now ſhe ſharpens: well ſaid, whetſtone.
Dio. I ſhall have it.
Cre. What, this?
Dio. Ay, that.
Cre. O, all ye Gods! — O pretty, pretty pledge;

Thy

Thy maſter now lyes thinking in his bed
Of thee and me, and ſighs, and takes my glove,
And gives memorial dainty kiſſes to it:
As I kiſs thee. —— (46)
Nay, do not ſnatch it from me:
He, that takes that, muſt take my heart withal.

Dio. I had your heart before, this follows it.

Troi. I did ſwear patience.

Cre. You ſhall not have it, *Diomede:* 'faith, you ſhall not, I'll give you ſomething elſe.

Dio. I will have this: whoſe was it?

Cre. 'Tis no matter.

Dio. Come, tell me whoſe it was?

Cre. 'Twas one that lov'd me better than you will. But now you have it, take it.

Dio. Whoſe was it?

Cre. By all *Diana*'s waiting-women yonder, And by her ſelf, I will not tell you whoſe.

Dio. To morrow will I wear it on my helm, And grieve his ſpirit that dares not challenge it.

Troi. Wert thou the Devil, and wor'ſt it on thy horn, It ſhould be challeng'd.

Cre. Well, well, 'tis done, 'tis paſt; and yet it is not— I will not keep my word,

Dio. Why then, farewel, Thou never ſhalt mock *Diomede* again.

Cre. You ſhall not go; —— one cannot ſpeak a word, But it ſtraight ſtarts you.

Dio. I do not like this fooling.

Ther. Nor I, by *Pluto:* but that that likes not you, pleaſes me beſt.

Dio. What, ſhall I come? the hour?

Cre. Ay, come: —— O *Jove!* ——do, come: —— I ſhall be plagu'd.

(46) *As I kiſs thee.*
Dio. *Nay, do not ſnatch it from me.*
Creſ. *He that takes That, muſt take my Heart withal.*] Dr. *Thirlby* thinks this ſhould all be plac'd to *Creſſida.* She had the Sleeve, and was kiſſing it rapturouſly: And, *Diomede,* in kiſſing her, Snatches it back from her.

Dio.

Dio. Farewell 'till then. [*Exit.*

Cre. Good night: I pr'ythee, come.
Troilus, farewel; one eye yet looks on thee,
But with my heart the other eye doth see. ——
Ah, poor our sex! this fault in us I find,
The error of our eye directs our mind.
What error leads, must err: O then conclude,
Minds sway'd by eyes are full of turpitude. [*Exit.*

Ther. A proof of strength she could not publish more;
Unless she say, my mind is now turn'd whore.

Ulyſ. All's done, my lord.

Troi. It is.

Ulyſ. Why stay we then?

Troi. To make a recordation to my soul,
Of every syllable that here was spoke:
But if I tell how these two did co-act,
Shall I not lie in publishing a truth?
Sith yet there is a credence in my heart,
An esperance so obstinately strong,
That doth invert th' attest of eyes and ears; (47)
As if those organs had deceptious functions,
Created only to calumniate.
Was *Cressid* here?

Ulyſ. I cannot conjure, *Trojan.*

Troi. She was not, sure.

Ulyſ. Most sure, she was.

Troi. Why, my negation hath no taste of madness.

Ulyſ. Nor mine, my lord: *Cressid* was here but now.

Troi. Let it not be believ'd, for woman-hood!
Think, we had mothers; do not give advantage
To stubborn criticks, apt, without a theme
For depravation, to square all the sex
By *Cressid*'s rule. Rather think this not *Cressid.*

Ulyſ. What hath she done, Prince, that can soil our mothers?

(47) *That doth invert* that Test *of Eyes and Ears.*] *What* Test? *Troilus* had been particularizing none in his foregoing Words, to govern or require the *Relative* here. I rather think, the Words are to be thus split;

That doth invert th' Attest *of Eyes and Ears.*

i. e. That turns the very Testimony of Seeing and Hearing against themselves.

Troi.

Troi. Nothing at all, unleſs that this were ſhe.
Ther. Will he ſwagger himſelf out of his own eyes?
Troi. This ſhe? no, this is *Diomede*'s *Creſſida.*
If beauty have a ſoul, this is not ſhe:
If ſouls guide vows, if vows are ſanctimony,
If ſanctimony be the Gods' delight,
If there be rule in unity it ſelf,
This is not ſhe. O madneſs of diſcourſe!
That cauſe ſets up with and againſt thy ſelf!
Bi-fold authority! where reaſon can revolt
Without perdition, and loſs aſſume all reaſon
Without revolt. This is, and is not *Creſſid.*
Within my ſoul there doth commence a fight
Of this ſtrange nature, that a thing inſeparate
Divides far wider than the ſky and earth;
And yet the ſpacious breadth of this diviſion
Admits no orifice for a point, as ſubtle
As ſlight *Arachne*'s broken woof, to enter.
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as *Pluto*'s gates!
Creſſid is mine, tied with the bonds of heav'n:
Inſtance, O inſtance, ſtrong as heav'n it ſelf!
The bonds of heav'n are ſlip'd, diſſolv'd and loos'd,
And with another knot five-finger-tied,
The fractions of her faith, orts of her love,
The fragments, ſcraps, the bits, and greaſie reliques
Of her o'er-eaten faith, are bound to *Diomede.*
Ulyſ. May worthy *Troilus* be half attach'd
With that which here his paſſion doth expreſs?
Troi. Ay, *Greek*, and that ſhall be divulged well;
In characters, as red as *Mars* his heart
Inflam'd with *Venus*——ne'er did young man fancy
With ſo eternal, and ſo fix'd a ſoul——
Hark, *Greek*, as much as I do *Creſſid* love,
So much by weight hate I her *Diomede.*
That ſleeve is mine, that he'll bear in his helm:
Were it a caſk compos'd by *Vulcan*'s ſkill,
My ſword ſhould bite it: not the dreadful ſpout,
Which ſhip-men do the hurricano call,
Conſtring'd in maſs by the almighty Sun,
Shall dizzy with more clamour *Neptune*'s ear

In his descent, than shall my prompted sword
Falling on *Diomede*.

Ther. He'll tickle it for his concupy.

Troi. O *Cressid!* O false *Cressid!* false, false, false!
Let all untruths stand by thy stained name,
And they'll seem glorious.

Ulyss. O, contain your self:
Your passion draws ears hither.

Enter Æneas.

Æne. I have been seeking you this hour, my lord:
Hector, by this, is arming him in *Troy*.
Ajax, your guard, stays to conduct you home.

Troi. Have with you, Prince; my courteous lord, adieu.
Farewel, revolted Fair: and, *Diomede*,
Stand fast, and wear a castle on thy head!

Ulyss. I'll bring you to the gates.

Troi. Accept distracted thanks.

[*Exeunt* Troilus, Æneas, *and* Ulysses.

Ther. Would, I could meet that rogue *Diomede*, I would croak like a raven: I would bode, I would bode. *Patroclus* will give me any thing for the intelligence of this whore: the parrot will not do more for an almond, than he for a commodious drab: letchery, letchery, still wars and letchery, nothing else holds fashion. A burning devil take them! [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace in TROY.*

Enter Hector *and* Andromache.

And. WHEN was my lord so much ungently temper'd,
To stop his ears against admonishment?
Unarm, unarm, and do not fight to day.

Hect. You train me to offend you; get you gone.
By all the everlasting Gods, I'll go.

And. My dreams will, sure, prove ominous to day.

Hect.

Hect. No more, I say.

Enter Cassandra.

Cas. Where is my brother *Hector?*

And. Here, sister, arm'd, and bloody in intent:
Consort with me in loud and dear petition;
Pursue we him on knees; for I have dreamt
Of bloody turbulence; and this whole night
Hath nothing been but shapes and forms of slaughter.

Cas. O, 'tis true.

Hect. Ho! bid my trumpet sound.

Cas. No notes of sally, for the heav'ns, sweet brother.

Hect. Be gone, I say: the Gods have heard me swear.

Cas. The Gods are deaf to hot and peevish vows;
They are polluted offerings, more abhorr'd
Than spotted livers in the sacrifice.

And. O! be perswaded, do not count it holy,
To hurt by being just; it were as lawful
For us to count we give what's gain'd by thefts,
And rob in the behalf of charity.

Cas. It is the purpose that makes strong the vow;
But vows to every purpose must not hold:
Unarm, sweet *Hector.*

Hect. Hold you still, I say;
Mine honour keeps the weather of my fate;
Life every man holds dear, but the brave man
Holds honour far more precious-dear than life.

Enter Troilus.

How now, young man; mean'st thou to fight to day?

And. Cassandra, call my father to perswade.

[*Exit* Cassandra.

Hect. No, faith, young *Troilus*; doff thy harness, youth:
I am to day i'th' vein of chivalry:
Let grow thy sinews till their knots be strong,
And tempt not yet the brushes of the war.
Unarm thee, go; and doubt thou not, brave boy,
I'll stand, to day, for thee, and me, and *Troy.*

Troi. Brother, you have a vice of mercy in you;
Which better fits a lion, than a man.

Hect.

Hect. What vice is that? good *Troilus*, chide me for it.
Troi. When many times the *captive *Grecians* fall,
Ev'n in the fan and wind of your fair ſword,
You bid them riſe, and live.
Hect. O, 'tis fair play.
Troi. Fool's play, by Heaven, *Hector.*
Hect. How now? how now?
Troi. For love of all the Gods,
Let's leave the hermit pity with our mothers;
And when we have our armours buckled on,
The venom'd vengeance ride upon our ſwords,
Spur them to rueful work, rein them from ruth.
Hect. Fie, ſavage, fie!
Troi. *Hector*, thus 'tis in wars.
Hect. *Troilus*, I would not have you fight to day.
Troi. Who ſhould with-hold me?
Not fate, obedience, nor the hand of *Mars*
Beckoning with fiery truncheon my Retire;
Not *Priamus* and *Hecuba* on knees,
Their eyes o'er-galled with recourſe of tears;
Nor you, my brother, with your true ſword drawn
Oppos'd to hinder me, ſhould ſtop my way,
But by my ruin.

Enter Priam *and* Caſſandra.

Caſ. Lay hold upon him, *Priam*, hold him faſt:
He is thy crutch; now if thou loſe thy Stay,
Thou on him leaning, and all *Troy* on thee,
Fall all together.
Priam. *Hector*, come, go back:
Thy wife hath dreamt; thy mother hath had viſions;
Caſſandra doth foreſee; and I my ſelf
Am, like a prophet, ſuddenly enrapt
To tell thee, that this day is ominous:
Therefore come back.
Hect. *Æneas* is a-field,
And I do ſtand engag'd to many *Greeks*,
Ev'n in the faith of valour, to appear
This morning to them.
Priam. But thou ſhalt not go.

Hect.

*caitiff. W.

Hect. I muſt not break my faith:
You know me dutiful, therefore, dear Sir,
Let me not ſhame reſpect; but give me leave
To take that courſe by your conſent and voice,
Which you do here forbid me, Royal *Priam.*
Caſ. O, *Priam*, yield not to him.
And. Do not, dear father.
Hect. Andromache, I am offended with you.
Upon the love you bear me, get you in.
[*Exit* Androm.
Troi. This fooliſh, dreaming, ſuperſtitious girl
Makes all theſe bodements.
Caſ. O farewel, dear *Hector*:
Look, how thou dieſt; look, how thy eyes turn pale!
Look, how thy wounds do bleed at many vents!
Hark, how *Troy* roars; how *Hecuba* cries out;
How poor *Andromache* ſhrills her dolour forth!
Behold, diſtraction, frenzy and amazement,
Like witleſs anticks, one another meet,
And all cry, *Hector*, *Hector*'s dead! O *Hector!*
Troi. Away! —— Away! ——
Caſ. Farewel: yet, Soft: *Hector*, I take my leave;
Thou do'ſt thy ſelf and all our *Troy* deceive. [*Exit.*
Hect. You are amaz'd, my liege, at her exclaim:
Go in and cheer the town, we'll forth and fight;
Do deeds worth praiſe, and tell you them at night.
Priam. Farewel: the Gods with ſafety ſtand about thee!
[*Alarum.*
Troi. They're at it, hark: proud *Diomede*, believe,
I come to loſe my arm, or win my ſleeve.

Enter Pandarus.

Pand. Do you hear, my lord? do you hear?
Troi. What now?
Pand. Here's a letter come from yond poor girl.
Troi. Let me read.
Pand. A whorſon ptiſick, a whorſon raſcally ptiſick ſo troubles me; and the fooliſh fortune of this girl, and what one thing and what another, that I ſhall leave you one o' theſe days; and I have a rheum in mine eyes too, and

and ſuch an ach in my bones, that unleſs a man were curſt, I cannot tell what to think on't. What ſays ſhe, there?

Troi. Words, words, meer words; no matter from the heart:
Th' effect doth operate another way.
[*Tearing the letter.*
Go, wind to wind; there turn and change together:
My love with words and errors ſtill ſhe feeds;
But edifies another with her deeds.

Pand. Why, but hear you ——

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquey! ignominy and ſhame (48)
Purſue thy life, and live ay with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Field between* Troy *and the Camp.*

[*Alarum.*] *Enter* Therſites.

Ther. NOW they are clapper-clawing one another, I'll go look on: that diſſembling abominable varlet, *Diomede*, has got that ſame ſcurvy, doating, fooliſh young knave's ſleeve of *Troy*, there, in his helm: I would fain ſee them meet; that, that ſame young *Trojan* aſs, that loves the whore there, might ſend that *Greekiſh* whore-maſterly villain, with the ſleeve, back to the diſſembling luxurious drab, of a ſleeveleſs Errant. O'th' other ſide, (49) the policy of thoſe crafty ſneering raſ-

(48) *Hence, brothel, lacquey!* —] In this, and the Repetition of it, towards the Cloſe of the Play, *Troilus* is made abſurdly to call *Pandarus*.— *bawdy-houſe*; for *Brothel* ſignifies nothing elſe that I know of: but he meant to call him an Attendant on a Bawdy-houſe, a Meſſenger of obſcene Errands: a Senſe which I have retriev'd, only by clapping an *Hyphen* betwixt the two Words.

(49) *O'th' other Side, the Policy of thoſe crafty* ſwearing *Raſcals*, &c.] But in what Senſe are *Neſtor* and *Ulyſſes* accus'd of being *ſwearing* Raſcals? What, or to Whom, did they ſwear? I am poſitive, I have reſtor'd the true Reading. They had collogued with *Ajax*, and trim'd him up with inſincere Praiſes, only in Order to have ſtir'd *Achilles*'s Emulation. In this, they were true Sneerers; betraying the firſt, to gain their Ends on the latter by that Artifice.

cals, that ſtale old mouſe-eaten dry cheeſe *Neſtor*, and that ſame dog-fox *Ulyſſes*, is not prov'd worth a black-berry. —— They ſet me up in policy that mungril cur *Ajax*, againſt that dog of as bad a kind, *Achilles*. And now is the cur *Ajax* prouder than the cur *Achilles*, and will not arm to day: whereupon the *Grecians* begin to proclaim barbariſm, and policy grows into an ill opinion.

Enter Diomede *and* Troilus.

Soft —— here comes ſleeve, and t'other.

Troi. Fly not; for ſhould'ſt thou take the river *Styx*, I would ſwim after.

Dio. Thou doſt miſcall Retire:
I do not fly; but advantageous care
Withdrew me from the odds of multitude;
Have at thee! [*They go off, fighting.*

Ther. Hold thy whore, *Grecian*: now for thy whore, *Trojan*: now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve, now the ſleeve!

Enter Hector.

Hect. What art thou, *Greek!* art thou for *Hector's* match?
Art thou of blood and honour?

Ther. No, no: I am a raſcal; a ſcurvy railing knave; a very filthy rogue.

Hect. I do believe thee —— live. [*Exit.*

Ther. God o' mercy, that thou wilt believe me; but a plague break thy neck for frighting me! What's become of the wenching rogues? I think, they have ſwallowed one another. I would laugh at that miracle —— yet, in a ſort, letchery eats it ſelf: I'll ſeek them. [*Exit.*

Enter Diomede *and Servant.*

Dio. Go, go, my ſervant, take thou *Troilus'* horſe,
Preſent the fair Steed to my lady *Creſſid*:
Fellow, commend my ſervice to her beauty:
Tell her, I have chaſtis'd the amorous *Trojan*,
And am her Knight by proof.

Ser. I go, my lord.

Enter Agamemnon.

Aga. Renew, renew: the fierce *Polydamas*
Hath beat down *Menon:* baſtard *Margarelon*
Hath *Doreus* priſoner,
And ſtands *Coloſſus*-wiſe, waving his beam
Upon the paſhed coarſes of the Kings,
Epiſtropus and *Odius*. *Polyxenus* is ſlain;
Amphimachus and *Thoas* deadly hurt;
Patroclus ta'en or ſlain, and *Palamedes*
Sore hurt and bruis'd; the dreadful Sagittary (50)
Appals our numbers: haſte we, *Diomede*,
To reinforcement, or we periſh all.

Enter Neſtor.

Neſt. Go bear *Patroclus'* body to *Achilles*,
And bid the ſnail-pac'd *Ajax* arm for ſhame,
There are a thouſand *Hectors* in the field:

Now

(50) *The dreadful* Sagittary
Appals our Numbers.] Mr. *Pope* will have it that by Sagittary is meant *Teucer*, becauſe of his Skill in Archery. Were we to take this Interpretation for granted, we might expect that upon this Line in *Othello*,

Lead to the Sagittary *the raiſed Search*,

Mr. *Pope* ſhould tell us, this meant to the Sign of *Teucer*'s Head: tho, indeed, it means only that Sign, which the Poet, in his *Comedy of Errors*, calls by an equivalent Name the *Centaur*. Beſides, when *Teucer* is not once mention'd by Name throughout the whole Play, would *Shakeſpeare* decypher him by ſo dark and precarious a Deſcription? I dare be poſitive, he had no Thought of that *Archer* here. To confeſs the Truth, this Paſſage contains a Piece of private Hiſtory, which, perhaps, Mr. *Pope* never met with, unleſs he conſulted the old Chronicle containing the three Deſtructions of *Troy*, printed by *Caxton* in 1471, and *Wynken de Werde* in 1503: from which Book our Poet has borrow'd more Circumſtances of this Play, than from *Lollius* or *Chaucer*. I ſhall tranſcribe a Short Quotation from thence, which will fully explain *Shakeſpeare*'s Meaning in this Paſſage. " Beyonde the Royalme of " *Amaſonne* came an auncyent Kynge, wyſe and dyſcreete, named " *Epyſtrophus*, and brought a M. knyghtes, and a mervayllouſe Beſte " that was call'd *Sagittarye*, that behynde the myddes was an horſe, " and to fore a Man: This Beſte was heery lyke an horſe, and had " his Eyen rede as a Cole, and ſhotte well with a bowe: This Beſte

" made

Now, here he fights on *Galathe* his horſe,
And there lacks work; anon, he's there a-foot,
And there they fly or dye, like ſcaled ſhoals
Before the belching whale: then is he yonder,
And there the ſtrawy *Greeks*, ripe for his edge,
Fall down before him, like the mower's ſwath;
Here, there, and ev'ry where, he leaves and takes;
Dexterity ſo obeying appetite,
That what he will, he does; and does ſo much,
That proof is call'd impoſſibility.

Enter Ulyſſes.

Ulyſ. Oh, courage, courage, Princes; great *Achilles*
Is arming, weeping, curſing, vowing vengeance;
Patroclus' wounds have rowz'd his drowſie blood,
Together with his mangled *Myrmidons*,
That noſeleſs, handleſs, hackt and chipt, come to him,
Crying on *Hector*. *Ajax* hath loſt a friend,
And foams at mouth; and he is arm'd, and at it,
Roaring for *Troilus*, who hath done to day
Mad and fantaſtick execution:
Engaging and redeeming of himſelf,
With ſuch a careleſs force, and forceleſs care,
As if that luck in very ſpite of cunning
Bad him win all.

Enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward *Troilus!* [*Exit.*

" made the *Grekes* ſore *aferde, and ſlewe many of them with his Bowe.*" This directly anſwers to what our Poet ſays;——

——*The* dreadful *Sagittary*
Appals *our* Numbers.

That our Author traded with the above quoted Book is demonſtrable from certain Circumſtances, which he could pick up no where elſe, and which he has thought fit to tranſplant into his Play: *viz.* The making *Neoptolemus* a diſtinct Hero from *Pyrrhus*, who was afterwards ſo call'd; the Corruption in the Names of the ſix Gates of *Troy*; *Galathe*, the Name of *Hector*'s horſe; the Baſtard *Margarelon*: *Diomede* getting one of *Creſſid*'s Gloves; *Achilles* abſenting from Battle on Account of his Love for *Polyxena*, and the Meſſages of Queen *Hecuba* to him; his taking *Hector* at a Diſadvantage, when he kill'd him; &c.

Dio. Ay, there, there.
Neſt. So, ſo, we draw together. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Where is this *Hector?*
Come, come, thou boy-killer, ſhew me thy face:
Know, what it is to meet *Achilles* angry.
Hector, where's *Hector?* I will none but *Hector.* [*Exit.*

Re-enter Ajax.

Ajax. Troilus, thou coward *Troilus*, ſhew thy head!

Re-enter Diomede.

Dio. Troilus, I ſay, where's *Troilus?*
Ajax. What wouldſt thou?
Dio. I would correct him.
Ajax. Were I the General, thou ſhould'ſt have my Office,
Ere that correction: *Troilus*, I ſay, what! *Troilus?*

Enter Troilus.

Troi. Oh, traitor *Diomede!* turn thy falſe face, thou traitor,
And pay thy life, thou oweſt me for my horſe.
Dio. Ha, art thou there?
Ajax. I'll fight with him alone: ſtand, *Diomede.*
Dio. He is my prize, I will not look upon.
Troi. Come Both, you cogging *Greeks*, have at you Both. [*Exeunt, fighting.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Yea, *Troilus?* O well fought! my youngeſt brother.

Enter Achilles.

Achil. Now do I ſee thee; have at thee, *Hector.*
Hect. Pauſe, if thou wilt. [*Fight.*
Achil. I do diſdain thy courteſie, proud *Trojan.*
Be happy that my arms are out of uſe,

My

My Reſt and Negligence befriend thee now,
But thou anon ſhalt hear of me again:
Till when, go ſeek thy fortune.
Hect. Fare thee well;
I would have been much more a freſher man,
Had I expected thee. How now, my brother?

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Ajax* hath ta'en *Æneas*; ſhall it be?
No, by the flame of yonder glorious heav'n,
He ſhall not carry him: I'll be taken too,
Or bring him off: Fate, hear me what I ſay;
I reck not, though thou end my life to day. [*Exit.*

Enter One in armour.

Hect. Stand, ſtand, thou *Greek*, thou art a goodly mark:
No? wilt thou not? I like thy armour well,
I'll fruſh it, and unlock the rivets all,
But I'll be maſter of it; wilt thou not, beaſt, abide?
Why then, fly on, I'll hunt thee for thy hide. [*Exit.*

Enter Achilles *with* Myrmidons.

Achil. Come here about me, you my *Myrmidons*.
Mark what I ſay, attend me where I wheel;
Strike not a ſtroke, but keep your ſelves in breath;
And when I have the bloody *Hector* found,
Empale him with your weapons round about:
In felleſt manner execute your arms.
Follow me, Sirs, and my Proceeding eye:
It is decreed——*Hector* the Great muſt dye. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Therſites, Menelaus *and* Paris.

Ther. The cukold, and the cuckold-maker are at it: now bull, now dog; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; now, my double-hen'd ſparrow; 'loo, *Paris*, 'loo; the bull has the game: 'ware horns, ho. [*Ex.* Paris *and* Menelaus.

Enter Baſtard.

Baſt. Turn, ſlave, and fight.
Ther. What art thou?
Baſt. A baſtard ſon of *Priam*'s.
Ther. I am a baſtard too, I love baſtards. I am a baſtard begot, baſtard inſtructed, baſtard in mind, baſtard in valour, in every thing illegitimate: one Bear will not bite another (51), and wherefore ſhould one baſtard? take heed, the quarrel's moſt ominous to us: If the ſon of a whore fight for a whore, he tempts judgment: farewel, baſtard.
Baſt. The devil take thee, coward. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hector.

Hect. Moſt putrified core, ſo fair without!——
Thy goodly armour thus hath coſt thy life.
Now is my day's work done; I'll take my breath:
Reſt, ſword, thou haſt thy fill of blood and death.

Enter Achilles *and his* Myrmidons.

Achil. Look, *Hector*, how the Sun begins to ſet;
How ugly Night comes breathing at his heels:
Ev'n with the veil and darkning of the Sun,
To cloſe the day up, *Hector*'s life is done.
[*They fall upon* Hector *and kill him.*
Hect. I am unarm'd, forego this vantage, *Greek.*
Achil. Strike, fellows, ſtrike, this is the man I ſeek.
So, *Ilion*, fall thou next. Now, *Troy*, ſink down:
Here lies thy heart, thy ſinews and thy bone.
On, *Myrmidons*, and cry you all amain,
Achilles hath the mighty *Hector* ſlain.
Hark, a retreat upon our *Grecian* part.
Myr. The *Trojan* trumpets ſound the like, my lord.
Achil. The dragon wing of night o'erſpreads the earth

(51) *One Bear will not bite another* ;] So, *Juvenal* ſays more ſe rioufly:
——*ſævis inter ſe* convenit Urſis.

An

And, ſtickler-like, the armies ſeparates. (52)
My half-ſupt ſword, that frankly would have fed,
Pleas'd with this dainty bit, thus goes to bed.
Come, tye his body to my horſes tail:
Along the field I will the *Trojan* trail. [*Exeunt.*

[*Sound retreat. Shout.*

Enter Agamemnon, Ajax, Menelaus, Neſtor, Diomede, *and the reſt, marching.*

Aga. Hark, hark, what ſhout is that?
Neſt. Peace, drums.
Sol. Achilles! Achilles! Hector's ſlain! *Achilles!*
Dio. The bruit is, *Hector*'s ſlain, and by *Achilles.*
Ajax. If it is ſo, yet bragleſs let it be:
Great *Hector* was as good a man as he.
Aga. March patiently along; let one be ſent
To pray *Achilles* ſee us at our Tent.
If in his death the Gods have us befriended,
Great *Troy* is ours, and our ſharp wars are ended. [*Exe.*

Enter Æneas, Paris, Antenor *and* Deiphobus.

Æne. Stand, ho! yet are we maſters of the field;
Never go home, here ſtarve we out the night.

(52) *And, Stickler-like, the Armies* ſeparate;] So Mr. *Pope* in both his Editions; by which Means, the Compariſon ſtands thus;——— "The Armies ſeparate of themſelves, as Sticklers ſeparate others." But with that Editor's Permiſſion, we muſt call back the Reading of the better Copies; and then the Senſe will be this: "Night, "Stickler-like, puts an End to the Engagement, and ſeparates the "Armies." I am apt to think, Mr. *Pope* did not know the Word, or the Office of the Perſon intended by it. The *French* call theſe Gentry, *Moyenneurs, Arbitres, Perſonnes interpoſées.* In this very Play, *Diomede* and *Æneas* are Sticklers to *Ajax* and *Hector* in their Combat: *Seconds*, to ſee fair Play, and arbitrate the Duel. The Word was familiar both to *Ben. Jonſon* and *Beaumont* and *Fletcher.*

———*Who is drawn hither by report of your Cartels, advanced in Court, to prove his Fortune with your Prizer, ſo he may have fair Play ſhewn him, and the Liberty to chuſe his* Stickler.

Cynthia's *Revels.*

Lop. *He keeps his Fury ſtill, and may do Miſchief.*
Mil. *He ſhall be hang'd firſt; we'll be* Sticklers *there, Boys.*

Spaniſh Curate.

Enter Troilus.

Troi. *Hector* is slain.

All. *Hector!*——the Gods forbid!

Troi. He's dead, and at the murtherer's horses tail
In beastly sort dragg'd through the shameful field.
Frown on, you heav'ns, effect your rage with speed;
Sit, Gods, upon your Thrones, and *smile at *Troy!*
I say, at once, let your brief plagues be mercy,
And linger not our sure destructions on.

Æne. My lord, you do discomfort all the Host.

Troi. You understand me not, that tell me so:
I do not speak of flight, of fear, of death,
But dare all imminence, that Gods and men
Address their dangers in. *Hector* is gone!
Who shall tell *Priam* so? or *Hecuba?*
Let him, that will a screech-owl ay be call'd,
Go into *Troy*, and say there, *Hector*'s dead:
That is a word will *Priam* turn to stone;
Make wells and *Niobes* of the maids and wives;
Cold statues of the youth; and, in a word,
Scare *Troy* out of it self. But march away,
Hector is dead: there is no more to say.
Stay yet, you vile abominable Tents,
Thus proudly pight upon our *Phrygian* plains:
Let *Titan* rise as early as he dare,
I'll through and through you. And thou, great-siz'd coward!
No space of earth shall sunder our two hates;
I'll haunt thee, like a wicked conscience still,
That mouldeth Goblins swift as Frenzy's thoughts.
Strike a free March to *Troy!* with comfort go:
Hope of revenge shall hide our inward woe.

Enter Pandarus.

Pan. But hear you, hear you?

Troi. Hence, brothel-lacquy; ignominy, shame
[*Strikes him.*
Pursue thy life, and live aye with thy name! [*Exeunt.*

Pan.

* *smite*, W.

Pan. A goodly med'cine for mine aking bones! Oh world! world! world! thus is the poor agent deſpis'd: Oh, traitors and bawds, how earneſtly are you ſet at work, and how ill requited? why ſhould our endeavour be ſo lov'd, and the performance ſo loath'd? what verſe for it? what inſtance for it?——let me ſee——

Full merrily the humble-bee doth ſing,
'Till he hath loſt his honey and his ſting;
But being once ſubdu'd in armed tail,
Sweet honey and ſweet notes together fail.

Good traders in the fleſh, ſet this in your painted cloths——

As many as be here of *Pandar*'s Hall,
Your eyes half out, weep out at *Pandar*'s Fall;
Or if you cannot weep, yet give ſome groans,
Though not for me, yet for your aking bones.
Brethren and ſiſters of the hold-door trade,
Some two months hence my will ſhall here be made:
It ſhould be now; but that my fear is this,
Some galled gooſe of *Wincheſter* would hiſs;
'Till then, I'll ſweat, and ſeek about for eaſes,
And at that time bequeath you my diſeaſes. [*Exit.*

ROMEO

Troilus & Cressida

a. 27. Æneas. —— How may
A stranger to those most imperial looks
Know &c.
This seems an oversight in the Po:
Et to make Aeneas not know the
face of Agamemnon in the seventh
year of the war.

b 29 Hector's challenge here for his La:
dy is a very great absurdity and un:
worthy of Shakespeare; a Folly co:
pied from the Romances of latter
ages and not like the manners of
those times.

c. 65 — let all constant men be Troilus's
We must certainly read,
all unconstant men —

d 10 — — spirit of sense
W. reads, spite of sense — qu: *

e 49 His course and times —
Hanmer reads
His pettish lunes — qu:

f 56 — my disposer Cressida - War:
~~Hanmer~~ reads dispouser —
ie who would part him & Helen.

* — — nor doth the eye itself,
That most pure spirit of sense —
p. 69

g 64 As Planets to their Moons —
Mr W. gives this up as a silly conjecture and returns to the old reading
Plantage to the moon ——
Rite crescentem face noctilucam
Prosperam frugum ——
for this play was ~~not~~ printed in 1609 and Galileo discovered the Satellites in 1710. VII 426

h ibid W. reads
As truth authentic, ever to be cited

i 92 Not Neoptolemus so mirable
Nor Neoptolemus' son irascible
W.

k 120 Make wells and Niobes &c
— welling Niobes — W.

ROMEO

AND

JULIET.

PROLOGUE.

TWO Houſholds, both alike in Dignity, (1)
In fair Verona, *(where we lay our Scene)*
From ancient Grudge break to new mutiny;
Where civil blood makes civil hands unclean.
From forth the fatal loins of theſe two foes,
A pair of ſtar-croſt lovers take their life;
Whoſe miſ-adventur'd piteous Overthrows
Do, with their death, bury their Parents' ſtrife.

The

(1) *Two Houſeholds*, &c.] The Fable of this Play is built on a real Tragedy, that happen'd about the Beginning of the 14th Century. The Story, with all its Circumſtances is given us by *Bandello*, in one of his Novels; as alſo by *Girolame da Corte* in his Hiſtory of *Verona*. The young Lover, as this Hiſtorian tells us, was call'd *Romeo Montecchi*; and the Lady, *Julietta Capello*. Captain *Breval* in his Travels tells us, that, when he was at *Verona*, he was ſhewn an Old Building, (converted into an Houſe for Orphans,) in which the Tomb of theſe unhappy Lovers had formerly been broken up; and that he was inform'd by his Guide in all the Particulars of their Story: which put him in Mind of our Author's Play on the Subject. The Captain has clos'd his Account of this Affair with a Reproof to our excellent OTWAY, for having turn'd this Story to that of *Caius Marius*; conſidering, (ſays he,) "how incon-"ſiſtent it was, (to paſs by other Abſurdities) to make the *Romans* bury "their Bodies in the latter End of the *Conſular* times, when every School-"boy knows, that it was the Cuſtom to burn them firſt, and then bury "their Aſhes."—— I cannot help obſerving in Reſpect to *Otway*'s Memory, that both *Interring* and *Burning* were at one and the ſame time uſed by the *Romans*. For Inſtance, *Marius* was buried; and *Sylla*, his Enemy, was by his own expreſs Orders burnt; the firſt of the *Cornelian* Family, that had been ſo diſpos'd of. *Pliny* gives us the reaſon for ſuch his Orders: *Idq; voluiſſe, veritum* talionem, *eruto* Caii Marii *cadavere*. (Nat. Hiſt. *l.* vii. *cap.* 55.) He fear'd *Repriſals* upon his own Body, his Soldiers having dug up and committed Indignities on the Body of *Marius*. To this Fear of his, *Cicero* has likewiſe alluded

in

The fearful paſſage of their death-mark'd love,
And the continuance of their Parents' rage,
Which but their children's End nought could remove,
Is now the two hours traffick of our Stage:
The which if you with patient ears attend,
What here ſhall miſs, our Toil ſhall ſtrive to mend.

in his Second Book *De Legibus*. I had almoſt forgot to obſerve, that *Pliny* expreſly ſays, *Burning* of dead Bodies was not an old Inſtitution among the *Romans*; but their Dead were *interr'd.*——*Ipſum* cremare *apud* Romanos *non fuit veteris Inſtituti*: terrâ condebantur.

Dramatis Perſonæ.

ESCALUS, *Prince of* Verona.
Paris, *a young Nobleman in love with* Juliet, *and kinſman to the Prince.*
Montague, } *Two Lords of antient families, Enemies to*
Capulet, } *each other.*
Romeo, *Son to* Montague.
Mercutio, *Kinſman to the Prince, and friend to* Romeo.
Benvolio, *Kinſman and friend to* Romeo.
Tybalt, *Kinſman to* Capulet.
Friar Lawrence.
Friar John.
Balthaſar, *Servant to* Romeo.
Page to Paris.
Sampſon, } *Servants to* Capulet.
Gregory, }
Abram, *Servant to* Montague.
Apothecary.
Simon Catling, }
Hugh Rebeck, } 3 *Muſicians.*
Samuel Soundboard, }
Peter, *Servant to the Nurſe.*

Lady Montague, *Wife to* Montague.
Lady Capulet, *Wife to* Capulet.
Juliet, *Daughter to* Capulet, *in love with* Romeo.
Nurſe to Juliet.

CHORUS.

Citizens of Verona, *ſeveral men and women relations to* Capulet, *Maskers, Guards, Watch, and other Attendants.*

The SCENE, *in the beginning of the fifth act, is in* Mantua; *during all the reſt of the Play, in and near* Verona.

ROMEO and *JULIET.*

ACT I.

SCENE, *The Street, in* Verona.

Enter Sampſon *and* Gregory, (*with ſwords and bucklers,*) *two ſervants of the* Capulets.

SAMPSON.

GREGORY, on my word, we'll not carry coals.

Greg. No, for then we ſhould be colliers.

Sam. I mean, an we be in Choler, we'll draw.

Greg. Ay, while you live, draw your Neck out of the Collar.

Sam. I ſtrike quickly, being mov'd.

Greg. But thou art not quickly mov'd to ſtrike.

Sam. A dog of the Houſe of *Montague* moves me.

Greg. To move, is to ſtir; and to be valiant, is to ſtand: therefore, if thou art mov'd, thou runn'ſt away.

Sam. A dog of that Houſe ſhall move me to ſtand: I will take the wall of any man, or maid, of *Montague*'s.

Greg. That ſhews thee a weak ſlave; for the weakeſt goes to the wall.

Sam. True; and therefore women, being the weakeſt veſſels, are ever thruſt to the wall: —— therefore I will puſh *Montague*'s men from the wall, and thruſt his maids to the wall.

Greg. The quarrel is between our maſters, and us their men.

Sam. 'Tis all one, I will ſhew my ſelf a tyrant: when I have fought with the men, I will be cruel with the maids, and cut off their heads.

Greg. The heads of the maids?

Sam. Ay, the heads of the maids, or their maiden-heads, take it in what ſenſe thou wilt.

Greg. They muſt take it in ſenſe, that feel it.

Sam. Me they ſhall feel, while I am able to ſtand: and, 'tis known, I am a pretty piece of fleſh.

Greg. 'Tis well, thou art not fiſh: if thou hadſt, thou hadſt been *Poor John*. Draw thy tool, here comes of the Houſe of the *Montagues*.

Enter Abram *and* Balthaſar.

Sam. My naked weapon is out; quarrel, I will back thee.

Greg. How: turn thy back and run?

Sam. Fear me not.

Greg. No, marry: I fear thee! ——

Sam. Let us take the law of our ſides: let them begin.

Greg. I will frown as I paſs by, and let them take it as they liſt.

Sam. Nay, as they dare. I will bite my thumb at them, which is a diſgrace to them if they bear it.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. I do bite my thumb, Sir.

Abr. Do you bite your thumb at us, Sir?

Sam. Is the law on our ſide, if I ſay ay?

Greg. No.

Sam. No, Sir, I do not bite my thumb at you, Sir:

but I bite my thumb, Sir.

Greg. Do you quarrel, Sir?

Abr. Quarrel, Sir? no, Sir.

Sam. If you do, Sir, I am for you; I ſerve as good a man, as you.

Abr. No better.

Sam. Well, Sir.

Enter Benvolio.

Greg. Say, better: here comes one of my maſter's kinſmen.

Sam. Yes, better, Sir.

Abr. You lie.

Sam. Draw, if you be men. *Gregory*, remember thy ſwaſhing blow. [*They fight.*

Ben. Part, fools, put up your ſwords, you know not what you do.

Enter Tybalt.

Tyb. What, art thou drawn among theſe heartleſs hinds?
Turn thee, *Benvolio*, look upon thy death.

Ben. I do but keep the peace; put up thy ſword,
Or manage it to part theſe men with me.

Tyb. What drawn, and talk of peace? I hate the word
As I hate hell, all *Montagues* and thee:
Have at thee, coward. [*Fight.*

Enter three or four citizens with clubs!

Offic. Clubs, bills, and partiſans! ſtrike! beat them down!
Down with the *Capulets*, down with the *Montagues!*

Enter old Capulet *in his gown, and lady* Capulet.

Cap. What noiſe is this? give me my long ſword, ho!

La. Cap. A crutch, a crutch: —— why call you for a ſword?

Cap. My ſword, I ſay: old *Montague* is come,
And flouriſhes his blade in ſpight of me.

Enter old Montague, *and lady* Montague.

Mon. Thou villain, *Capulet* —— Hold me not, let me go.

La. Mon. Thou ſhalt not ſtir a foot to ſeek a foe.

Enter Prince, with attendants.

Prin. Rebellious Subjects, enemies to peace,
Prophaners of this neighbour-ſtained ſteel ——
Will they not hear? what ho, you men, you beaſts,
That quench the fire of your pernicious rage
With purple fountains iſſuing from your veins;
On pain of torture, from thoſe bloody hands
Throw your miſ-temper'd weapons to the ground,
And hear the ſentence of your moved Prince.
Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee, old *Capulet*, and *Montague*,
Have thrice diſturb'd the Quiet of our ſtreets;
And made *Verona*'s antient Citizens
Caſt by their grave, beſeeming, ornaments;
To wield old partizans, in hands as old,
Cankred with peace, to part your cankred hate;
If ever you diſturb our ſtreets again,
Your lives ſhall pay the forfeit of the peace.
For this time all the reſt depart away,
You, *Capulet*, ſhall go along with me;
And, *Montague*, come you this afternoon,
To know our further pleaſure in this caſe,
To old Free-town, our common judgment-place:
Once more, on pain of death, all men depart.

[*Exeunt Prince and* Capulet, *&c.*

La. Mon. Who ſet this antient quarrel new abroach;
Speak, nephew, were you by, when it began?

Ben. Here were the ſervants of your adverſary,
And yours, cloſe fighting, ere I did approach;
I drew to part them: In the inſtant came
The fiery *Tybalt*, with his ſword prepar'd,
Which, as he breath'd defiance to my ears,
He ſwung about his head, and cut the winds:
Who, nothing hurt withal, hiſs'd him in Scorn.

While

While we were interchanging thruſts and blows,
Came more and more, and fought on part and part,
'Till the Prince came, who parted either Part.
La. Mon. O where is *Romeo!* Saw you him to day?
Right-glad am I, he was not at this fray.
Ben. Madam, an hour before the worſhipp'd Sun (2)
Peer'd through the golden window of the Eaſt,
A troubled mind drew me to walk abroad:
Where underneath the grove of ſycamour,
That weſtward rooteth from the City ſide,
So early walking did I ſee your ſon.
Tow'rds him I made; but he was 'ware of me,
And ſtole into the covert of the wood.
I, meaſuring his affections by my own,
(That moſt are buſied when they're moſt alone,)
Purſued my humour, not purſuing him; (3)
And gladly ſhun'd, who gladly fled from me.
Mon. Many a morning hath he there been ſeen
With tears augmenting the freſh morning dew;
Adding to Clouds more Clouds with his deep Sighs:
But all ſo ſoon as the all-cheering Sun
Should, in the fartheſt eaſt, begin to draw
The ſhady curtains from *Aurora*'s bed;
Away from Light ſteals home my heavy ſon,
And private in his chamber pens himſelf;
Shuts up his windows, locks fair day-light out,

(2) ——————— *an hour before the worſhip'd Sun*
Peer'd thro' the golden Window of the Eaſt,
A troubled Mind drew me from Company :] This is a Reading only of Mr. *Pope*'s, as far as I can trace, who had a mind to make *Benvolio* a greater Rake than we have Reaſon to think him from any ſubſequent Inſtance. What, in Company an Hour before Daylight? What odd kind of Companions muſt this *Benvolio* have conſorted with? This Reading very reaſonably ſeduced Mr. *Warburton* into an ingenious Conjecture;
A troubled mind drew me from Canopy:
i. e. from Bed. But I have reſtor'd the Text of all the old Copies. *Benvolio*, being troubled and not able to ſleep, roſe an Hour before Day and went into the open Air to amuſe himſelf.

(3) *Purſued my humour, not purſuing* his.] But *Benvolio* did purſue *his*; for *Romeo* had a Mind to be alone, ſo had *Benvolio:* and therefore as Dr. *Thirlby* accurately obſerves, we ought to correct, He did not purſue *Romeo*.

And makes himself an artificial night.
Black and portentous must this humour prove,
Unless good counsel may the cause remove.

Ben. My noble uncle, do you know the cause?

Mon. I neither know it, nor can learn it of him.

Ben. Have you importun'd him by any means?

Mon. Both by my self and many other friends;
But he, his own affections' counsellor,
Is to himself, I will not say, how true;
But to himself so secret and so close,
So far from sounding and discovery;
As is the bud bit with an envious worm, (4)
Ere he can spread his sweet leaves to the air,
Or dedicate his beauty to the Sun.
Could we but learn from whence his sorrows grow,
We would as willingly give Cure, as know.

Enter Romeo.

Ben. See, where he comes: so please you, step aside,
I'll know his grievance, or be much deny'd.

Mon. I would, thou wert so happy by thy Stay
To hear true shrift. Come, Madam, let's away. [*Exe.*

Ben. Good morrow, cousin.

Rom. Is the day so young?

Ben. But new struck nine.

Rom. Ah me, sad hours seem long!
Was that my father, that went hence so fast?

(4) *As is the Bud, bit with an envious Worm,*
Ere he can spread his sweet Leaves to the Air,
Or dedicate his Beauty to the Same.] *To the* same? —— Sure, all the Lovers of *Shakespeare* and Poetry will agree, that this is a very idle, draging *Parapleromatic*, as the Grammarians style it. But our Author generally in his *Similies* is accurate in the *cloathing* of them, and therefore, I believe, would not have overcharg'd this so *insipidly*. When we come to consider, that there is some power else besides *balmy Air*, that brings forth, and makes the tender Buds spread themselves, I do not think it improbable that the Poet wrote;

Or dedicate his Beauty to the Sun.

Or, according to the more obsolete Spelling, *Sunne*; which brings it nearer to the Traces of the corrupted Text. I propos'd this conjectural Emendation in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *restor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has embraced it in his last Edition.

Ben.

Ben. It was: what ſadneſs lengthens *Romeo*'s hours?
Rom. Not having That, which, having, makes them ſhort.
Ben. In love?
Rom. Out.——
Ben. Of love?
Rom. Out of her favour, where I am in love.
Ben. Alas, that love, ſo gentle in his view,
Should be ſo tyrannous and rough in proof!
Rom. Alas, that love, whoſe view is muffled ſtill,
Should without eyes ſee path-ways to his will! *c*
Where ſhall we dine?—— O me!—— What fray was here?
Yet tell me not, for I have heard it all.
Here's much to do with hate, but more with love:
Why then, O brawling love! O loving hate!
Oh, any thing of nothing firſt create!
O heavy lightneſs! ſerious vanity!
Miſ-ſhapen chaos of well-ſeeming forms!
Feather of lead, bright ſmoke, cold fire, ſick health!
Still-waking ſleep, that is not what it is!
This love feel I, that feel no love in this.
Doſt thou not laugh?
Ben. No, coz, I rather weep.
Rom. Good heart, at what?
Ben. At thy good heart's oppreſſion.
Rom. Why, ſuch is Love's Tranſgreſſion.——
Griefs of mine own lie heavy in my breaſt;
Which thou wilt propagate, to have them preſt
With more of thine; this love, that thou haſt ſhewn,
Doth add more grief to too much of mine own.
Love is a ſmoke rais'd with the fume of ſighs,
Being purg'd, a fire ſparkling in lovers eyes;
Being vext, a ſea nouriſh'd with lovers tears;
What is it elſe? a madneſs moſt diſcreet,
A choaking gall, and a preſerving ſweet:
Farewel, my couſin. [*Going.*
Ben. Soft, I'll go along.
And if you leave me ſo, you do me wrong.
Rom. Tut! I have loſt my ſelf, I am not here;

This is not *Romeo*, he's ſome other where.
Ben. Tell me in ſadneſs, who ſhe is you love?
Rom. What, ſhall I groan and tell thee?
Ben. Groan? why, no; but ſadly tell me, who.
Rom. Bid a ſick man in ſadneſs make his will? ——
O word, ill urg'd to one that is ſo ill! ——
In ſadneſs, couſin, I do love a woman.
Ben. I aim'd ſo near, when I ſuppos'd you lov'd.
Rom. A right good marks-man; —— and ſhe's fair, I love.
Ben. A right fair mark, fair coz, is ſooneſt hit.
Rom. But in that hit you miſs; — ſhe'll not be hit
With *Cupid*'s arrow; ſhe hath *Dian*'s wit:
And, in ſtrong proof of chaſtity well arm'd,
From love's weak childiſh bow, ſhe lives unharm'd.
She will not ſtay the ſiege of loving terms,
Nor bide th' encounter of aſſailing eyes,
Nor ope her lap to ſaint-ſeducing gold.
O, ſhe is rich in beauty; only poor,
That when ſhe dies, with her dies Beauty's Store. (5)
Ben. Then ſhe hath ſworn, that ſhe will ſtill live chaſte?
Rom. She hath, and in that Sparing makes huge waſte.
For beauty, ſtarv'd with her ſeverity,
Cuts beauty off from all poſterity.
She is too fair, too wiſe; wiſely too fair,
To merit bliſs by making me deſpair;
She hath foreſworn to love, and in that vow
Do I live dead, that live to tell it now.
Ben. Be rul'd by me, forget to think of her.
Rom. O, teach me how I ſhould forget to think.
Ben. By giving liberty unto thine eyes;
Examine other Beauties.
Rom. 'Tis the way

(5) *That, when ſhe dies, with* Beauty dies her Store.] This conveys no ſatisfactory Idea to me. I have ventur'd at a ſlight Tranſpoſition, which gives a Meaning, warranted, I think, by what *Romeo* ſays in his very next Speech. She is rich in Beauty, and if ſhe dies a Maid, ſhe cuts off that Beauty from its Succeſſion.

For Beauty, ſtarv'd *with her Severity*,
Cuts Beauty *off from all* Poſterity.

To

To call hers (exquiſite) in queſtion more:
Thoſe happy masks, that kiſs fair ladies brows,
Being black, put us in mind they hide the fair;
He, that is ſtrucken blind, cannot forget
The precious treaſure of his eye-ſight loſt.
Shew me a miſtreſs that is paſſing fair;
What doth her beauty ſerve, but as a note,
Where I may read, who paſs'd that paſſing fair?
Farewel, thou canſt not teach me to forget.
Ben. I'll pay that doctrine, or elſe die in debt.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Capulet, Paris, *and ſervant.*

Cap. And *Montague* is bound as well as I,
In penalty alike; and 'tis not hard
For men ſo old as we to keep the peace.
Par. Of honourable reck'ning are you Both,
And, pity 'tis, you liv'd at odds ſo long:
But now, my lord, what ſay you to my Suit?
Cap. But ſaying o'er what I have ſaid before:
My child is yet a ſtranger in the world,
She hath not ſeen the Change of fourteen years;
Let two more ſummers wither in their pride,
Ere we may think her ripe to be a bride.
Par. Younger than ſhe are happy mothers made.
Cap. And too ſoon marr'd are thoſe ſo early made:
The earth hath ſwallowed all my hopes but ſhe.
She is the hopeful lady of my earth:
But woo her, gentle *Paris*, get her heart,
My will to her conſent is but a part;
If ſhe agree, within her ſcope of choice
Lies my conſent, and fair according voice:
This night, I hold an old-accuſtom'd Feaſt,
Whereto I have invited many a gueſt,
Such as I love; and you, among the ſtore,
One more, moſt welcome, makes my number more.
At my poor houſe, look to behold this night
Earth-treading ſtars that make dark heaven's light.
Such comfort as do luſty young men feel,
When well-apparel'd *April* on the heel

Of limping Winter treads, even ſuch delight
Among freſh female-buds ſhall you this night
Inherit at my houſe; hear all, all ſee,
And like her moſt, whoſe merit moſt ſhall be:
Which on more view of many, mine, being one,
May ſtand in number, tho in reck'ning none.
Come, go with me. Go, ſirrah, trudge about,
Through fair *Verona*, find thoſe perſons out
Whoſe names are written there, and to them ſay,
My houſe and welcome on their pleaſure ſtay.

[*Exeunt* Cap. *and* Par.

Ser. Find them out, whoſe names are written here? — It is written, that the Shooe-maker ſhould meddle with his Yard, and the Tailor with his Laſt, the Fiſher with his Pencil, and the Painter with his Nets. But I am ſent to find thoſe perſons, whoſe names are here writ; and can never find what names the writing perſon hath here writ. I muſt to the Learned —— in good time.

Enter Benvolio *aud* Romeo.

Ben. Tut, man! one fire burns out another's burning,
One pain is leſſen'd by another's Anguiſh;
Turn giddy, and be help'd by backward turning;
One deſperate grief cure with another's Languiſh:
Take thou ſome new infection to the eye,
And the rank poiſon of the old will die.

Rom. Your plantan leaf is excellent for That.

Ben. For what, I pray thee?

Rom. For your broken ſhin.

Ben. Why, *Romeo*, art thou mad?

Rom. Not mad, but bound more than a mad man is:
Shut up in priſon, kept without my food,
Whipt and tormented; and — Good-e'en, good fellow.

[*To the ſervant.*

Ser. God gi' good-e'en: I pray, Sir, can you read?

Rom. Ay, mine own fortune in my miſery.

Ser. Perhaps, you have learn'd it without book: but, I pray,
Can you read any thing you ſee?

Rom. Ay, if I know the letters and the language.

Ser.

Ser. Ye ſay honeſtly, reſt you merry. ——
Rom. Stay, fellow, I can read.
[He reads the letter.

SIgnior Martino, *and his wife and daughters: Count* Anſelm *and his beauteous ſiſters; the lady widow of* Vitruvio; *Signior* Placentio, *and his lovely neices;* Mercutio *and his brother* Valentine; *mine uncle* Capulet, *his wife and daughters; my fair neice* Roſaline; Livia; *Signior* Valentio, *and his couſin* Tibalt; Lucio, *and the lively* Helena.
A fair aſſembly; whither ſhould they come? (6)
Ser. Up. ——
Rom. Whither?
Ser. To Supper, to our houſe.
Rom. Whoſe houſe?
Ser. My maſter's.
Rom. Indeed, I ſhould have askt you that before.
Ser. Now I'll tell you without asking. My maſter is the great rich *Capulet*, and if you be not of the Houſe of *Montagues*, I pray, come and cruſh a cup of wine. Reſt you merry. [*Exit.*
Ben. At this ſame antient Feaſt of *Capulet*'s
Sups the fair *Roſaline*, whom thou ſo lov'ſt;
With all th' admired beauties of *Verona*.
Go thither, and, with unattainted eye,
Compare her face with ſome that I ſhall ſhow,
And I will make thee think thy Swan a Crow.
Rom. When the devout religion of mine eye
Maintains ſuch falſehoods, then turn tears to fires;
And theſe, who, often drown'd, could never die,
Tranſparent hereticks, be burnt for liars!
One fairer than my love! th' all-ſeeing Sun
Ne'er ſaw her match, ſince firſt the world begun.
Ben. Tut! tut! you ſaw her fair, none elſe being by;
Her ſelf pois'd with her ſelf, in either eye:

(6) *A fair Aſſembly: Whither ſhould they come?*
Serv. *Up.*
Rom. *Whither?* to Supper?
Serv. *To our Houſe.*] *Romeo* had read over the Liſt of invited Gueſts; but he muſt be a Prophet, to know they were invited to Supper. This comes much more aptly from the *Servant*'s Anſwer, than *Romeo*'s Queſtion; and muſt undoubtedly be placed to him. Mr. *Warburton.*

But

But in thoſe cryſtal ſcales, let there be weigh'd
Your Lady-love againſt ſome other maid, (7)
That I will ſhew you, ſhining at this feaſt,
And ſhe will ſhew ſcant well, that now ſhews beſt.

Rom. I'll go along, no ſuch ſight to be ſhewn,
But to rejoice in ſplendor of mine own. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Lady Capulet, *and Nurſe.*

La. Cap. NURSE, where's my daughter? call her forth to me.

Nurſe. Now (by my maiden-head, at twelve Years old) I bad her come; what, lamb, — what, lady-bird, god forbid! —— where's this girl? what, *Juliet?*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. How now, who calls?

Nurſe. Your mother.

Jul. Madam, I am here, what is your will?

La. Cap. This is the matter —— Nurſe, give leave a while, we muſt talk in ſecret; Nurſe, come back again, I have remember'd me, thou ſhalt hear our counſel: thou know'ſt, my daughter's of a pretty age.

Nurſe. Faith, I can tell her age unto an hour.

La. Cap. She's not fourteen.

Nurſe. I'll lay fourteen of my teeth, (and yet to my teen be it ſpoken, I have but four;) ſhe's not fourteen; how long is it now to *Lammas*-tide?

La. Cap. A fortnight and odd days.

(7) —— *let there be weigh'd*
Your Lady's Love *againſt ſome other Maid.*] But the Compariſon was not to be betwixt the Love that *Romeo*'s Miſtreſs paid him, and the Perſon of any other young Woman: but betwixt *Romeo*'s Miſtreſs herſelf, and ſome other that ſhould be match'd againſt her. The Poet therefore muſt certainly have wrote;

Your Lady-love *againſt ſome other Maid.*

So the Compariſon ſtands right, and ſenſibly.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Even or odd, of all days in the year, come *Lammas*-eve at night, ſhall ſhe be fourteen. *Suſan* and ſhe (God reſt all chriſtian ſouls!) were of an age. Well, *Suſan* is with God, ſhe was too good for me. But as I ſaid, on *Lammas*-eve at night ſhall ſhe be fourteen, that ſhall ſhe, marry, I remember it well. 'Tis ſince the earthquake now eleven years, and ſhe was wean'd, I never ſhall forget it, of all the days in the year, upon that day; for I had then laid worm-wood to my dug, ſitting in the Sun under the Dove-houſe wall, my lord and you were then at *Mantua* —— nay, I do bear a brain. But as I ſaid, when it did taſte the worm-wood on the nipple of my dug, and felt it bitter, pretty fool, to ſee it teachy, and fall out with the dug. Shake, quoth the Dove-houſe ——'twas no need, I trow, to bid me trudge; and ſince that time it is eleven years, for then ſhe could ſtand alone; nay, by th' rood, ſhe could have run, and waddled all about; for even the day before ſhe broke her brow, and then my husband, (God be with his ſoul, a 'was a merry man;) took up the child; yea, quoth he, doſt thou fall upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou haſt more wit, wilt thou not, *Julé?* and, by my holy dam, the pretty wretch left crying, and ſaid, ay; To ſee now, how a jeſt ſhall come about.—I warrant, an I ſhould live a thouſand years, I ſhould not forget it: Wilt thou not, *Julé*, quoth he? and pretty fool, it ſtinted, and Said, ay.

La. Cap. Enough of this, I pray thee, hold thy peace.

Nurſe. Yes, madam; yet I cannot chuſe but laugh, to think it ſhould leave crying, and ſay, ay; and yet, I warrant, it had upon its brow a bump as big as a young cockrel's ſtone: a perilous knock, and it cried bitterly. Yea, quoth my husband, fall'ſt upon thy face? thou wilt fall backward when thou comeſt to age? wilt thou not, *Julé?* it ſtinted, and ſaid, ay.

Jul. And ſtint thee too, I pray thee, nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. Peace, I have done: God mark thee to his grace!
Thou waſt the prettieſt Babe, that e'er I nurſt.
An I might live to ſee thee married once,
I have my wiſh.

La.

La. Cap. And that ſame marriage is the very theam
I came to talk of. Tell me, daughter *Juliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſition to be married?
Jul. It is an honour that I dream not of.
Nurſe. An honour? were not I thine only nurſe,
I'd ſay, thou hadſt ſuck'd wiſdom from thy teat.
La. Cap. Well, think of marriage now; younger than you
Here in *Verona*, ladies of eſteem,
Are made already mothers. By my count,
I was your mother much upon theſe years
That you are now a maid. Thus then in brief,
The valiant *Paris* ſeeks you for his love.
Nurſe. A man, young lady, lady, ſuch a man
As all the world——Why, he's a man of wax.
La. Cap. Verona's ſummer hath not ſuch a flower.
Nurſe. Nay, he's a flower; in faith, a very flower.
La. Cap. What ſay you, can you like the Gentleman? (8)
This Night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt,
Read o'er the Volume of young *Paris*' Face,
And find Delight writ there with Beauty's pen;
Examine ev'ry ſev'ral Lineament,
And ſee, how one another lends Content:
And what obſcur'd in this fair Volume lyes,
Find written in the Margent of his Eyes.
This precious book of Love, this unbound Lover,
To beautify him only lacks a Cover.
The fiſh lives in the Sea, and 'tis much pride,
For Fair without the Fair within to hide.
That Book in many Eyes doth ſhare the Glory,
That in gold Claſps locks in the golden Story.
So, ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſs,
By having him, making your ſelf no leſs.
Nurſe. No leſs? Nay, bigger; Women grow by Men.

(8) *What ſay you? Can you like the Gentleman?*] This Speech of Lady *Capulet*, tho I cannot readily commend it, yet I could not conceive I had any Authority to leave it out. I have reſtor'd many other Paſſages in this Play, not of the beſt Stamp, but for the ſame Reaſon.

La. Cap.

La. Cap. Speak briefly, can you like of *Paris'* love?
Jul. I'll look to like, if looking liking move.
But no more deep will I indart mine eye,
Than your conſent gives ſtrength to make it fly.

Enter a Servant.

Ser. Madam, the gueſts are come, ſupper ſerv'd up, you call'd, my young lady ask'd for, the nurſe curſt in the pantry, and every thing in extremity. I muſt hence to wait; I beſeech you, follow ſtrait.
La. Cap. We follow thee. *Juliet*, the County ſtays.
Nurſe. Go, girl, ſeek happy nights to happy days.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *a Street before* Capulet's *houſe.*

Enter Romeo, Mercutio, Benvolio, *with five or ſix other maskers, torch-bearers, and drums.*

Rom. WHAT, ſhall this ſpeech be ſpoke for our excuſe?
Or ſhall we on without apology?
Ben. The date is out of ſuch prolixity.
We'll have no *Cupid* hood-wink'd with a ſcarf,
Bearing a *Tartar*'s painted bow of lath,
Scaring the ladies like a crow-keeper: (9)
Nor a without-book prologue faintly ſpoke
After the prompter, for our entrance.
But let them meaſure us by what they will,
We'll meaſure them a meaſure, and be gone.
Rom. Give me a torch, I am not for this ambling.
Being but heavy, I will bear the Light.
Mer. Nay, gentle *Romeo*, we muſt have you dance.
Rom. Not I, believe me; you have dancing ſhoes

(9) *Scaring the Ladies like a* Cowkeeper.] I led Mr. *Pope* into this miſtaken Reading, which I once thought the true one, before I fully underſtood the Paſſage. But I have prov'd, that *Crowkeeper*, which poſſeſſes all the old Copies, is the genuine Reading of the Poet, in my 49th Note on King *Lear*.

With

With nimble ſoles; I have a ſoul of lead,
So ſtakes me to the ground I cannot move.
Mer. You are a Lover; borrow *Cupid*'s Wings,
And ſoar with them above a common Bound.
Rom. I am too ſore enpearced with his Shaft,
To ſoar with his light Feathers: and ſo bound,
I cannot bound a pitch above dull Woe:
Under Love's heavy burthen do I ſink.
Mer. And to ſink in it, ſhould you burthen Love:
Too great Oppreſſion for a tender Thing!
Rom. Is Love a tender Thing? It is too rough,
Too rude, too boiſt'rous; and it pricks like Thorn.
Mer. If Love be rough with you, be rough with Love;
Prick Love for pricking, and you beat Love down.
Give me a Caſe to put my viſage in? [*Pulling off his Mask.*
A Viſor for a Viſor!——what care I,
What curious eye doth quote deformities?
Here are the beetle brows ſhall bluſh for me.
Ben. Come, knock and enter; and no ſooner in,
But ev'ry man betake him to his legs.
Rom. A torch for me. Let wantons, light of heart,
Tickle the ſenſeleſs ruſhes with their heels;
For I am proverb'd with a grandſire phraſe;
I'll be a candle-holder, and look on.
The game was ne'er ſo fair, and I am done.
Mer. Tut! dun's the mouſe, the conſtable's own word;
If thou art dun, we'll draw thee from the mire;
Or, ſave your reverence, Love, wherein thou ſtickeſt
Up to thine ears: come, we burn day-light, ho.
Rom. Nay, that's not ſo.
Mer. I mean, Sir, in delay
We burn our lights by light, and lamps by day.
Take our good meaning, for our judgment ſits
Five times in That, ere once in our fine wits.
Rom. And we mean well in going to this mask;
But 'tis no wit to go.
Mer. Why, may one ask?
Rom. I dreamt a dream to night.
Mer. And ſo did I.

Rom.

Rom. Well; what was yours?
Mer. That dreamers often lie.
Rom.——In bed asleep; while they do dream things true.
Mer. O, then I see, Queen *Mab* hath been with you. (10)

She is the Fancy's mid-wife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agat-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman;
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart mens noses as they lye asleep:
Her waggon-spokes made of long spinners legs;
The cover, of the wings of grashoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's watry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her waggoner a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prickt from the lazy finger of a maid.
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,

(10) *O, then I see, Queen* Mab *hath been with you: She is the* Fairies' *Midwife.*] Thus begins that admirable Speech upon the Effects of the Imagination in Dreams. But, Queen *Mab* the Fairies Midwife? What is she then Queen of? Why, the Fairies. What! and their *Midwife* too? Sure, this is a wonderful Condescension in her Royal Highness. But this is not the greatest of the Absurdities. The *Fairies' Midwife?* But let us see upon what Occasion she is introduced, and under what Quality. Why, as a Being that has great Power over human Imaginations. But then according to the Laws of common Sense, if she has any Title given her, must not that Title have reference to the Employment she is put upon? First, then, she is called Queen: which is very pertinent; for that designs her Power: Then she is called the Fairies Midwife; but what has that to do with the Point in hand? If we would think that *Shakespeare* wrote Sense, we must say, he wrote——*the* Fancy*'s Midwife:* and this is a Title the most *à propos* in the World, as it introduces all that is said afterwards of her *Vagaries.* Besides, it exactly quadrates with these Lines;

——*I talk of* Dreams;
Which are the Children of an idle Brain,
Begot of nothing but vain Fantasie.

These Dreams are begot upon *Fantasie*, and *Mab* is the Midwife to bring them forth. And *Fancy*'s *Midwife* is a Phrase altogether in the Manner of our Author. Mr. *Warburton.*

Made by the joyner ſquirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies coach-makers:
And in this State ſhe gallops, night by night,
Through lovers brains, and then they dream of love:
On courtiers knees, that dream on curtſies ſtrait:
O'er lawyers fingers, who ſtrait dream on fees:
O'er ladies lips, who ſtrait on kiſſes dream,
Which oft the angry *Mab* with bliſters plagues,
Becauſe their breaths with ſweet-meats tainted are.
Sometimes ſhe gallops o'er a lawyer's noſe,
And then dreams he of ſmelling out a ſuit:
And ſometimes comes ſhe with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling the parſon as he lies aſleep;
Then dreams he of another Benefice.
Sometimes ſhe driveth o'er a ſoldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuſcadoes, *Spaniſh* blades, (11)
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ears, at which he ſtarts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, ſwears a prayer or two,
And ſleeps again. This is that very *Mab*,
That plats the manes of horſes in the night,
And cakes the elf-locks in foul ſluttiſh hairs,
Which, once untangled, much misfortune bodes.
This is the hag, when maids lye on their backs,
That preſſes them, and learns them firſt to bear;
Making them women of good carriage:
This is ſhe——

(11) *Of breaches, ambuſcadoes,* Spaniſh *blades,*
Of healths *five fathoms deep*;] As the Generality of the Terms, coupled here, have a Reference to the Wars, ſome ingenious Perſons have conjectured that our Poet wrote;

Of Delves *five Fathoms deep*;——

i. e. *Trenches*; Places *delv'd*, or dug down. But, with Submiſſion, I conceive the Text to be ſincere as it is; and alludes to drinking deep to a Miſtreſs's health. I find the like Expreſſion in *Weſtward-hoe*, a Comedy wrote in our Author's Time.

Troth, Sir, my Maſter and Sir Goſlin *are guzzling; they are dabbling together* fathom *deep. The Knight has drunk ſo much* health *to the Gentleman yonder on his Knees, that he hath almoſt loſt the uſe of his Legs.*

Rom. Peace, peace, *Mercutio*, peace;
Thou talk'ſt of nothing.
Mer. True, I talk of dreams;
Which are the children of an idle brain,
Begot of nothing, but vain phantaſie;
Which is as thin of ſubſtance as the air,
And more unconſtant than the wind; who wooes
Ev'n now the frozen boſom of the north,
And, being anger'd, puffs away from thence,
Turning his face to the dew-dropping ſouth.
Ben. This wind, you talk of, blows us from our ſelves;
Supper is done, and we ſhall come too late.
Rom. I fear, too early; for my mind miſgives,
Some conſequence, yet hanging in the Stars,
Shall bitterly begin his fearful date
With this night's revels; and expire the term
Of a deſpiſed life clos'd in my breaſt,
By ſome vile forfeit of untimely death.
But he, that hath the ſteerage of my courſe,
Direct my ſuit! On, luſty Gentlemen.
Ben. Strike, drum.
[*They march about the Stage, and Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a Hall in* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Servants, with Napkins.

1 *Ser.* WHERE'S *Potpan*, that he helps not to take away; he ſhift a trencher! he ſcrape a trencher!

2 *Ser.* When good manners ſhall lye all in one or two mens hands, and they unwaſh'd too, 'tis a foul thing.

1 *Ser.* Away with the joint-ſtools, remove the court-cup-board, look to the plate: good thou, ſave me a piece of march-pane; and, as thou loveſt me, let the porter let in *Suſan Grindſtone*, and *Nell*. *Antony*, and *Potpan*,——

2 *Ser.* Ay, boy, ready.

1 *Ser.* You are look'd for, call'd for, ask'd for, and ſought for, in the great chamber.

2 *Ser.* We cannot be here and there too; chearly, boys; be brisk a while, and the longer liver take all.

[*Exeunt.*

Enter all the Gueſts and Ladies, with the maskers.

1 *Cap.* Welcome, Gentlemen. Ladies, that have your feet
Unplagu'd with corns, we'll have a bout with you.
Ah me, my miſtreſſes, which of you all
Will now deny to dance? ſhe that makes dainty,
I'll ſwear, hath corns; am I come near you now?
Welcome, all, Gentlemen; I've ſeen the day
That I have worn a viſor, and could tell
A whiſpering tale in a fair lady's ear,
Such as would pleaſe: 'tis gone; 'tis gone; 'tis gone!

[*Muſick plays, and they dance.*

More light, ye knaves, and turn the tables up;
And quench the fire, the room is grown too hot.
Ah, Sirrah, this unlook'd-for ſport comes well.
Nay, ſit; nay, ſit, good couſin *Capulet*,
For you and I are paſt our dancing days:
How long is't now ſince laſt your ſelf and I
Were in a mask?

2 *Cap.* By'r lady, thirty years.

1 *Cap.* What, man! 'tis not ſo much, 'tis not ſo much;
'Tis ſince the nuptial of *Lucentio*,
Come Pentecoſt as quickly as it will,
Some five and twenty years, and then we mask'd.

2 *Cap.* 'Tis more, 'tis more; his ſon is elder, Sir:
His ſon is thirty.

1 *Cap.* Will you tell me that?
His ſon was but a ward two years ago.

Rom. What lady's That, which doth enrich the hand
Of yonder knight?

Ser. I know not, Sir.

Rom. O, ſhe doth teach the torches to burn bright;
Her beauty hangs upon the cheek of night,

Like a rich jewel in an *Æthiop*'s ear:
Beauty too rich for uſe, for earth too dear!
So ſhews a ſnowy dove trooping with crows,
As yonder lady o'er her fellows ſhows.
The meaſure done, I'll watch her place of Stand,
And, touching hers, make happy my rude hand.
Did my heart love 'till now? forſwear it, ſight;
I never ſaw true beauty 'till this night.

Tyb. This by his voice ſhould be a *Montague*.
Fetch me my rapier, boy: what! dares the ſlave
Come hither cover'd with an antick face,
To fleer and ſcorn at our ſolemnity?
Now by the ſtock and honour of my kin,
To ſtrike him dead I hold it not a ſin.

Cap. Why, how now, kinſman, wherefore ſtorm you ſo?

Tyb. Uncle, this is a *Montague*, our foe:
A villain, that is hither come in ſpight,
To ſcorn at our ſolemnity this night.

Cap. Young *Romeo*, is't?

Tyb. That villain *Romeo*.

Cap. Content thee, gentle coz, let him alone;
He bears him like a portly Gentleman:
And, to ſay truth, *Verona* brags of him,
To be a virtuous and well-govern'd youth.
I would not for the wealth of all this town,
Here in my houſe, do him diſparagement.
Therefore be patient, take no note of him;
It is my will, the which if thou reſpect,
Shew a fair preſence, and put off theſe frowns,
An ill-beſeeming ſemblance for a feaſt.

Tyb. It fits, when ſuch a villain is a gueſt.
I'll not endure him.

Cap. He ſhall be endur'd.
What, goodman boy——I ſay, he ſhall. Go to——
Am I the maſter here, or you? go to——
You'll not endure him! God ſhall mend my ſoul,
You'll make a mutiny among my gueſts!
You will ſet cock-a-hoop? you'll be the man?

Tyb. Why, uncle, 'tis a ſhame.

Cap. Go to, go to,
You are a ſawcy boy——is't ſo, indeed? ——
This trick may chance to ſcathe you; I know what.
You muſt contrary me! Marry, 'tis time.
Well ſaid, my hearts:——You are a Princox, go:——
Be quiet, or (more light, more light, for ſhame)
I'll make you quiet——What? cheerly, my hearts.
Tyb. Patience perforce, with wilful choler meeting,
Makes my fleſh tremble in their different Greeting.
I will withdraw; but this intruſion ſhall,
Now ſeeming ſweet, convert to bitter gall.
Rom. If I profane with my unworthy hand (12)
[*To* Juliet.
This holy ſhrine, the gentle Fine is this;
My lips, two bluſhing pilgrims, ready ſtand,
To ſmooth that rough Touch with a tender kiſs.
Jul. Good pilgrim, you do wrong your hand too much,
Which mannerly devotion ſhews in this;
For Saints have hands that pilgrims hands do touch,
And palm to palm is holy palmer's kiſs.
Rom. Have not ſaints lips, and holy palmers too?
Jul. Ay, pilgrim, lips that they muſt uſe in prayer.
Rom. O then, dear ſaint, let lips do what hands do.
They pray, (grant thou) leſt faith turn to deſpair.
Jul. Saints do not move, yet grant for prayers ſake.
Rom. Then move not, while my prayers effect I take:
Thus from my lips, by thine, my ſin is purg'd.
[*Kiſſing her.*

(12) *If I profane with my unworthy hand*
This holy Shrine, the gentle Sin *is this,*
My Lips, two bluſhing Pilgrims, &c.] All Profanations are ſuppos'd to be expiated either by ſome meritorious Action, or by ſome Penance undergone and Puniſhment ſubmitted to. So, *Romeo* would here ſay, if I have been profane in the rude Touch of my Hand, my Lips ſtand ready, as two bluſhing Pilgrims, to take off that Offence, to atone for it, by a ſweet Penance. Our Poet therefore muſt have wrote

——————*the gentle* Fine *is this.*

So, in *Two Gent. of* Verona.

My Penance *is to call* Lucetta *back,*
And ask Remiſſion *for my* Folly paſt.

Mr. *Warburton.*

Jul.

Jul. Then have my lips the ſin that late they took.
Rom. Sin from my lips! O treſpaſs, ſweetly urg'd!
Give me my ſin again.
Jul. You kiſs by th' book.
Nurſe. Madam, your mother craves a word with you.
Rom. What is her mother? [*To her Nurſe.*
Nurſe. Marry, batchelor,
Her mother is the lady of the houſe,
And a good lady, and a wiſe and virtuous.
I nurs'd her daughter, that you talkt withal:
I tell you, he, that can lay hold of her,
Shall have the chink.
Rom. Is ſhe a *Capulet?*
O dear account! my life is my foe's debt.
Ben. Away, be gone, the ſport is at the beſt.
Rom. Ay, ſo I fear, the more is my unreſt.
Cap. Nay, Gentlemen, prepare not to be gone,
We have a trifling fooliſh banquet towards.
Is it e'en ſo? why, then, I thank you all.
I thank you, honeſt Gentlemen, good night:
More torches here—come on, then let's to bed,
Ah, ſirrah, by my fay, it waxes late.
I'll to my Reſt. [*Exeunt.*
Jul. Come hither, nurſe. What is yon gentleman?
Nurſe. The ſon and heir of old *Tiberio.*
Jul. What's he, that now is going out of door?
Nurſe. That, as I think, is young *Petruchio.*
Jul. What's he that follows here, that would not dance?
Nurſe. I know not.
Jul. Go ask his name. If he be married,
My Grave is like to be my wedding bed.
Nurſe. His name is *Romeo*, and a *Montague*,
The only ſon of your great enemy.
Jul. My only love ſprung from my only hate!
Too early ſeen, unknown; and known too late;
Prodigious birth of love it is to me,
That I muſt love a loathed enemy.
Nurſe. What's this? what's this?

Jul. A rhime I learn'd e'en now
Of one I danc'd withal. [*One calls within*, Juliet.
Nurſe. Anon, anon—
Come, let's away, the ſtrangers all are gone. [*Exeunt.*

Enter CHORUS.

Now old Deſire doth on his death-bed lye,
And young affection gapes to be his heir:
That Fair, for which love groan'd ſore, and would die,
With tender *Juliet* match'd, is now not fair.
Now *Romeo* is belov'd, and loves again,
Alike bewitched by the charm of looks:
But to his foe ſuppos'd he muſt complain,
And ſhe ſteal love's ſweet bait from fearful hooks.
Being held a foe, he may not have acceſs
To breathe ſuch vows as lovers uſe to ſwear;
And ſhe, as much in love, her means much leſs,
To meet her new-beloved any where:
But Paſſion lends them power, Time means, to meet;
Temp'ring extremities with extream ſweet. [*Exit* Chorus.

ACT II.

SCENE, *the Street.*

Enter Romeo *alone.*

ROMEO.

CAN I go forward when my heart is here?
Turn back, dull earth, and find thy center out. [*Exit.*

Enter Benvolio, *with* Mercutio.

Ben. *Romeo*, my couſin *Romeo.*
Mer. He is wiſe,
And, on my life, hath ſtol'n him home to bed.
Ben. He ran this way, and leap'd this orchard wall.
Call, good *Mercutio.*
Mer. Nay, I'll conjure too.
Why, *Romeo!* humours! madman! paſſion! lover!
Appear thou in the likeneſs of a Sigh,
Speak but one Rhime, and I am ſatisfied.
Cry but *Ay me!* couple but *love* and *dove*,
Speak to my goſſip *Venus* one fair word,
One nick-name to her pur-blind ſon and heir,
(Young *Abraham Cupid*, he that ſhot ſo true, (13)
When

(13) *Young* Abraham Cupid, *he that ſhot ſo true,*
When King Cophetua *lov'd the* Beggar-maid.] Tho I have not diſturbed the Text, I conceive, there may be an Error in the Word *Abraham.* I have no Idea, why *Cupid* ſhould have this *Prænomen.* I have ſuſpected that the Poet wrote,
Young auborn *Cupid*,——

When King *Cophetua* lov'd the beggar-maid——)
He heareth not, he ſtirreth not, he moveth not,
The ape is dead, and I muſt conjure him.
I conjure thee by *Roſaline*'s bright eyes,
By her high fore-head, and her ſcarlet lip,
By her fine foot, ſtraight leg, and quivering thigh,
And the demeaſns that there adjacent lye,
That in thy likeneſs thou appear to us.

Ben. And if he hear thee, thou wilt anger him.

Mer. This cannot anger him: 'twould anger him,
To raiſe a ſpirit in his miſtreſs' circle,
Of ſome ſtrange nature, letting it there ſtand
'Till ſhe had laid it, and conjur'd it down;
That were ſome ſpight. My invocation is
Honeſt and fair, and, in his miſtreſs' name,
I conjure only but to raiſe up him.

Ben. Come, he hath hid himſelf among theſe trees,
To be conſorted with the hum'rous night:
Blind is his love, and beſt befits the dark.

Mer. If love be blind, love cannot hit the mark.
Now will he ſit under a medlar-tree,
And wiſh his miſtreſs were that kind of fruit,
Which maids call medlars, when they laugh alone.——
Romeo, good night; I'll to my truckle-bed,
This field-bed is too cold for me to ſleep:
Come, ſhall we go?

Ben. Go then, for 'tis in vain
To ſeek him here that means not to be found. [*Exeunt.*

i. e. *brown-hair'd:* becauſe in ſeveral other Paſſages where *auborn* ſhould be wrote, it is printed *Abraham* in the old Books. This old Ballad of the King enamour'd of the *Beggar* is twice again alluded to by our Author in his *Love's Labour's loſt.*

Arm. *Is there not a Ballad, boy, of the* King *and the* Beggar?

Moth. *The World was guilty of ſuch a Ballad, ſome three Ages ſince, but, I think, now 'tis not to be found.*

And *Armado* afterwards, in his ſuſtian Letter, names both the King and the Beggar.

The magnanimous and moſt illuſtrate King Cophetua *ſet Eye upon the pernicious and moſt indubitate Beggar* Zenelophon.

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Garden.*

Enter Romeo.

Rom. HE jeſts at ſcars, that never felt a wound —— But, ſoft! what light thro' yonder window breaks?
It is the Eaſt, and *Juliet* is the Sun!
[Juliet *appears above, at a window.*
Ariſe, fair Sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already ſick and pale with grief,
That thou, her maid, art far more fair than ſhe.
Be not her maid, ſince ſhe is envious:
Her veſtal livery is but ſick and green,
And none but fools do wear it; caſt it off——
She ſpeaks, yet ſhe ſays nothing; what of that?
Her eye diſcourſes; I will anſwer it——
I am too bold, 'tis not to me ſhe ſpeaks:
Two of the faireſt ſtars of all the heav'n,
Having ſome buſineſs, do intreat her eyes
To twinkle in their ſpheres 'till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head?
The brightneſs of her cheek would ſhame thoſe ſtars,
As day-light doth a lamp; her eyes in heav'n
Would through the airy region ſtream ſo bright,
That birds would ſing, and think it were not night:
See, how ſhe leans her cheek upon her hand!
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek!
Jul. Ah me!
Rom. She ſpeaks.
Oh, ſpeak again, bright angel! for thou art (14)

(14) *O, ſpeak again, bright Angel! for thou art*
As glorious to this night,] Tho' all the printed Copies concur in this Reading, yet the latter Part of the *Simily* ſeems to require,
As glorious to this Sight;
and therefore I have ventur'd to alter the Text ſo. *i. e.* Thou appear'ſt, over my Head, as glorious to my Eyes, as an Angel in the Clouds to Mortals that ſtare up at him with Admiration.

As

As glorious to this Sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged meſſenger from heav'n,
Unto the white upturned wondring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he beſtrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And ſails upon the boſom of the air.

Jul. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*——wherefore art thou *Romeo?*
Deny thy father, and refuſe thy name:
Or if thou wilt not, be but ſworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a *Capulet.*

Rom. Shall I hear more, or ſhall I ſpeak at this?
[*Aſide.*

Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy:
Thou art thyſelf, though not a *Montague.*
What's *Montague?* it is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face——nor any other part.
What's in a name? that which we call a roſe,
By any other name would ſmell as ſweet.
So *Romeo* would, were he not *Romeo* call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title; *Romeo*, quit thy name;
And for thy name, which is no part of thee,
Take all my ſelf.

Rom. I take thee at thy word:
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptiz'd,
Henceforth I never will be *Romeo.*

Jul. What man art thou, that thus, beſcreen'd in night,
So ſtumbleſt on my counſel?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear Saint, is hateful to my ſelf,
Becauſe it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.

Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the ſound.
Art thou not *Romeo*, and a *Montague?*

Rom. Neither, fair Saint, if either thee diſlike.

Jul. How cam'ſt thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard-walls are high, and hard to climb;

And the place death, conſidering who thou art,
If any of my kinſmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch theſe walls,
For ſtony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinſmen are no ſtop to me.
Jul. If they do ſee thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye,
Than twenty of their ſwords; look thou but ſweet,
And I am proof againſt their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world, they ſaw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whoſe direction found'ſt thou out this place?
Rom. By love, that firſt did prompt me to enquire,
He lent me counſel, and I lent him eyes:
I am no Pilot, yet wert thou as far
As that vaſt ſhore, waſh'd with the fartheſt ſea,
I would adventure for ſuch merchandiſe.
Jul. Thou know'ſt, the mask of night is on my face,
Elſe would a maiden bluſh bepaint my cheek
For that which thou haſt heard me ſpeak to night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain, deny
What I have ſpoke——but farewel compliment!
Doſt thou love me? I know, thou wilt ſay, *ay*;
And I will take thy word——yet if thou ſwear'ſt,
Thou may'ſt prove falſe; at lovers' perjuries, (15)
They ſay, *Jove* laughs. Oh, gentle *Romeo*,
If thou doſt love, pronounce it faithfully:

Or

(15) ——*At Lovers' Perjuries,*
They ſay, Jove *laughs.*] This Remark our Poet, probably, borrow'd from *Ovid*;

Jupiter *ex alto* Perjuria ridet Amantum.
De Art. Amandi, lib. i. 635.

Or elſe from *Tibullus*, who has the ſame Sentiment;

——Perjuria ridet Amantum
Jupiter, *& ventos irrita ferre jubet.* *Lib.* iii. *El.* 7.

To

Or if you think, I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverſe, and ſay thee *nay*,
So thou wilt wooe: but, elſe, not for the world.
In truth, fair *Montague*, I am too fond;
And therefore thou may'ſt think my 'haviour light:
But truſt me, Gentleman, I'll prove more true,
Than thoſe that have more cunning to be ſtrange.
I ſhould have been more ſtrange, I muſt confeſs,
But that thou over-heard'ſt, ere I was ware,
My true love's paſſion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath ſo diſcovered.

Rom. Lady, by yonder bleſſed moon I vow,
That tips with ſilver all theſe fruit-tree-tops——

Jul. O ſwear not by the moon, th' inconſtant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb;
Leſt that thy love prove likewiſe variable.

Rom. What ſhall I ſwear by?

Jul. Do not ſwear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, ſwear by thy gracious ſelf,
Which is the God of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.

Rom. If my true heart's love——

Jul. Well, do not ſwear——although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this Contract to night;
It is too raſh, too unadvis'd, too ſudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth ceaſe to be,
Ere one can ſay, it lightens——Sweet, good night.
This bud of love by ſummer's ripening breath
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet:
Good night, good night——as ſweet Repoſe and Reſt
Come to thy heart, as that within my breaſt!

To this likewiſe the *Greeks* alluded in their Proverb, Ἀφροδίσιος ὅρκος ἐκ ἐμποίνιμος. *Heſychius*, I remember, in quoting this Proverb, takes Notice of a Circumſtance that I can neither recollect, nor trace, in *Heſiod*; *viz.* that He firſt feign'd that *Jupiter* and *Io* ſwore to each other. πρῶτος δὲ Ἡσίοδος ἔπλασε, τὸς περὶ τ Δία κ τὼ Ἰὼ ὀμόσαι. *Jupiter*, we know, from Fables, often broke his Love-Oaths: ſo could not reaſonably condemn the Practice in others.

Rom.

Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to night?
Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine.
Jul. I gave thee mine, before thou didst request it:
And yet I would, it were to give again.
Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again,
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within; dear love, adieu!
[*Nurse calls within.*
Anon, good nurse:——Sweet *Montague*, be true:
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afraid,
Being in night, all this is but a dream;
Too flattering-sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter Juliet *above.*

Jul. Three words, dear *Romeo*, and good night, indeed:
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.
[*Within:* Madam.
I come, anon——but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee——[*Within:* Madam.] By and by, I come——
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soul,——
Jul. A thousand times good night. [*Exit.*
Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes tow'rd love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

Enter

Enter Juliet *again.*

Jul. Hiſt! *Romeo*, hiſt! O for a falkner's voice,
To lure this Taſſel gentle back again——
Bondage is hoarſe, and may not ſpeak aloud;
Elſe would I tear the cave where Echo lyes,
And make her airy tongue more hoarſe than mine,
With repetition of my *Romeo.*

Rom. It is my love that calls upon my name,
How ſilver-ſweet ſound lovers tongues by night,
Like ſofteſt muſick to attending ears!

Jul. Romeo!

Rom. My Sweet!

Jul. At what o' clock to morrow
Shall I ſend to thee?

Rom. By the hour of nine.

Jul. I will not fail, 'tis twenty years 'till then,——
I have forgot why I did call thee back.

Rom. Let me ſtand here 'till thou remember it.

Jul. I ſhall forget, to have thee ſtill ſtand there;
Remembring how I love thy company.

Rom. And I'll ſtill ſtay to have thee ſtill forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.

Jul. 'Tis almoſt morning. I would have thee gone,
And yet no further than a Wanton's bird,
That lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor priſoner in his twiſted gyves,
And with a ſilk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.

Rom. I would, I were thy bird.

Jul. Sweet, ſo would I;
Yet I ſhould kill thee with much cheriſhing.
Good night, good night. Parting is ſuch ſweet ſorrow,
That I ſhall ſay good night, 'till it be mortow. [*Exit.*

Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breaſt!
Would I were ſleep and peace, ſo ſweet to reſt!
Hence will I to my ghoſtly Friar's cloſe Cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, *with a basket.*

Fri. THE grey-ey'd morn ſmiles on the frowning night,
Check'ring the eaſtern clouds with ſtreaks of light:
And darkneſs flecker'd, like a drunkard, reels
From forth day's path, and *Titan*'s burning wheels.
Now ere the Sun advance his burning eye,
The day to chear, and night's dank dew to dry,
I muſt fill up this oſier cage of ours
With baleful weeds, and precious-juiced flowers.
The earth, that's Nature's mother, is her tomb;
What is her burying Grave, that is her womb;
And from her womb children of divers kind
We ſucking on her natural boſom find:
Many for many virtues excellent,
None but for ſome, and yet all different.
O, mickle is the powerful grace, that lies
In plants, herbs, ſtones, and their true qualities.
Nor nought ſo vile, that on the earth doth live, *d*
But to the earth ſome ſpecial good doth give:
Nor ought ſo good, but ſtrain'd from that fair uſe,
Revolts from true Birth, ſtumbling on abuſe.
Virtue it ſelf turns vice, being miſapplied;
And vice ſometime by action's dignified.
Within the infant rind of this ſmall flower
Poiſon hath reſidence, and medicine power:
For this being ſmelt, with that ſenſe chears each part;
Being taſted, ſlays all ſenſes with the heart.
Two ſuch oppoſed foes encamp them ſtill
In man, as well as herbs, Grace and rude Will:
And where the worſer is predominant,
Full-ſoon the canker death eats up that plant.

Enter Romeo.

Rom. Good morrow, father:

Fri. Benedicite!
What early tongue ſo ſweet ſaluteth me?
Young ſon, it argues a diſtemper'd head
So ſoon to bid good morrow to thy bed:
Care keeps his watch in every old man's eye,
And where care lodgeth, ſleep will never lye;
But where unbruiſed youth with unſtuft brain
Doth couch his limbs, there golden ſleep doth reign.
Therefore thy earlineſs doth me aſſure,
Thou art uprouz'd by ſome diſtemp'rature;
Or if not ſo, then here I hit it right,
Our *Romeo* hath not been in bed to night.
Rom. That laſt is true, the ſweeter Reſt was mine.
Fri. God pardon ſin! waſt thou with *Roſaline?*
Rom. With *Roſaline*, my ghoſtly father? no.
I have forgot that name, and that name's woe.
Fri. That's my good ſon: but where haſt thou been then?
Rom. I'll tell thee, ere thou ask it me again;
I have been feaſting with mine enemy;
Where, on a ſudden, one hath wounded me,
That's by me wounded; both our remedies
Within thy help and holy phyſick lies;
I bear no hatred, bleſſed man, for, lo,
My interceſſion likewiſe ſteads my foe.
Fri. Be plain, good ſon, and homely in thy drift;
Riddling confeſſion finds but riddling ſhrift.
Rom. Then plainly know, my heart's dear love is ſet
On the fair daughter of rich *Capulet*;
As mine on hers, ſo hers is ſet on mine;
And all combin'd; ſave what thou muſt combine
By holy marriage: When, and where, and how
We met, we woo'd, and made exchange of vow,
I'll tell thee as we paſs; but this I pray,
That thou conſent to marry us to day.
Fri. Holy ſaint *Francis*, what a change is here?
Is *Roſaline*, whom thou didſt love ſo dear,
So ſoon forſaken? young mens love then lyes
Not truly in their hearts, but in their eyes.

Jesu Maria! what a deal of brine
Hath washt thy sallow cheeks for *Rosaline?*
How much salt water thrown away in waste,
To season love, that of it doth not taste?
The Sun not yet thy sighs from heaven clears,
Thy old groans ring yet in my antient ears:
Lo, here upon thy cheek the stain doth sit
Of an old tear, that is not wash'd off yet.
If e'er thou wast thy self, and these woes thine,
Thou and these woes were all for *Rosaline.*
And art thou chang'd? pronounce this sentence then,
Women may fall, when there's no strength in men.
Rom. Thou chidd'st me oft for loving *Rosaline.*
Fri. For doating, not for loving, Pupil mine.
Rom. And bad'st me bury love.
Fri. Not in a Grave,
To lay one in, another out to have.
Rom. I pray thee, chide not: she, whom I love now,
Doth grace for grace, and love for love allow:
The other did not so.
Fri. Oh, she knew well,
Thy love did read by rote, and could not spell.
But come, young waverer, come and go with me,
In one respect I'll thy assistant be:
For this alliance may so happy prove,
To turn your household-rancour to pure love.
Rom. O let us hence, I stand on sudden haste:
Fri. Wisely and slow; they stumble, that run fast.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the* STREET.

Enter Benvolio *and* Mercutio.

Mer. WHERE the devil should this *Romeo* be? came he not home to night?
Ben. Not to his father's, I spoke with his man.
Mer. Why, that same pale hard-hearted wench, that *Rosaline*, torments him so, that he will, sure, run mad.
Ben. Tybalt, the kinsman to old *Capulet*,
Hath sent a letter to his father's house.

Mer. A challenge, on my life.

Ben. Romeo will anſwer it.

Mer. Any man, that can write, may anſwer a letter.

Ben. Nay, he will anſwer the letter's maſter, how he dares, being dar'd.

Mer. Alas, poor *Romeo*, he is already dead! ſtabb'd with a white wench's black eye, run through the ear with a love-ſong; the very pin of his heart cleft with the blind bow-boy's but-ſhaft; and is he a man to encounter *Tybalt?*

Ben. Why, what is *Tybalt?*

(a) *Mer.* More than prince of cats?——Oh, he's the courageous captain of compliments; he fights as you ſing prick-ſongs, keeps time, diſtance, and proportion; reſts his minum, one, two, and the third in your boſom; the very butcher of a ſilk button, a duelliſt, a duelliſt; a gentleman of the very firſt houſe, of the firſt and ſecond cauſe; ah, the immortal paſſado, the punto reverſo, the, hay!——

Ben. The what?

Mer. The pox of ſuch antick, liſping, affected phantaſies, theſe new tuners of accents:——Jeſu! a very good blade!——a very tall man!——a very good whore!——Why, is not this a lamentable thing, grandſire, that we ſhould be thus afflicted with theſe ſtrange flies, theſe faſhion-mongers, theſe *pardonnez-moy's*, who ſtand ſo much on the new form that they cannot ſit at eaſe on the old bench. O, their *bon's*, their *bon's!* (16)

Enter Romeo.

Ben. Here comes *Romeo*, here comes *Romeo.*

Mer. Without his roe, like a dried herring. O fleſh, fleſh, how art thou fiſhified? Now is he for the numbers

(16) *O, their* bones! *their* bones!] *Mercutio* is here ridiculing thoſe *frenchified* fantaſtical Coxcombs whom he calls *pardonnez-moy's*: and therefore, I ſuſpect, here he meant to write *French* too.

O, their *bon's!* their *bon's!*

i. e. How ridiculous they make themſelves in crying out *Good*, and being in Ecſtaſies with every Trifle: as he has juſt deſcrib'd them before,——Jeſu! *a very good blade!* &c.

that

that *Petrarch* flowed in: *Laura* to his lady was but a kitchen-wench; marry, ſhe had a better love to berime her: *Dido* a dowdy, *Cleopatra* a gipſie, *Helen* and *Hero* hildings and harlots: *Thisbé* a grey eye or ſo, but not to the purpoſe. Signior *Romeo*, *bonjour*; there's a *French* ſalutation to your *French* Slop. You gave us the counterfeit fairly laſt night.

Rom. Good morrow to you Both: What counterfeit did I give you?

Mer. The ſlip, Sir, the ſlip: can you not conceive?

Rom. Pardon, good *Mercutio*, my buſineſs was great; and in ſuch a caſe as mine, a man may ſtrain courteſy.

Mer. That's as much as to ſay, ſuch a caſe as yours conſtrains a man to bow in the hams.

Rom. Meaning, to curt'ſie.

Mer. Thou haſt moſt kindly hit it.

Rom. A moſt courteous expoſition.

Mer. Nay, I am the very pink of courteſie.

Rom. Pink for flower.——

Mer. Right.

Rom. Why, then is my pump well flower'd.

Mer. Sure wit ——follow me this jeſt, now, till thou haſt worn out thy pump, that when the ſingle ſole of it is worn, the jeſt may remain, after the wearing, ſolely-ſingular.

Rom. O ſingle-ſol'd jeſt,
Solely ſingular, for the ſingleneſs!

Mer. Come between us, good *Benvolio*, my wit faints.

Rom. Switch and ſpurs,
Switch and ſpurs, or I'll cry a match.

Mer. Nay, if our wits run the wild-gooſe chaſe, I am done: for thou haſt more of the wild-gooſe in one of thy wits, than, I am ſure, I have in my whole five. Was I with you there for the gooſe?

Rom. Thou waſt never with me for any thing, when thou waſt not there for the gooſe.

Mer. I will bite thee by the ear for that jeſt.

Rom. Nay, good gooſe, bite not.

Mer. Thy wit is a very bitter ſweeting,
It is a moſt ſharp ſawce.

Rom. An! is it not well ſerv'd in to a ſweet gooſe?

Mer. O, here's a wit of cheverel, that ſtretches from an inch narrow to an ell broad.

Rom. I ſtretch it out for that word broad, which, added to the gooſe, proves thee far and wide a broad gooſe.

Mer. Why, is not this better, than groaning for love? Now thou art ſociable; now art thou *Romeo*; now art thou what thou art, by art, as well as by nature; for this driveling love is like a great Natural, that runs lolling up and down to hide his bauble in a hole.

Ben. Stop there, ſtop there.

Mer. Thou deſireſt me to ſtop in my tale, againſt the hair.

Ben. Thou wouldſt elſe have made thy tale large.

Mer. O, thou art deceiv'd, I would have made it ſhort; for I was come to the whole depth of my tale, and meant, indeed, to occupy the argument no longer.

Enter Nurſe, *and* Peter *her Man.*

Rom. Here's goodly Geer: a Sayle! a Sayle!

Mer. Two, two, a Shirt and a Smock.

Nurſe. Peter, ——

Peter. Anon?

Nurſe. My Fan, *Peter.*

Mer. Do, good *Peter*, to hide her face; for her fan's the fairer of the two.

Nurſe. God ye good morrow, gentlemen.

Mer. God ye good den, fair gentlewoman.

Nurſe. Is it good den?

Mer. 'Tis no leſs, I tell you; for the bawdy hand of the dial is now upon the prick of noon.

Nurſe. Out upon you! what a man are you?

Rom. One, gentlewoman, that God hath made, himſelf to mar.

Nurſe. By my troth, it is well ſaid: for himſelf to mar, quotha? Gentlemen, can any of you tell me where I may find the young *Romeo?*

Rom. I can tell you: but young *Romeo* will be older when you have found him, than he was when you ſought him:

him: I am the youngeſt of that name, for fault of a worſe.

Nurſe. You ſay well.

Mer. Yea, is the worſt well?

Very well took, i'faith, wiſely, wiſely.

Nurſe. If you be he, Sir,

I deſire ſome confidence with you. (17)

Ben. She will indite him to ſome ſupper.

Mer. A bawd, a bawd, a bawd. So ho! —

Rom. What haſt thou found?

Mer. No hare, Sir, unleſs a hare, Sir, in a lenten pye, that is ſomething ſtale and hoar ere it be ſpent.

An old hare hoar, and an old hare hoar, is very good meat in *Lent.*

But a hare, that is hoar, is too much for a ſcore, when it hoars ere it be ſpent.

Romeo, will you come to your father's? we'll to dinner thither.

Rom. I will follow you.

Mer. Farewel, antient lady:

Farewel, lady, lady, lady. [*Exeunt* Mercutio, Benvolio.

Nurſe. I pray you, Sir, what ſaucy merchant was this, that was ſo full of his ropery?

Rom. A gentleman, nurſe, that loves to hear himſelf talk, and will ſpeak more in a minute, than he will ſtand to in a month.

(17) *I deſire ſome* Confidence *with You.*

Ben. *She will* invite *him to ſome Supper.*] Mr. *Rowe* firſt ſpoil'd the Joak of the Second Line in his Editions, and Mr. *Pope* is generally faithful to his Foot-ſteps. All the genuine Copies read, as I have reſtor'd to the Text;

She will indite *him to ſome Supper.*

Benvolio, hearing the Nurſe knock one Word out of joint, humourouſly is reſolv'd he will corrupt another in Imitation of her. Both the Corruptions are uſed by our Author in other parts of his Works.

Quick. ——— *and I will tell your Worſhip more of the Wart, the next Time we have* confidence, *and of other Wooers.*

Merry Wives, &c.

Dogb. *Marry, Sir, I would have ſome* confidence *with You, that* deterns *you nearly.* Much Ado, &c.

Quick. ——— *and he is* indited *to Dinner to the* Lubbar's *head*, &c.

2 Henry IV.

Nurſe. An a ſpeak any thing againſt me, I'll take him down an he were luſtier than he is, and twenty ſuch *Jacks:* and if I cannot, I'll find thoſe that ſhall. Scurvy knave, I am none of his flirt-gills; I am none of his skains-mates. And thou muſt ſtand by too, and ſuffer every knave to uſe me at his pleaſure? [*To her man.*

Pet. I ſaw no man uſe you at his pleaſure: if I had, my weapon ſhould quickly have been out, I warrant you. I dare draw as ſoon as another man, if I ſee occaſion in a good quarrel, and the law on my ſide.

Nurſe. Now, afore God, I am ſo vext, that every part about me quivers —— Scurvy knave! Pray you, Sir, a word: and as I told you, my young lady bid me enquire you out; what ſhe bid me ſay, I will keep to my ſelf: but firſt let me tell ye, if ye ſhould lead her into a fool's paradiſe, as they ſay, it were a very groſs kind of behaviour, as they ſay, for the gentlewoman is young; and therefore if you ſhould deal double with her, truly, it were an ill thing to be offered to any gentlewoman, and very weak dealing.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady and miſtreſs, I proteſt unto thee ——

Nurſe. Good heart, and, i'faith, I will tell her as much: Lord, lord, ſhe will be a joyful woman.

Rom. What wilt thou tell her, nurſe? thou doſt not mark me.

Nurſe. I will tell her, Sir, that you do proteſt; which, as I take it, is a gentleman-like offer.

Rom. Bid her deviſe ſome means to come to ſhrift this afternoon;
And there ſhe ſhall at friar *Lawrence'* Cell
Be ſhriv'd and married: here is for thy pains.

Nurſe. No, truly, Sir, not a penny.

Rom. Go to, I ſay, you ſhall.

Nurſe. This afternoon, Sir? well, ſhe ſhall be there.

Rom. And ſtay, good nurſe, behind the abby-wall:
Within this hour my man ſhall be with thee,
And bring thee cords, made like a tackled ſtair,
Which to the high top-gallant of my joy
Muſt be my convoy in the ſecret night.

Farewel,

Farewel, be truſty, and I'll quit thy pains.

Nurſe. Now, God in heav'n bleſs thee! hark you, Sir.

Rom. What ſayeſt thou, my dear nurſe?

Nurſe. Is your man ſecret? did you ne'er hear ſay, Two may keep counſel, putting one away?

Rom. I warrant thee, my man's as true as ſteel.

Nurſe. Well, Sir, my miſtreſs is the ſweeteſt lady; lord, lord, when 'twas a little prating thing —— O, — there is a noble man in town, one *Paris*, that would fain lay knife aboard; but ſhe, good ſoul, had as lieve ſee a toad, a very toad, as ſee him: I anger her ſometimes, and tell her, that *Paris* is the properer man; but I'll warrant you, when I ſay ſo, ſhe looks as pale as any clout in the verſal world. Doth not roſemary and *Romeo* begin both with a letter?

Rom. Ay, nurſe, what of that? both with an R. (18)

Nurſe. Ah, mocker! that's the dog's name. R. is for

(18) Rom. *Ay, Nurſe, what of That? Both with an* R.

Nurſe. *Ah mocker! that's the Dog's Name. R. is for* the no, *I know it begins with* no *other Letter,*] I believe, I have rectified this odd Stuff; but it is a little mortifying, that the Senſe, when 'tis found out, ſhould hardly be worth the pains of retrieving it. The *Nurſe* is repreſented as a prating ſilly Creature; She ſays, She will tell *Romeo* a good Joak about his Miſtreſs, and asks him, whether *Roſemary* and *Romeo* do not begin Both with a Letter: He ſays, Yes, an R. She, who, we muſt ſuppoſe, could not read, thought he had mock'd her, and ſays, No, ſure, I know better: our Dog's name is *R.* Yours begins with another Letter. This is natural enough, and very much in Character for this inſipid, prating Creature. *R* put her in Mind of that Sound which is made by Dogs when they ſnarl: and therefore, I preſume, ſhe ſays, that is the Dog's Name. A Quotation from *Ben Jonſon*'s *Alchemiſt* will clear up this Alluſion.

—— *He ſhall have a Bell, that's* Abel;
And, by it, ſtanding One whoſe Name is D
In a rug *Gown*; *there's* D *and* rug, *that's* Drug;
And right anenſt him a dog ſnarling, —— err;
There's Drugger, Abel Drugger. —— Mr. *Warburton.*

B. Jonſon again, in deſcribing the Sound of the Letters, in his *Engliſh* Grammar, ſays, R is the Dog's Letter, and *hirreth* in the Sound. For this Reaſon *Perſius*, the Satiriſt, call'd it *Litera canna:* —— becauſe the trembling Vibration of the Tongue in pronouncing it imitates the Snarling of a Dog. *Quòd tremulâ linguæ vibratione*, Canum, *quum* ringuntur,' ſonum *imitari videatur*, ſays *Rob. Stephens.*

Irritata Canis *quòd* RR *quam plurima dicat.*

Lucillius.

Thee? No; I know, it begins with another letter; and she hath the prettiest sententious of it, of you and rosemary, that it would do you good to hear it.

Rom. Commend me to thy lady — [*Exit* Romeo.

Nurse. Ay, a thousand times. *Peter*, ——

Pet. Anon?

Nurse. Take my fan, and go before. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *House.*

Enter Juliet.

Jul. THE clock struck nine, when I did send the nurse:
In half an hour she promis'd to return.
Perchance, she cannot meet him —— That's not so——
Oh, she is lame: love's heralds should be thoughts,
Which ten times faster glide than the sun-beams,
Driving back shadows over lowring hills.
Therefore do nimble-pinion'd doves draw love,
And therefore hath the wind-swift *Cupid* wings.
Now is the Sun upon the highmost hill
Of this day's journey; and from nine 'till twelve
Is three long hours——and yet she is not come;
Had she affections and warm youthful blood,
She'd be as swift in motion as a ball;
My words would bandy her to my sweet love,
And his to me;

Enter Nurse, *with* Peter.

O God, she comes. O honey Nurse, what news?
Hast thou met with him? send thy man away.

Nurse. Peter, stay at the gate. [*Exit* Peter.

Jul. Now, good sweet nurse, ——
O lord, why look'st thou sad?
Tho' News be sad, yet tell them merrily:
If good, thou shame'st the Musick of sweet News,
By playing 't to me with so sowre a Face.

Nurse. I am a weary, let me rest a while;

Fy,

Fy, how my bones ake, what a jaunt have I had?
Jul. I would, thou hadſt my bones, and I thy news:
Nay, come, I pray thee, ſpeak —— Good, good nurſe, ſpeak.
Nurſe. Jeſu! what haſte? Can you not ſtay a while?
Do you not ſee, that I am out of Breath?
Jul. How art thou out of Breath, when thou haſt breath
To ſay to me that thou art out of Breath?
Th' Excuſe, that thou doſt make in this delay,
Is longer than the Tale thou doſt excuſe.
Is thy news good or bad? anſwer to that;
Say either, and I'll ſtay the circumſtance:
Let me be ſatisfied, is't good or bad?
Nurſe. Well, you have made a ſimple choice; you know not how to chuſe a man: *Romeo!* no, not he; though his face be better than any man's, yet his legs excel all mens; and for a hand, and a foot, and a bo-dy, tho' they be not to be talk'd on, yet they are paſt compare. He is not the flower of courteſie, but, I warrant him, as gentle as a Lamb —— Go thy ways, wench, ſerve God —— What, have you dined at home?
Jul. No, no —— but all this did I know before:
What ſays he of our marriage? what of that?
Nurſe. Lord, how my head akes! what a head have I?
It beats, as it would fall in twenty pieces.
My back, o' th' other ſide —— O my back, my back:
Beſhrew your heart, for ſending me about,
To catch my death with jaunting up and down.
Jul. I'faith, I am ſorry that thou art ſo ill.
Sweet, ſweet, ſweet nurſe, tell me what ſays my love?
Nurſe. Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman,
And a courteous, and a kind, and a handſome,
And, I warrant, a virtuous —— where is your mother?
Jul. Where is my mother? — why, ſhe is within;
Where ſhould ſhe be? how odly thou reply'ſt!
Your love ſays like an honeſt gentleman:
Where is your mother? ——
Nurſe. O, God's lady dear,
Are you ſo hot? marry come up, I trow,

Is

Is this the poultis for my aking bones?
Hence-forward do your meſſages your ſelf.

Jul. Here's ſuch a coil; come, what ſays *Romeo?*

Nurſe. Have you got leave to go to ſhrift to day?

Jul. I have.

Nurſe. Then hie you hence to friar *Lawrence'* cell,
There ſtays a husband to make you a wife.
Now comes the wanton blood up in your cheeks,
They'll be in ſcarlet ſtraight at any news.
Hie you to church, I muſt another way,
To fetch a ladder, by the which your love
Muſt climb a bird's neſt ſoon, when it is dark.
I am the drudge and toil in your delight,
But you ſhall bear the burthen ſoon at night.
Go, I'll to dinner, hie you to the cell.

Jul. Hie to high fortune; —— honeſt nurſe, farewel.

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Romeo.

Fri. SO ſmile the heav'ns upon this holy act,
That after-hours with ſorrow chide us not!

Rom. Amen, amen! but come what ſorrow can,
It cannot countervail th' exchange of joy,
That one ſhort minute gives me in her ſight:
Do thou but cloſe our hands with holy words,
Then love-devouring death do what he dare,
It is enough I may but call her mine.

Fri. Theſe violent delights have violent ends,
And in their triumph die; like fire and powder,
Which, as they meet, conſume. The ſweeteſt honey
Is loathſome in its own deliciouſneſs,
And in the taſte confounds the appetite;
Therefore love mod'rately, long love doth ſo:
Too ſwift arrives as tardy as too ſlow.

Enter Juliet.

Here comes the lady. O, ſo light a foot

Will

Will ne'er wear out the everlaſting flint;
A lover may beſtride the goſſamour,
That idles in the wanton ſummer air,
And yet not fall, ſo light is vanity.

Jul. Good even to my ghoſtly Confeſſor.

Fri. *Romeo* ſhall thank thee, daughter, for us both.

Jul. As much to him, elſe are his thanks too much.

Rom. Ah! *Juliet*, if the meaſure of thy joy
Be heapt like mine, and that thy ſkill be more
To blazon it, then ſweeten with thy breath
This neighbour air; and let rich muſick's tongue
Unfold th' imagin'd happineſs, that Both
Receive in either, by this dear encounter.

Jul. Conceit, more rich in matter than in words,
Brags of his ſubſtance, not of ornament:
They are but beggars, that can count their worth;
But my true love is grown to ſuch exceſs,
I cannot ſum up one half of my wealth.

Fri. Come, come with me, and we will make ſhort work;
For, by your leaves, you ſhall not ſtay alone,
'Till Holy Church incorp'rate two in one. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT III.

SCENE, *The* STREET.

Enter Mercutio, Benvolio, *and ſervants.*

BENVOLIO.

I Pray thee, good *Mercutio*, let's retire;
The day is hot, the *Capulets* abroad;
And, if we meet, we ſhall not 'ſcape a brawl;
For now theſe hot days is the mad blood ſtirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of thoſe fellows, that, when he enters the confines of a tavern, claps me his ſword upon the table, and ſays, God ſend me no need of thee: and, by the operation of the ſecond cup, draws it on the Drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like ſuch a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a *Jack* in thy mood as any in *Italy*; and as ſoon mov'd to be moody, and as ſoon moody to be mov'd.

Ben. And what to?

Mer. Nay, an there were two ſuch, we ſhould have none ſhortly, for one would kill the other. Thou! why thou wilt quarrel with a man that hath a hair more, or a hair leſs in his beard, than thou haſt: thou wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reaſon but becauſe thou haſt haſel eyes; what eye, but ſuch an eye, would ſpy out ſuch a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarrels, as an egg is full of meat; and yet thy head hath been beaten as addle as an egg, for quarrelling: thou haſt

haſt quarrell'd with a man for coughing in the ſtreet, becauſe he hath wakened thy dog that hath lain aſleep in the Sun. Didſt thou not fall out with a tailor for wearing his new doublet before *Eaſter?* with another, for tying his new ſhoes with old ribband? and yet thou wilt tutor me for quarrelling!

Ben. If I were ſo apt to quarrel as thou art, any man ſhould buy the fee ſimple of my life for an hour and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-ſimple? O ſimple!

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head, here come the *Capulets.*

Mer. By my heel, I care not.

Tyb. Follow me cloſe, for I will ſpeak to them. Gentlemen, good-den, a word with one of you.

Mer. And but one word with one of us? couple it with ſomething, make it a word and a blow.

Tyb. You ſhall find me apt enough to that, Sir, if you will give me occaſion.

Mer. Could you not take ſome occaſion without giving?

Tyb. Mercutio, thou conſort'ſt with *Romeo* ——

Mer. Conſort! what doſt thou make us minſtrels! if thou make minſtrels of us, look to hear nothing but diſcords: here's my fiddleſtick; here's That, ſhall make you dance. Zounds! conſort!

[*Laying his hand on his ſword.*

Ben. We talk here in the publick haunt of men:
Either withdraw unto ſome private place,
Or reaſon coldly of your grievances,
Or elſe depart; here all eyes gaze on us.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to look, and let them gaze,
I will not budge for no man's pleaſure, I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well, peace be with you, Sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But I'll be hang'd, Sir, if he wear your livery:
Marry,

Marry, go firſt to field, he'll be your follower;
Your Worſhip in that ſenſe may call him man.
Tyb. Romeo, the love, I bear thee, can afford (19)
No better term than this, thou art a villain. ——
Rom. Tybalt, the reaſon that I have to love thee
Doth much excuſe the appertaining rage
To ſuch a Greeting: villain I am none,
Therefore, farewel; I ſee, thou know'ſt me not.
Tyb. Boy, this ſhall not excuſe the Injuries
That thou haſt done me, therefore turn and draw.
Rom. I do proteſt, I never injur'd thee,
But love thee better than thou canſt deviſe;
'Till thou ſhalt know the reaſon of my love.
And ſo, good *Capulet*, (whoſe name I tender
As dearly as my own,) be ſatisfied.
Mer. O calm, diſhonourable, vile ſubmiſſion!
Ah! la Stoccata carries it away. (20)
Tybalt, you rat-catcher, will you walk?
Tyb. What wouldſt thou have with me?
Mer. Good King of cats, nothing but one of your nine lives, that I mean to make bold withal; and as you ſhall uſe me hereafter, dry-beat the reſt of the eight. Will you pluck your Sword out of his pilcher by the ears? Make haſte, leſt mine be about your ears ere it be out.

(19) Romeo, *the* Hate *I bear thee can afford*
No better Term than this,] This is only Mr. *Pope*'s Sophiſtication of the Text. All the Copies in general, that I have ſeen, read,
Romeo, *the* Love *I bear thee*, &c.
Why then this Change? Is Mr. *Pope* really ſo great a Poet, and does not know, that *the Love* here ſtands for the *little* or *no Love*, the *Hate* in effect? Is it not frequent in Poetry to expreſs Things by their Contraries; to uſe *promiſe* inſtead of *threaten*, and *threaten* inſtead of *promiſe?* I'll quote an Inſtance from *Virgil*, becauſe *Servius*'s Comment on it explains the Practice of this Figure.

——— *& Me, fors ſi qua tuliſſet,*
Si patrios unquàm remeaſſem victor ad Argos,
Promiſi ultorem, *& verbis odia aſpera movi.*

Promiſi.] *Pro* minatus ſum, *per Contrarium dixit: quià minamur mala, promittimus bona. Sic autem* Horatius *contrà*;
Atqui vultus erat multa & præclara *minantis*, i. e. *promittentis.*
(20) *Alla Stucatho.*] This ſmells a little too rank of Barbariſm for *Mercutio*, who is no ignorant Fellow, but underſtood at leaſt his own Country Language. *Stoccata* is the *Italian* Word for a certain Paſs in Fencing.

Tyb.

Tyb. I am for you. [*Drawing.*

Rom. Gentle *Mercutio*, put thy rapier up.

Mer. Come, Sir, your paſſado. [Mer. *and* Tyb. *fight.*

Rom. Draw, *Benvolio* — beat down their weapons —
Gentlemen —— for ſhame, forbear this outrage ——
Tybalt — *Mercutio* — the Prince expreſly hath
Forbidden bandying in *Verona* ſtreets.
Hold, *Tybalt* — good *Mercutio.* [*Exit* Tybalt.

Mer. I am hurt ——
A plague of both the houſes! I am ſped:
Is he gone, and hath nothing?

Ben. What, art thou hurt?

Mer. Ay, ay, a ſcratch, a ſcratch; marry, 'tis enough.
Where is my page? go, villain, fetch a ſurgeon.

Rom. Courage, man, the hurt cannot be much.

Mer. No, 'tis not ſo deep as a well, nor ſo wide as a church-door, but 'tis enough, 'twill ſerve: ask for me to morrow, and you ſhall find me a grave man. I am pepper'd, I warrant, for this world: a plague of both your houſes! What? a dog, a rat, a mouſe, a cat, to ſcratch a man to death? a braggart, a rogue, a villain, that fights by the book of arithmetick? why the devil came you between us? I was hurt under your arm.

Rom. I thought all for the beſt.

Mer. Help me into ſome houſe, *Benvolio*,
Or I ſhall faint; a plague o'both your houſes!
They have made worms-meat of me,
I have it, and ſoundly too. Plague o' your houſes!
[*Exe.* Mer. Ben.

Rom. This gentleman, the Prince's near allie,
My very friend, hath got his mortal hurt
In my behalf; my reputation ſtain'd
With *Tybalt*'s ſlander; *Tybalt*, that an hour
Hath been my couſin: O ſweet *Juliet*,
Thy beauty hath made me effeminate,
And in my temper ſoftned valour's ſteel.

Enter Benvolio.

Ben. O *Romeo*, *Romeo*, brave *Mercutio*'s dead;
That gallant ſpirit hath aſpir'd the clouds,

Which

Which too untimely here did ſcorn the earth.
Rom. This day's black fate on more days does depend;
This but begins the woe, others muſt end.

Enter Tybalt.

Ben. Here comes the furious *Tybalt* back again.
Rom. Alive? in Triumph? and *Mercutio* ſlain?
Away to heav'n reſpective lenity,
And fire-ey'd fury be my conduct now!
Now, *Tybalt*, take the villain back again,
That late thou gav'ſt me; for *Mercutio*'s ſoul
Is but a little way above our heads,
Staying for thine to keep him company:
Or thou or I, or both, muſt go with him.
Tyb. Thou, wretched boy, that didſt conſort him here,
Shalt with him hence.
Rom. This ſhall determine that.
[*They fight*, Tybalt *falls.*
Ben. *Romeo*, away, be gone:
The citizens are up, and *Tybalt* ſlain ——
Stand not amaz'd; the Prince will doom thee death,
If thou art taken: hence, be gone, away.
Rom. O! I am fortune's fool.
Ben. Why doſt thou ſtay? [*Exit* Romeo.

Enter Citizens.

Cit. Which way ran he, that kill'd *Mercutio?*
Tybalt, that murtherer, which way ran he?
Ben. There lyes that *Tybalt.*
Cit. Up, Sir, go with me:
I charge thee in the Prince's name, obey.

Enter Prince, Montague, Capulet, *their wives*, &c.
Prin. Where are the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben. O noble Prince, I can diſcover all
Th' unlucky manage of this fatal brawl:
There lies the man ſlain by young *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman brave *Mercutio.*

La. Cap

La. Cap. Tybalt, my couſin! O my brother's child!—
Unhappy ſight! alas, the blood is ſpill'd
Of my dear kinſman —— Prince, as thou art true,
For blood of ours, ſhed blood of *Montague*.
Prin. Benvolio, who began this fray?
Ben. Tybalt here ſlain, whom *Romeo*'s hand did ſlay:
Romeo, that ſpoke him fair, bid him bethink
How nice the quarrel was, and urg'd withal
Your high diſpleaſure: all this uttered
With gentle breath, calm look, knees humbly bow'd,
Could not take truce with the unruly ſpleen
Of *Tybalt*, deaf to peace; but that he tilts
With piercing ſteel at bold *Mercutio*'s breaſt;
Who, all as hot, turns deadly point to point,
And with a martial ſcorn, with one hand beats
Cold death aſide, and with the other ſends
It back to *Tybalt*, whoſe dexterity
Retorts it: *Romeo* he cries aloud,
Hold, friends! friends, part! and, ſwifter than his tongue,
His agil arm beats down their fatal points,
And 'twixt them ruſhes; underneath whoſe arm
An envious thruſt from *Tybalt* hit the life
Of ſtout *Mercutio*, and then *Tybalt* fled;
But by and by comes back to *Romeo*,
Who had but newly entertain'd revenge,
And to't they go like lightning: for ere I
Could draw to part them, was ſtout *Tybalt* ſlain;
And as he fell, did *Romeo* turn to fly:
This is the truth, or let *Benvolio* die.
La. Cap. He is a kinſman to the *Montague*.
Affection makes him falſe, he ſpeaks not true.
Some twenty of them fought in this black ſtrife,
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.
I beg for juſtice, which thou, Prince, muſt give;
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* muſt not live.
Prin. Romeo ſlew him, he ſlew *Mercutio*;
Who now the price of his dear blood doth owe.
La. Mont. Not *Romeo*, Prince, he was *Mercutio*'s friend;
His fault concludes but what the law ſhould end,
The life of *Tybalt*.

Prin. And for that offence,
Immediately we do exile him hence:
I have an intereſt in your hearts proceeding,
My blood for your rude brawls doth lye a bleeding;
But I'll amerce you with ſo ſtrong a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſs of mine.
I will be deaf to pleading and excuſes,
Nor tears nor prayers ſhall purchaſe out abuſes;
Therefore uſe none; let *Romeo* hence in haſte,
Elſe, when he's found, that hour is his laſt. (21)
Bear hence this body, and attend our will:
" Mercy but murthers, pardoning thoſe that kill."

[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Juliet *alone.*

Jul. GALLOP apace, you fiery-footed ſteeds,
Tow'rds *Phœbus'* manſion; ſuch a waggoner,
As *Phaeton*, would whip you to the weſt,
And bring in cloudy night immediately.
Spread thy cloſe curtain, love-performing night, (22)
That th' Run away's eyes may wink; and *Romeo*

Leap

(21) *Elſe, when* he is *found*, that hour *is his laſt.*] It is wonderful that Mr. *Pope* ſhould retort the *Want* of *Ear* upon any body, and paſs ſuch an inharmonious unſcanning Verſe in his own Ear: a Verſe, that cannot run off from the Tongue with any Cadence of Muſick, the ſhort and long Syllables ſtand ſo perverſely. We muſt read,

Elſe, when he's *found, that* Hour *is his laſt.*

Every diligent and knowing Reader of our Poet muſt have obſerv'd, that *Hour* and *Fire* are almoſt perpetually *diſſyllables* in the pronounciation and Scanſion of his Verſes.

(22) *Spread thy cloſe Curtain, love-performing Night,*
That runaways *Eyes may wink*;] What Runaways are theſe, whoſe Eyes *Juliet* is wiſhing to have ſtopt? *Macbeth*, we may remember, makes an Invocation to Night, much in the ſame Strain:

——— *Come, ſeeling Night,*
Scarf *up the tender* Eye *of pitifull* day, &c.

So *Juliet* here would have Night's Darkneſs obſcure the great Eye of the Day, the *Sun*; whom conſidering in a poetical Light as *Phœbus*, drawn

Leap to these arms, untalkt of and unseen.
Lovers can see to do their am'rous rites
By their own beauties: or if love be blind,
It best agrees with night. Come, civil night,
Thou sober-suited matron, all in black,
And learn me how to lose a winning match,
Plaid for a pair of stainless maidenheads.
Hood my unmann'd blood baiting in my cheeks,
With thy black mantle; 'till strange love, grown bold,
Thinks true love acted, simple modesty.
Come, night, come, *Romeo!* come, thou day in night!
For thou wilt lye upon the wings of night,
Whiter than snow upon a raven's back:
Come, gentle night; come, loving, black-brow'd night!
Give me my *Romeo*, and, when he shall die,
Take him and cut him out in little stars,
And he will make the face of heav'n so fine,
That all the world shall be in love with night,
And pay no worship to the garish sun.
O, I have bought the mansion of a love,
But not possess'd it; and though I am sold,
Not yet enjoy'd; so tedious is this day,
As is the night before some festival,
To an impatient child that hath new robes,
And may not wear them. O, here comes my nurse!

Enter Nurse with cords.

And she brings news; and every tongue, that speaks
But *Romeo*'s name, speaks heav'nly eloquence;
Now, nurse, what news? what hast thou there?
The cords that *Romeo* bid thee fetch?
Nurse. Ay, ay, the cords.
Jul. Ay me, what news?
Why dost thou wring thy hands?
Nurse. Ah welladay, he's dead, he's dead, he's dead!

drawn in his Carr with *fiery-footed* Steeds, and *posting* thro' the Heav'ns, She very properly calls him, with regard to the Swiftness of his Course, the *Runaway*. In the like Manner our Poet speaks of the *Night*, in the *Merchant of* Venice.

For the close Night doth play the Runaway. Mr. *Warburton*.

We are undone, lady, we are undone. ——
Alack, the day! he's gone, he's kill'd, he's dead.
Jul. Can heaven be ſo envious?
Nurſe. Romeo can,
Though heav'n cannot. O *Romeo! Romeo!*
Who ever would have thought it, *Romeo?*
Jul. What devil art thou, that doſt torment me thus?
This torture ſhould be roar'd in diſmal hell.
Hath *Romeo* ſlain himſelf? ſay thou but, I;
And that bare vowel, I, ſhall poiſon more (23)
Than the death-darting eye of cockatrice.
Nurſe. I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
(God ſave the mark,) here on his manly breaſt.
A piteous coarſe, a bloody piteous coarſe;
Pale, pale as aſhes, all bedawb'd in blood,
All in gore blood; I ſwooned at the ſight.
Jul. O break, my heart! —— poor bankrupt, break at once!
To priſon, eyes! ne'er look on liberty;
Vile earth to earth reſign, end motion here,
And thou and *Romeo* preſs one heavy bier!
Nurſe. O *Tybalt*, *Tybalt*, the beſt friend I had:
O courteous *Tybalt*, honeſt gentleman,
That ever I ſhould live to ſee thee dead!
Jul. What ſtorm is this, that blows ſo contrary?
Is *Romeo* ſlaughter'd? and is *Tybalt* dead?
My dear-lov'd couſin, and my dearer lord?
Then let the trumpet ſound the general Doom,
For who is living, if thoſe two are gone?
Nurſe. Tybalt is dead, and *Romeo* baniſhed,
Romeo, that kill'd him, he is baniſhed.
Jul. O God! did *Romeo*'s hand ſhed *Tybalt*'s blood?

(23) *And that bare Vowel,* ay, *ſhall poyſon more*
Than the death-darting Eye of Cockatrice.] I queſtion much, whether the Grammarians will take this new *Vowel* on Truſt from Mr. *Pope*, without ſuſpecting it rather for a *Dyphthong*. In ſhort, we muſt reſtore the Spelling of the Old Books, or We loſe the Poet's Conceit. At his Time of day, the affirmative Adverb *Ay* was generally written, *I:* and by this means it both becomes a *Vowel*, and anſwers in Sound to *Eye*, upon which the Conceit turns in the Second Line.

Nurſe

Nurſe. It did, it did, alas, the day! it did.
Jul. O ſerpent heart, hid with a flowring face,
Did ever dragon keep ſo fair a cave?
Beautiful tyrant, fiend angelical!
Dove-feather'd raven! Wolviſh-rav'ning Lamb! (24)
Deſpiſed ſubſtance of divineſt ſhow!
Juſt oppoſite to what thou juſtly ſeem'ſt,
A damned Saint, an honourable villain!
O nature! what hadſt thou to do in hell,
When thou didſt bower the Spirit of a fiend
In mortal Paradiſe of ſuch ſweet fleſh?
Was ever book containing ſuch vile matter
So fairly bound? O that deceit ſhould dwell
In ſuch a gorgeous palace!
Nurſe. There's no truſt,
No faith, no honeſty in men; all perjur'd;
All, all forſworn; all naught; and all diſſemblers.
Ah, where's my man? give me ſome *Aqua vitæ* —
Theſe griefs, theſe woes, theſe ſorrows make me old!
Shame come to *Romeo!*
Jul. Bliſter'd be thy tongue,
For ſuch a wiſh! he was not born to ſhame;
Upon his brow ſhame is aſham'd to ſit:
For 'tis a throne where honour may be crown'd
Sole monarch of the univerſal earth.
O, what a beaſt was I to chide him ſo?
Nurſe. Will you ſpeak well of him that kill'd your couſin?
Jul. Shall I ſpeak ill of him, that is my husband?

(24) *Ravenous Dove, feather'd Raven,*
Wolviſh ravening Lamb.] This paſſage Mr. *Pope* has thrown out of the Text, partly, I preſume, becauſe theſe two noble *Hemiſtichs* are, indeed, inharmonious: [but chiefly, becauſe they are obſcure and unintelligible at the firſt View.] But is there no ſuch Thing as a Crutch for a labouring, halting, Verſe? I'll venture to reſtore to the Poet a Line that was certainly his, that is in his own Mode of Thinking, and truly worthy of him. The firſt word, *ravenous*, I have no Doubt, was blunderingly coin'd out of *Raven* and *ravening*, which follow; and if we only throw it out, we gain at once an harmonious Verſe, and a proper Contraſt of Epithets and Images.

Dove-feather'd Raven! Wolviſh-rav'ning Lamb!

Ah, poor my lord, what tongue ſhall ſmooth thy name,
When I, thy three-hours wife, have mangled it!
But wherefore, villain, didſt thou kill my couſin?
That villain couſin would have kill'd my husband.
Back, fooliſh tears, back to your native ſpring;
Your tributary drops belong to woe,
Which you, miſtaking, offer up to joy.
My husband lives, that *Tybalt* would have ſlain;
And *Tybalt's* dead, that would have kill'd my husband;
All this is comfort; wherefore weep I then?
Some word there was, worſer than *Tybalt*'s death,
That murther'd me; I would forget it, fain;
But, oh! it preſſes to my memory,
Like damned guilty deeds to ſinners minds;
Tybalt *is dead, and* Romeo *baniſhed!*
That *baniſhed*, that one word *baniſhed*,
Hath ſlain ten thouſand *Tybalts*: *Tybalt*'s death
Was woe enough, if it had ended there:
Or if ſow'r woe delights in fellowſhip,
And needly will be rank'd with other griefs,
Why follow'd not, when ſhe ſaid *Tybalt*'s *dead*,
Thy *Father* or thy *Mother*, nay, or *both?*
But with a rear-ward following *Tybalt*'s death,
Romeo *is baniſhed* —— to ſpeak that word,
Is, father, mother, *Tybalt*, *Romeo*, *Juliet*,
All ſlain, all dead! —— Romeo *is baniſhed!*
There is no end, no limit, meaſure, bound,
In that word's death; no words can that woe ſound.
Where is my father, and my mother, nurſe?

Nurſe. Weeping and wailing over *Tybalt*'s coarſe.
Will you go to them? I will bring you thither.

Jul. Waſh they his wounds with tears? mine ſhall be ſpent,
When theirs are dry, for *Romeo*'s baniſhment.
Take up thoſe Cords; — poor Ropes, you are beguil'd;
Both You and I; for *Romeo* is exil'd.
He made You for a high way to my Bed:
But I, a Maid, dye Maiden widowed.
Come, Cord; come, Nurſe; I'll to my wedding Bed:
And Death, not *Romeo*, take my Maidenhead!

Nurſe.

Nurſe. Hie to your chamber, I'll find *Romeo*
To comfort you. I wot well, where he is.
Hark ye, your *Romeo* will be here at night;
I'll to him, he is hid at *Lawrence'* cell.
Jul. O find him, give this ring to my true knight,
And bid him come, to take this laſt farewel.
[*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Romeo.

Fri. ROMEO, come forth; come forth, thou fearful man;
Affliction is enamour'd of thy parts,
And thou art wedded to calamity.
Rom. Father, what news? what is the Prince's doom?
What ſorrow craves acquaintance at my hand,
That I yet know not?
Fri. Too familiar
Is my dear ſon with ſuch ſow'r company.
I bring thee tidings of the Prince's doom.
Rom. What leſs than dooms-day is the Prince's doom?
Fri. A gentler judgment vaniſh'd from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's baniſhment.
Rom. Ha, baniſhment! be merciful, ſay, death;
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death. Do not ſay, baniſhment.
Fri. Here from *Verona* art thou baniſhed:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.
Rom. There is no world without *Verona*'s walls,
But purgatory, torture, hell it ſelf.
Hence baniſhed, is baniſh'd from the world;
And world-exil'd, is death. That baniſhed
Is death miſ-term'd: calling death baniſhment,
Thou cut'ſt my head off with a golden ax,
And ſmil'ſt upon the ſtroak that murthers me.
Fri. O deadly ſin! O rude unthankfulneſs!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind Prince,

Taking thy part, hath ruſht aſide the law,
And turn'd that black word death to baniſhment.
This is dear mercy, and thou ſeeſt it not.
Rom. 'Tis torture, and not mercy: heav'n is here,
Where *Juliet* lives; and every cat and dog
And little mouſe, every unworthy thing,
Lives here in heaven, and may look on her;
But *Romeo* may not. More validity,
More honourable ſtate, more courtſhip lives
In carrion flies, than *Romeo:* they may ſeize
On the white wonder of dear *Juliet*'s hand,
And ſteal immortal bleſſings from her lips;
(Which even in pure and veſtal modeſty
Still bluſh, as thinking their own kiſſes ſin.)
This may flies do, when I from this muſt fly;
(And ſay'ſt thou yet, that exile is not death?)
But *Romeo* may not; — he is baniſhed.
Hadſt thou no Poiſon mixt, no ſharp-ground knife,
No ſudden mean of death, tho' ne'er ſo mean,
But baniſhed to kill me? baniſhed?
O Friar, the Damned uſe that word in hell;
Howlings attend it: how haſt thou the heart,
Being a Divine, a ghoſtly Confeſſor,
A ſin-abſolver, and my friend profeſt,
To mangle me with that word, baniſhment?
Fri. Fond mad-man, hear me ſpeak. ——
Rom. O, thou wilt ſpeak again of baniſhment.
Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word,
Adverſity's ſweet milk, philoſophy,
To comfort thee, tho' thou art baniſhed.
Rom. Yet, baniſhed? hang up philoſophy:
Unleſs philoſophy can make a *Juliet*,
Diſplant a town, reverſe a Prince's doom,
It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more ——
Fri. O, then I ſee that mad men have no ears.
Rom. How ſhould they, when that wiſe men have no eyes?
Fri. Let me diſpute with thee of thy eſtate.
Rom. Thou canſt not ſpeak of what thou doſt not feel:
Wert thou as young as I, *Juliet* thy love,

An

An hour but married, *Tybalt* murthered,
Doating like me, and like me baniſhed;
Then might'ſt thou ſpeak, then might'ſt thou tear thy hair,
And fall upon the ground as I do now,
Taking the meaſure of an unmade grave.
[*Throwing himſelf on the ground.*
Fri. Ariſe, one knocks; good *Romeo*, hide thy ſelf.
[*Knock within.*
Rom. Not I, unleſs the breath of heartſick Groans,
Miſt-like, infold me from the Search of Eyes. [*Knock.*
Fri. Hark, how they knock!—(who's there?)—*Romeo*, ariſe.
Thou wilt be taken——(ſtay a while)——ſtand up;
[*Knocks.*
Run to my Study——(By and by)——God's will!
What willfulneſs is this?——I come, I come. [*Knock.*
Who knocks ſo hard? whence come you? what's your will?
Nurſe. [*Within.*] Let me come in, and you ſhall know my errand:
I come from lady *Juliet.*
Fri. Welcome then.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. O holy Friar, oh, tell me, holy Friar,
Where is my lady's lord? where's *Romeo?*
Fri. There, on the ground, with his own tears made drunk.
Nurſe. O he is even in my miſtreſs' caſe,
Juſt in her caſe, O woful ſympathy!
Piteous predicament! even ſo lies ſhe,
Blubb'ring and weeping, weeping and blubbering.
Stand up, ſtand up;——Stand, an you be a Man:
For *Juliet*'s Sake, for her Sake, riſe and ſtand.
Why ſhould you fall into ſo deep an oh!——
Rom. Nurſe!——
Nurſe. Ah Sir? ah Sir!——Death is the end of all.
Rom. Speak'ſt thou of *Juliet?* how is it with her?
Doth not ſhe think me an old murtherer,

Now I have ſtain'd the child-hood of our joy
With blood, remov'd but little from her own?
Where is ſhe? and how does ſhe? and what ſays
[147] My conceal'd lady to our cancell'd love?
Nurſe. O, ſhe ſays nothing, Sir; but weeps and weeps.
And now falls on her bed, and then ſtarts up,
And *Tybalt* cries, and then on *Romeo* calls,
And then down falls again.
Rom. As if that name,
Shot from the deadly level of a gun,
Did murther her, as that name's curſed hand
Murther'd her kinſman. — Tell me, Friar, tell me,
In what vile part of this anatomy
Doth my name lodge? tell me, that I may ſack
The hateful manſion. [*Drawing his Sword.*
Fri. Hold thy deſperate hand:
Thy tears are womaniſh, thy wild acts denote
Th' unreaſonable fury of a beaſt.
[102 Unſeemly Woman in a ſeeming Man!
150 And ill-beſeeming Beaſt in ſeeming Both!
158] Thou haſt amaz'd me. By my holy Order,
I thought thy diſpoſition better temper'd.
Haſt thou ſlain *Tybalt?* wilt thou ſlay thy ſelf?
And ſlay thy lady, that in thy Life lives,
By doing damned Hate upon thy ſelf?
Why rail'ſt thou on thy Birth, the Heav'n, and Earth,
Since Birth, and Heav'n, and Earth, all three do meet
In thee at once, which Thou at once would'ſt loſe?
Fie! fie! thou ſham'ſt thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit,
Which, like an Uſurer, abound'ſt in all,
And uſeſt none in that true uſe indeed,
Which ſhould bedeck thy Shape, thy Love, thy Wit.
Thy noble Shape is but a Form of Wax,
Digreſſing from the Valour of a Man;
Thy dear Love ſworn, but hollow Perjury,
Killing that Love, which thou haſt vow'd to cheriſh.
Thy Wit, that Ornament to Shape and Love,
Miſ-ſhapen in the Conduct of them Both,
Like Powder in a skill-leſs Soldier's Flask,
Is ſet on Fire by thine own Ignorance,

And thou dismember'd with thine own Defense.
What, rouse thee, man, thy *Juliet* is alive,
For whose dear sake thou wast but lately dead:
There art thou happy. *Tybalt* would kill thee,
But thou slew'st *Tybalt*; there thou'rt happy too.
The law, that threatned death, became thy friend,
And turn'd it to exile; there art thou happy;
A pack of blessings light upon thy back,
Happiness courts thee in her best array,
But, like a misbehav'd and sullen wench,
Thou pout'st upon thy fortune and thy love.
Take heed, take heed, for such die miserable.
Go, get thee to thy love, as was decreed,
Ascend her chamber, hence and comfort her:
But, look, thou stay not 'till the Watch be set;
For then thou canst not pass to *Mantua*:
Where thou shalt live, 'till we can find a time
To blaze your marriage, reconcile your friends,
Beg pardon of thy Prince, and call thee back
With twenty hundred thousand times more joy,
Than thou went'st forth in lamentation.
Go before, nurse; commend me to thy lady,
And bid her hasten all the house to bed,
Which heavy sorrow makes them apt unto.
Romeo is coming.

Nurse. O lord, I could have staid here all night long,
To hear good counsel: oh, what Learning is!
My lord, I'll tell my lady you will come.

Rom. Do so, and bid my Sweet prepare to chide.

Nurse. Here, Sir, a ring she bid me give you, Sir:
Hie you, make haste, for it grows very late.

Rom. How well my comfort is reviv'd by this!

Fri. Sojourn in *Mantua*; I'll find out your man,
And he shall signifie from time to time
Every good hap to you that chances here:
Give me thy hand, 'tis late, farewel, good night.

Rom. But that a joy, past joy, calls out on me,
It were a grief, so brief to part with thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *and* Paris.

Cap. THings have fal'n out, Sir, ſo unluckily,
That we have had no time to move our daughter:
Look you, ſhe lov'd her kinſman *Tybalt* dearly,
And ſo did I.——Well, we were born to die.——
'Tis very late, ſhe'll not come down to night.
I promiſe you, but for your Company,
I would have been a-bed an hour ago.
Par. Theſe times of woe afford no time to wooe:
Madam, good night; commend me to your daughter.
La. Cap. I will, and know her Mind early to morrow:
To night ſhe's mew'd up to her heavineſs.
Cap. Sir *Paris*, I will make a deſperate tender
Of my child's love: I think, ſhe will be rul'd
In all reſpects by me; nay more, I doubt it not.
Wife, go you to her e're you go to bed;
Acquaint her here with my ſon *Paris'* love,
And bid her, mark you me, on *Wedneſday* next,—
But, ſoft; what day is this?
Par. Monday, my lord.
Cap. Monday? ha! ha! well, *Wedneſday* is too ſoon,
On *Thurſday* let it be: o' *Thurſday*, tell her,
She ſhall be married to this noble Earl.
Will you be ready? Do you like this Haſte?
We'll keep no great a-do—— a friend or two——
For, hark you, *Tybalt* being ſlain ſo late,
It may be thought we held him careleſly,
Being our kinſman, if we revel much:
Therefore we'll have ſome half a dozen friends,
And there's an end. But what ſay you to *Thurſday?*
Par. My lord, I would that *Thurſday* were to morrow.
Cap. Well, get you gone—— on *Thurſday* be it then:
Go you to *Juliet* ere you go to bed, [*To lady* Cap.
Prepare her, wife, againſt this wedding-day.
Farewel, my lord—— light to my chamber, hoa!

'Fore

'Fore me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by. Good night. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, Juliet's *Chamber looking to the Garden.*

Enter Romeo *and* Juliet, *above at a window; a ladder of ropes set.*

Jul. WILT thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the Nightingale, and not the Lark,
That pierc'd the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yond pomgranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.
Rom. It was the Lark, the herald of the morn,
No Nightingale. Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountains' tops.
I must be gone and live, or stay and dye.
Jul. Yon light is not day-light, I know it well:
It is some meteor that the Sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to *Mantua*;
Then stay a while, thou shalt not go so soon.
Rom. Let me be ta'en, let me be put to death,
I am content, if thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon gray is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the pale reflex of *Cynthia*'s brow;
Nor that is not the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulty heav'ns so high above our heads.
I have more care to stay, than will to go.
Come death, and welcome: *Juliet* wills it so.
How is't, my Soul? let's talk, it is not day.
Jul. It is, it is; hie hence, be gone, away:
It is the lark that sings so out of tune,
Straining harsh discords, and unpleasing sharps.
Some say, the lark makes sweet division;
This doth not so: for she divideth us.

Some

Some ſay, the lark and loathed toad change eyes;
O, now I would they had chang'd voices too!
O now be gone, more light and light it grows.
Rom. More light and light? — More dark and dark our Woes.

Enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. Madam, ——
Jul. Nurſe?
Nurſe. Your lady mother's coming to your chamber:
The day is broke, be wary, look about. [*Exit* Nurſe.
Jul. Then, Window, let Day in, and let Life out.
Rom. Farewell, farewell; one Kiſs, and I'll deſcend.
[*Romeo* deſcends.
Jul. Art thou gone ſo? love! lord! ah husband! friend!
I muſt hear from thee ev'ry day in th' hour,
For in a minute there are many days.
O, by this count I ſhall be much in years,
Ere I again behold my *Romeo*.
Rom. Farewel: I will omit no opportunity,
That may convey my greetings, love, to thee.
Jul. O think'ſt thou, we ſhall ever meet again?
Rom. I doubt it not; and all theſe woes ſhall ſerve (25)
For ſweet diſcourſes, in our time to come.
Jul. O God! I have an ill-divining ſoul. —
Methinks, I ſee thee, now thou art below,
As one dead in the bottom of a tomb:
Either my eye-ſight fails, or thou look'ſt pale.
Rom. And truſt me, love, in mine eye ſo do you:
Dry Sorrow drinks our blood. Adieu, adieu.
[*Exit* Romeo.
Jul. Oh fortune, fortune, all men call thee fickle:

(25) —— *And all theſe Woes ſhall ſerve*
For ſweet Diſcourſes in our Time to come.] This very thought is expreſs'd by *Virgil* on a like Occaſion;
—— *Forſan & hæc olim meminiſſe juvabit.*
Æneid. I. *v.* 203
The learned *Taubman* in his Note on this paſſage has amaſs'd ſeveral ſimilar Quotations.

If thou art fickle, what doſt thou with him
That is renown'd for faith? be fickle, fortune:
For then, I hope, thou wilt not keep him long,
But ſend him back.

Enter lady Capulet.

La. Cap. Ho, daughter, , are you up?
Jul. Who is't, that calls? is it my lady mother?
What unaccuſtom'd cauſe procures her hither?
La. Cap. Why, how now, *Juliet?*
Jul. Madam, I am not well.
La. Cap. Evermore weeping for your couſin's death?
What, wilt thou waſh him from his Grave with tears?
An if thou could'ſt, thou could'ſt not make him live;
Therefore, have done. Some Grief ſhews much of Love;
But much of Grief ſhews ſtill ſome want of Wit.
Jul. Yet let me weep for ſuch a feeling loſs.
La. Cap. So ſhall you feel the Loſs, but not the Friend
Which you do weep for.
Jul. Feeling ſo the Loſs,
I cannot chuſe but ever weep the Friend.
La. Cap. Well, girl, thou weep'ſt not ſo much for his death,
As that the villain lives which ſlaughter'd him.
Jul. What villain, Madam?
La. Cap. That ſame villain, *Romeo.*
Jul. Villain and he are many miles aſunder.
God pardon him! I do, with all my Heart:
And, yet, No Man like He doth grieve my Heart.
La. Cap. That is, becauſe the Traytor lives.
Jul. I, Madam, from the Reach of theſe my hands:—
Would, None but I might venge my Couſin's Death!
La. Cap. We will have Vengeance for it, fear Thou not:
Then weep no more. I'll ſend to one in *Mantua,*
Where That ſame baniſh'd Runagate doth live,
Shall give him ſuch an unaccuſtom'd Dram,
That he ſhall ſoon keep *Tybalt* Company.
And then, I hope, thou wilt be ſatisfy'd.
Jul. Indeed, I never ſhall be ſatisfied

With

With *Romeo*, till I behold him —— dead——
Is my poor Heart ſo for a Kinſman vext.
Madam, if You could find out but a Man
To bear a poyſon, I would temper it;
That *Romeo* ſhould upon receipt thereof
Soon ſleep in Quiet. — O, how my heart abhors
To hear him nam'd, —— and cannot come to him ——
To wreak the Love I bore my ſlaughter'd Couſin,
Upon his body that hath ſlaughter'd him.

La. Cap. Find Thou the Means, and I'll find ſuch a Man.

But now I'll tell thee joyful Tidings, Girl.

Jul. And joy comes well in ſuch a needful time.
What are they, I beſeech your ladyſhip?

La. Cap. Well, well, thou haſt a careful father, child;
One, who, to put thee from thy heavineſs,
Hath ſorted out a ſudden day of joy,
That thou expect'ſt not, nor I look'd not for.

Jul. Madam, in happy time, what day is this?

La. Cap. Marry, my child, early next *Thurſday* morn,
The gallant, young and noble Gentleman,
The County *Paris*, at St. *Peter*'s church,
Shall happily make thee a joyful bride.

Jul. Now, by St. *Peter*'s church, and *Peter* too,
He ſhall not make me there a joyful bride.
I wonder at this haſte, that I muſt wed
Ere he, that muſt be husband, comes to wooe.
I pray you, tell my lord and father, Madam,
I will not marry yet: and when I do,
It ſhall be *Romeo*, whom you know I hate,
Rather than *Paris*. — Theſe are news, indeed!

La. Cap. Here comes your father, tell him ſo your ſelf,
And ſee, how he will take it at your hands.

Enter Capulet, *and Nurſe.*

Cap. When the Sun ſets, the Air doth drizzle Dew;
But for the Sunſet of my Brother's Son
It raines downright.——
How now? a conduit, girl? what, ſtill in tears?

Ever-

Evermore ſhow'ring? in one little body
Thou counterfeit'ſt a bark, a ſea, a wind;
For ſtill thy eyes, which I may call the ſea,
Do ebb and flow with tears; the bark thy body is,
Sailing in this ſalt flood: the winds thy ſighs,
Which, raging with thy tears, and they with them,
Without a ſudden calm, will overſet
Thy tempeſt-toſſed body ——How now, wife?
Have you deliver'd to her our decree?
La. Cap. Ay, Sir; but ſhe will none, ſhe gives you thanks:
I would, the fool were married to her Grave!
Cap. Soft, take me with you, take me with you, wife,
How, will ſhe none? doth ſhe not give us thanks?
Is ſhe not proud, doth ſhe not count her bleſt,
Unworthy as ſhe is, that we have wrought
So worthy a gentleman to be her bridegroom?
Jul. Not proud, you have; but thankful, that you have.
Proud can I never be of what I hate,
But thankful even for hate, that is meant love.
Cap. How now! how now! Chop Logick? What is This?
Proud! and I thank you! and I thank you not!
And yet not proud! — Why, Miſtreſs Minion, You,
Thank me no thankings, nor proud me no prouds,
But ſettle your fine joints 'gainſt *Thurſday* next,
To go with *Paris* to Saint *Peter*'s church;
Or I will drag thee on a hurdle thither.
Out, you green-ſickneſs-carrion! Out, you baggage!
You Tallow-face!
La. Cap. Fie, fie, what are you mad?
Jul. Good father, I beſeech you on my knees,
Hear me with Patience, but to ſpeak a word.
Cap. Hang thee, young baggage! diſobedient wretch!
I tell thee what, get thee to church o' *Thurſday*,
Or never after look me in the face.
Speak not, reply not, do not anſwer me;
My fingers itch. Wife, we ſcarce thought us bleſt,
That God had ſent us but this only child;

But now I ſee this One is one too much,
And that we have a Curſe in having her:
Out on her, hilding! ——
Nurſe. God in heaven bleſs her!
You are to blame, my lord, to rate her ſo.
Cap. And why, my lady Wiſdom? hold your tongue,
Good Prudence, ſmatter with your goſſips, go.
Nurſe. I ſpeak no treaſon —— O, god-ye-good-den —
May not one ſpeak?
Cap. Peace, peace, you mumbling fool;
Utter your gravity o'er a goſſip's bowl,
For here we need it not.
La. Cap. You are too hot.
Cap. God's bread! it makes me mad: day, night, late, early,
At home, abroad, alone, in company,
Waking, or ſleeping, ſtill my care hath been
To have her match'd; and having now provided
A gentleman of noble parentage,
Of fair demeans, youthful, and nobly allied,
Stuff'd, as they ſay, with honourable parts,
Proportion'd as one's thought would wiſh a man:
And then to have a wretched puling fool,
A whining mammet, in her fortune's Tender,
To anſwer, I'll not wed, —— I cannot love, ——
I am too young, —— I pray you, pardon me ——
But, if you will not wed, I'll pardon you:
Graze where you will, you ſhall not houſe with me;
Look to't, think on't, I do not uſe to jeſt.
Thurſday is near; lay hand on heart, adviſe;
If you be mine, I'll give you to my friend:
If you be not, hang, beg, ſtarve, die i'th' ſtreets;
For, by my ſoul, I'll ne'er acknowledge thee,
Nor what is mine ſhall ever do thee good:
Truſt to't, bethink you, I'll not be forſworn. [*Exit.*
Jul. Is there no pity ſitting in the clouds,
That ſees into the bottom of my grief?
O, ſweet my mother, caſt me not away,
Delay this marriage for a month, a week;
Or, if you do not, make the bridal bed

In

In that dim monument where *Tybalt* lies.
La. Cap. Talk not to me, for I'll not ſpeak a word:
Do as thou wilt, for I have done with thee. [*Exit.*
Jul. O God! O Nurſe, how ſhall this be prevented?
My Husband is on Earth, my Faith in Heav'n;
How ſhall that Faith return again to Earth,
Unleſs that Husband ſend it me from Heav'n,
By leaving Earth? —— Comfort me, counſel me.
Alack, alack, that heav'n ſhould practiſe ſtratagems
Upon ſo ſoft a ſubject as my ſelf!
What ſay'ſt thou? ha'ſt thou not a word of Joy?
Some Comfort, Nurſe. ——
Nurſe. Faith, here it is:
Romeo is baniſh'd; all the world to nothing,
That he dares ne'er come back to challenge you:
Or if he do, it needs muſt be by ſtealth.
Then ſince the caſe ſo ſtands, as now it doth,
I think it beſt, you married with the Count.
Oh, he's a lovely gentleman!
Romeo's a diſh-clout to him; an eagle, Madam,
Hath not ſo green, ſo quick, ſo fair an eye *keen. H.*
As *Paris* hath. Beſhrew my very heart,
I think you happy in this ſecond match,
For it excels your firſt; or if it did not,
Your firſt is dead; or 'twere as good he were, [*B*]
As living here, and you no uſe of him.
Jul. Speakeſt thou from thy heart?
Nurſe. And from my ſoul too,
Or elſe beſhrew them both.
Jul. Amen.
Nurſe. What?
Jul. Well, thou haſt comforted me marvellous much;
Go in, and tell my lady I am gone,
Having diſpleas'd my father, to *Lawrence*' cell,
To make confeſſion, and to be abſolved.
Nurſe. Marry, I will; and this is wiſely done. [*Exit.*
Jul. Ancient Damnation! O moſt wicked Fiend!
Is it more ſin to wiſh me thus forſworn,
Or to diſpraiſe my lord with that ſame tongue
Which ſhe hath prais'd him with above compare,

So many thouſand times? go, Counſellor, ——
Thou and my boſom henceforth ſhall be twain:
I'll to the Friar, to know his remedy:
If all elſe fail, my ſelf have power to die. [*Exit.*

ACT IV.

SCENE, *the Monaſtery.*

Enter Friar Lawrence *and* Paris.

FRIAR.

ON *Thurſday*, Sir! the time is very ſhort.
Par. My father *Capulet* will have it ſo,
And I am nothing ſlow to ſlack his haſte.
Fri. You ſay, you do not know the lady's mind:
Uneven is this courſe, I like it not.
Par. Immoderately ſhe weeps for *Tybalt*'s death,
And therefore have I little talk'd of love,
For *Venus* ſmiles not in a houſe of tears.
Now, Sir, her father counts it dangerous,
That ſhe ſhould give her ſorrow ſo much ſway;
And, in his wiſdom, haſtes our marriage,
To ſtop the inundation of her tears;
Which, too much minded by her ſelf alone,
May be put from her by ſociety.
Now do you know the reaſon of this haſte?
Fri. I would, I knew not why it ſhould be ſlow'd. [*Aſide.*
Look, Sir, here comes the lady tow'rds my cell.

Enter Juliet.

Par. Welcome, my love, my lady and my wife!

Jul. That may be, Sir, when I may be a wife.
Par. That may be, muſt be, Love, on *Thurſday* next.
Jul. What muſt be, ſhall be.
Fri. That's a certain text.
Par. Come you to make confeſſion to this father?
Jul. To anſwer That, were to confeſs to you.
Par. Do not deny to him, that you love me.
Jul. I will confeſs to you, that I love him.
Par. So will ye, I am ſure, that you love me.
Jul. If I do ſo, it will be of more price
Being ſpoke behind your back, than to your face.
Par. Poor ſoul, thy face is much abus'd with tears.
Jul. The tears have got ſmall victory by that:
For it was bad enough before their ſpight.
Par. Thou wrong'ſt it, more than tears, with that report.
Jul. That is no ſlander, Sir, which is but truth,
And what I ſpeak, I ſpeak it to my face.
Par. Thy face is mine, and thou haſt ſlander'd it.
Jul. It may be ſo, for it is not mine own.
Are you at leiſure, holy father, now,
Or ſhall I come to you at evening maſs?
Fri. My leiſure ſerves me, penſive daughter, now.
My lord, I muſt intreat the time alone.
Par. God ſhield, I ſhould diſturb devotion:
Juliet, on Thurſday early will I rowze you:
Till then, adieu! and keep this holy kiſs.
[*Exit* Paris.
Jul. Go, ſhut the door, and when thou haſt done ſo,
Come weep with me, paſt hope, paſt cure, paſt help.
Fri. O *Juliet*, I already know thy grief,
It ſtrains me paſt the Compaſs of my Wits.
I hear, you muſt, and nothing may prorogue it,
On *Thurſday* next be married to this Count.
Jul. Tell me not, Friar, that thou hear'ſt of this,
Unleſs thou tell me how I may prevent it.
If in thy wiſdom thou canſt give no help,
Do thou but call my reſolution wiſe,
And with this knife I'll help it preſently.
God join'd my heart and *Romeo*'s; thou, our hands;

And ere this hand, by thee to *Romeo* ſeal'd,
Shall be the label to another deed,
Or my true heart with treacherous revolt
Turn to another, this ſhall ſlay them both:
Therefore out of thy long-experienc'd time,
Give me ſome preſent counſel; or, behold,
'Twixt my extreams and me this bloody knife
Shall play the umpire; arbitrating that,
Which the commiſſion of thy years and art
Could to no iſſue of true honour bring:
Be not ſo long to ſpeak; I long to die,
If what thou ſpeak'ſt ſpeak not of remedy.

Fri. Hold, daughter, I do 'ſpy a kind of hope,
Which craves as deſperate an execution,
As That is deſp'rate which we would prevent.
If, rather than to marry County *Paris*,
Thou haſt the ſtrength of will to ſlay thy ſelf,
Then it is likely, thou wilt undertake
A thing like death to chide away this ſhame,
That cop'ſt with death himſelf, to 'ſcape from it:
And if thou dar'ſt, I'll give thee remedy.

Jul. O, bid me leap, rather than marry *Paris*,
From off the battlements of yonder tower:
Or chain me to ſome ſteepy mountain's top,
Where roaring bears and ſavage lions roam;
Or ſhut me nightly in a charnel houſe,
O'er-cover'd quite with dead mens ratling bones,
With reeky ſhanks, and yellow chapleſs skulls;
Or bid me go into a new-made Grave,
And hide me with a dead man in his ſhroud;
(Things, that to hear them nam'd, have made me tremble;)
And I will do it without fear or doubt,
To live an unſtain'd wife to my ſweet love.

Fri. Hold, then, go home, be merry, give conſent
To marry *Paris*; Wedneſday is to morrow;
To morrow Night, look, that thou lye alone.
(Let not thy Nurſe lye with thee in thy chamber:)
Take thou this vial, being then in Bed,
And this diſtilled liquor drink thou off;

When

When presently through all thy veins shall run
A cold and drowsie humour, which shall seize
Each vital spirit; for no Pulse shall keep
His nat'ral progress, but surcease to beat.
No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest;
The roses in thy lips and cheeks shall fade
To paly ashes; thy eyes' windows fall,
Like death, when he shuts up the day of life;
Each Part, depriv'd of supple Government,
Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear like Death:
And in this borrowed likeness of shrunk death
Thou shalt continue two and forty hours,
And then awake, as from a pleasant sleep.
Now when the bridegroom in the morning comes
To rowse thee from thy bed, there art thou dead:
Then, as the manner of our Country is,
In thy best robes uncover'd on the bier,
Be borne to burial in thy kindred's Grave:
Thou shalt be born to that same antient vault,
Where all the kindred of the *Capulets* lye.
In the mean time, against thou shalt awake,
Shall *Romeo* by my letters know our drift,
And hither shall he come; and he and I
Will watch thy Waking, and that very night
Shall *Romeo* bear thee hence to *Mantua*;
And This shall free thee from this present Shame,
If no unconstant toy, nor womanish fear,
Abate thy valour in the acting it.

Jul. Give me, oh give me, tell me not of fear.

[*Taking the vial.*

Fri. Hold, get you gone, be strong and prosperous
In this Resolve; I'll send a Friar with speed
To *Mantua*, with my letters to thy lord.

Jul. Love give me strength, and strength shall help afford.
Farewel, dear father! —— [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's *Houſe.*

Enter Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, *Nurſe, and two or three ſervants.*

Cap. SO many Gueſts invite, as here are writ;
Sirrah, go hire me twenty cunning cooks.

Ser. You ſhall have none ill, Sir, for I'll try if they can lick their fingers.

Cap. How canſt thou try them ſo?

Ser. Marry, Sir, 'tis an ill cook that cannot lick his own fingers: therefore he, that cannot lick his fingers, goes not with me.

Cap. Go, be gone.
We ſhall be much unfurniſh'd for this time:
What, is my daughter gone to Friar *Lawrence?*

Nurſe. Ay, forſooth.

Cap. Well, he may chance to do ſome good on her:
A peeviſh ſelf-will'd harlotry it is.

Enter Juliet.

Nurſe. See, where ſhe comes from Shrift with merry Look.

Cap. How now, my head-ſtrong? where have you been gadding?

Jul. Where I have learnt me to repent the ſin
Of diſobedient oppoſition
To You and your Beheſts; and am enjoyn'd
By holy *Lawrence* to fall proſtrate here,
And beg your pardon: Pardon, I beſeech you!
Henceforward I am ever rul'd by you.

Cap. Send for the County, go, tell him of this,
I'll have this knot knit up to morrow morning.

Jul. I met the youthful lord at *Lawrence'* cell,
And gave him what becoming love I might,
Not ſtepping o'er the bounds of Modeſty.

Cap. Why, I am glad on't, this is well, ſtand up;
This is as't ſhould be; let me ſee the County:

Ay,

Ay, marry, go, I ſay, and fetch him hither.
Now, afore God, this reverend holy Friar, —— [6]
All our whole city is much bound to him.
Jul. Nurſe, will you go with me into my cloſet,
To help me ſort ſuch needful ornaments
As you think fit to furniſh me to morrow?
La. Cap. No, not 'till *Thurſday*, there is time enough.
Cap. Go, nurſe, go with her; we'll to Church to morrow. [*Exeunt* Juliet *and Nurſe.*
La. Cap. We ſhall be ſhort in our proviſion;
'Tis now near night.
Cap. Tuſh, I will ſtir about,
And all things ſhall be well, I warrant thee, wife:
Go thou to *Juliet*, help to deck up her,
I'll not to bed to night, let me alone:
I'll play the houſewife for this once. —— What, ho!
They are all forth; well, I will walk my ſelf
To County *Paris*, to prepare him up
Againſt to morrow. My heart's wondrous light,
Since this ſame way-ward girl is ſo reclaim'd.
[*Exeunt* Capulet *and lady* Capulet.

SCENE *changes to* Juliet's *Chamber.*

Enter Juliet *and Nurſe.*

Jul. AY, thoſe attires are beſt; but, gentle nurſe,
I pray thee, leave me to my ſelf to night:
For I have need of many Oriſons
To move the heav'ns to ſmile upon my State,
Which, well thou know'ſt, is croſs, and full of Sin.

Enter lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What, are you buſie, do you need my help?
Jul. No, Madam, we have cull'd ſuch neceſſaries
As are behoveful for our ſtate to morrow:
So pleaſe you, let me now be left alone,
And let the nurſe this night ſit up with you;
For, I am ſure, you have your hands full all,

In

In this ſo ſudden buſineſs.

La. Cap. Good night,
Get thee to bed and reſt, for thou haſt need. [*Exeunt.*

Jul. Farewel —— God knows, when we ſhall meet again!
I have a faint cold fear thrills through my veins,
That almoſt freezes up the heat of life.
I'll call them back again to comfort me.
Nurſe —— what ſhould ſhe do here?
My diſmal ſcene I needs muſt act alone:
Come, vial — What if this mixture do not work at all?
Shall I of force be marry'd to the Count?
No, no, this ſhall forbid it; lye thou there ——
[*Pointing to a dagger.*
What if it be a poiſon, which the Friar
Subtly hath miniſtred, to have me dead,
Leſt in this marriage he ſhould be diſhonour'd,
Becauſe he married me before to *Romeo?*
I fear, it is; and yet, methinks, it ſhould not,
For he hath ſtill been tried a holy man. ——
How, if, when I am laid into the tomb,
I wake before the time that *Romeo*
Comes to redeem me? there's a fearful point!
Shall I not then be ſtifled in the vault,
To whoſe foul mouth no healthſome air breathes in,
And there be ſtrangled ere my *Romeo* comes?
Or, if I live, is it not very like,
The horrible conceit of death and night,
Together with the terror of the place,
(As in a vault, an antient receptacle,
Where, for theſe many hundred years, the bones
Of all my buried Anceſtors are packt;
Where bloody *Tybalt*, yet but green in earth,
Lies feſtring in his ſhroud; where, as they ſay,
At ſome hours in the night ſpirits reſort ——)
Alas, alas! is it not like, that I
So early waking, what with loathſome ſmells,
And ſhrieks, like mandrakes torn out of the earth,
That living mortals, hearing them, run mad. ——
Oh if I wake, ſhall I not be diſtraught,

(Invironed

(Invironed with all theſe hideous fears,)
And madly play with my fore-fathers joints,
And pluck the mangled *Tybalt* from his ſhroud?
And in this rage, with ſome great kinſman's bone,
As with a club, daſh out my deſp'rate brains?
O look! methinks, I ſee my couſin's ghoſt
Seeking out *Romeo*, that did ſpit his Body
Upon a Rapier's Point.——Stay, *Tybalt*, ſtay!
Romeo, I come! this do I drink to thee.
[*She throws herſelf on the bed.*

SCENE *changes to* Capulet's Hall.

Enter Lady Capulet *and* Nurſe.

La. Cap. HOld, take theſe keys and fetch more ſpices, nurſe.
Nurſe. They call for dates and quinces in the paſtry.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. Come, ſtir, ſtir, ſtir, the ſecond cock hath crow'd,
The curphew-bell hath rung, 'tis three o'clock:
Look to the bak'd Meats, good *Angelica*.
Spare not for Coſt.
Nurſe. Go, go, you cot-quean, go;
Get you to bed; faith, you'll be ſick to morrow,
For this night's watching.
Cap. No, not a whit: what, I have watch'd ere now
All night for a leſs cauſe, and ne'er been ſick.
La. Cap. Ay, you have been a mouſe-hunt in your time,
But I will watch you, from ſuch watching, now.
[*Ex. Lady* Capulet *and* Nurſe.
Cap. A jealous-hood, a jealous-hood ——
Now, fellow, what's there?

Enter three or four with ſpits, and logs, and baskets.

Ser. Things for the cook, Sir, but I know not what.

Cap.

Cap. Make haſte, make haſte; Sirrah, fetch drier logs,
Call *Peter*, he will ſhew thee where they are.
Ser. I have a head, Sir, that will find out logs,
And never trouble *Peter* for the matter.
Cap. 'Maſs, and well ſaid, a merry horſon, ha!
Thou ſhalt be logger-head.—good faith, 'tis day.
[*Play muſick.*
The County will be here with muſick ſtraight,
For ſo, he ſaid, he would. I hear him near.
Nurſe,—wife,—what, ho! what, nurſe, I ſay?

Enter Nurſe.

Go, waken *Juliet*, go and trim her up,
I'll go and chat with *Paris:* hie, make haſte,
Make haſte, the Bride-groom he is come already;
Make haſte, I ſay.
[*Ex.* Capulet *and* Nurſe, *ſeverally.*

SCENE *changes to* Juliet's *Chamber*, Juliet *on a bed.*

Re-enter Nurſe.

Nurſe. MIſtreſs,—what, miſtreſs! *Juliet*——Faſt, I warrant her,
Why, lamb—why, lady—Fie, you ſlug-a-bed——
Why, love, I ſay—Madam, ſweet-heart—why, bride—
What, not a word! you take your pennyworths now;
Sleep for a week; for the next night, I warrant,
The County *Paris* hath ſet up his Reſt,
That you ſhall reſt but little——God forgive me——
Marry, and amen!——How ſound is ſhe aſleep?
I muſt needs wake her: Madam, madam, madam,
Ay, let the County take you in your bed——
He'll fright you up, i'faith. Will it not be?
What dreſt, and in your cloaths——and down again!
I muſt needs wake you: Lady, lady, lady——
Alas! alas! help! help! my lady's dead.
O well-a-day, that ever I was born?
Some *Aqua vitæ*, ho! my lord, my lady!

Enter

Enter Lady Capulet.

La. Cap. What noiſe is here?
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. What is the matter?
Nurſe. Look,——oh heavy day!
La. Cap. Oh me, oh me, my child, my only life!
Revive, look up, or I will die with thee:
Help, help! call help.

Enter Capulet.

Cap. For ſhame, bring *Juliet* forth; her lord is come.
Nurſe. She's dead, deceas'd, ſhe's dead: alack the day!
Cap. Ha! let me ſee her——Out, alas! ſhe's cold;
Her blood is ſettled, and her joints are ſtiff;
Life and theſe lips have long been ſeparated:
Death lies on her, like an untimely froſt
Upon the ſweeteſt flow'r of all the field.
Accurſed time! unfortunate old man!
Nurſe. O lamentable day!
La. Cap. O woefull Time!
Cap. Death, that hath ta'en her hence to make me wail,
Tyes up my Tongue, and will not let me ſpeak.

Enter Friar Lawrence, *and* Paris *with Muſicians.*

Fri. Come, is the bride ready to go to church?
Cap. Ready to go, but never to return.
O ſon, the night before thy wedding-day
Hath Death lain with thy wife: ſee, there ſhe lies,
Flower as ſhe was, deflower'd now by him:
Death is my ſon-in-law.——
Par. Have I thought long to ſee this morning's face,
And doth it give me ſuch a ſight as this!
La. Cap. Accurs'd, unhappy, wretched, hateful day!
Moſt miſerable hour, that Time e'er ſaw
In laſting labour of his pilgrimage!
But one, poor one, one poor and loving child,
But one thing to rejoice and ſolace in,
And cruel death hath catch'd it from my ſight.

Nurſe.

Nurſe. O woe! oh woful, woful, woful day!
Moſt lamentable day! moſt woful day!
That ever, ever, I did yet behold.
Oh day! oh day! oh day! oh hateful day!
Never was ſeen ſo black a day as this:
Oh woful day, oh woful day!

Par. Beguil'd, divorced, wronged, ſpighted, ſlain,
Moſt deteſtable Death, by Thee beguil'd,
By cruel, cruel Thee quite over-thrown:——
O Love, O Life, not Life, but Love in Death!——

Cap. Deſpis'd, diſtreſſed, hated, martyr'd, kill'd,
Uncomfortable Time! why cam'ſt thou now
To murther, murther our Solemnity?
O Child! O Child! My Soul, and not my Child!
Dead art Thou! dead; alack! my Child is dead,
And with my Child my Joys are buried.

Fri. Peace, ho, for Shame! Confuſion's Cure lives not (26)
In theſe Confuſions: Heaven and Yourſelf
Had Part in this fair Maid; now Heav'n hath All,
And All the better is it for the Maid.
Your Part in her you could not keep from Death,
But Heav'n keeps his Part in eternal Life.
The moſt, you ſought, was her Promotion;
For 'twas your Heaven, ſhe ſhould be advanc'd:
And weep you now, ſeeing ſhe is advanc'd,
Above the Clouds, as high as Heav'n himſelf?

(26) *Peace ho for ſhame,* confuſions: Care *lives not in theſe Confuſions,*] This Speech, tho' it contains good Chriſtian Doctrine, tho it is perfectly in Character for the Friar, and not the moſt deſpicable for its Poetry, Mr. *Pope* has curtail'd to little or nothing, becauſe it has not the Sanction of the firſt old Copy. By the ſame Rule, had he purſued it throughout, we might have loſt ſome of the fineſt additional Strokes in the two Parts of K. *Henry* IV. But there was another Reaſon, I ſuſpect, for curtailing: Certain Corruptions ſtarted, which requir'd the *indulging* his *private Senſe* to make them intelligible, and this was an unreaſonable Labour. As I have reform'd the Paſſage above quoted, I dare warrant, I have reſtor'd our Poet's Text; and a fine ſenſible Reproof it contains, againſt immoderate Grief: for the Friar begins with telling them, that the Cure of thoſe Confuſions, into which the melancholy Accident had thrown 'em, did not live in the confus'd and inordinate Exclamations which they expreſs'd on that Account.

Oh

Oh, in this Love you love your Child ſo ill,
That you run mad, ſeeing, that ſhe is well.
She's not well married, that lives married long;
But ſhe's beſt married, that dyes married young.
Dry up your Tears, and ſtick your Roſemary
On this fair Coarſe; and as the Cuſtom is,
And in her beſt Array, bear her to Church.
For tho fond Nature bids us all lament, (27)
Yet Nature's Tears are Reaſon's Merriment.
Cap. All Things, that we ordained feſtival,
Turn from their Office to black Funeral;
Our Inſtruments to melancholy Bells,
Our Wedding Chear to a ſad Funeral Feaſt;
Our ſolemn Hymns to ſullen Dirges change,
Our bridal Flow'rs ſerve for a buried Coarſe;
And all things change them to the contrary.
Fri. Sir, go you in, and, Madam, go with him;
And go, Sir *Paris*; ev'ry one prepare
To follow this fair Coarſe unto her Grave.
The Heav'ns do low'r upon you, for ſome Ill;
Move them no more, by croſſing their high Will.
[*Exeunt* Capulet, *Lady* Capulet, Paris, *and* Friar.

Manent Muſicians, and Nurſe.

Muſ. Faith, we may put up our pipes and be gone.
Nurſe. Honeſt good fellows: ah, put up, put up;
For, well you know, this is a pitiful caſe. [*Exit* Nurſe.
Muſ. Ay, by my troth, the caſe may be amended.

Enter Peter.

Pet. Muſicians, oh muſicians, *heart's eaſe, heart's eaſe:*
Oh, an you will have me live, play *heart's eaſe.*
Muſ. Why, *heart's eaſe?*

(27) *For tho* ſome *Nature bids us all lament.*] *Some* Nature? Sure, it is the *general* Rule of Nature, or ſhe could not bid us *all* lament. I have ventur'd to ſubſtitute an Epithet, which I ſuſpect, was loſt in the idle, corrupted Word, *Some*; and which admirably quadrates with the Verſe ſucceeding this; that tho' the Fondneſs of Nature lay ſuch an Injunction upon us, yet that Reaſon does but mock our unavailing Sorrow.

Pet. O muſicians, becauſe my heart it ſelf plays, *my heart it ſelf is full of woe.* O, play me ſome merry dump, to comfort me!

Muſ. Not a dump we, 'tis no time to play now.

Pet. You will not then?

Muſ. No.

Pet. I will then give it you ſoundly.

Muſ. What will you give us?

Pet. No mony, on my faith, but the gleek: I will give you the Minſtrell.

Muſ. Then will I give you the Serving Creature.

Pet. Then will I lay the Serving Creature's Dagger on your Pate. I will carry no Crochets. I'll *re* you, I'll *fa* you, do you note me?

Muſ. An you *re* us, and *fa* us, you note us.

2 *Muſ.* Pray you, put up your dagger, and put out your wit.

Pet. Then have at you with my wit: I will dry-beat you with an iron Wit, and put up my iron dagger:—— anſwer me like men:

When griping griefs the heart doth wound,
Then muſic with her ſilver ſound——

Why, *ſilver ſound?* why, *muſick with her ſilver ſound?* Why ſay you, *Simon Catling?*

Muſ. Marry, Sir, becauſe ſilver hath a ſweet ſound.

Pet. Pretty! what ſay you, *Hugh Rebeck?*

2 *Muſ.* I ſay, ſilver ſound, becauſe muſicians ſound for ſilver.

Pet. Pretty too! what ſay you, *Samuel Sound-board?*

3 *Muſ.* Faith, I know not what to ſay.

Pet. O, I cry you mercy, you are the *ſinger*, I will *ſay* for you. It is muſick with her ſilver ſound, becauſe ſuch fellows, as you, have no gold for ſounding.

The Muſick with her ſilver Sound
Doth lend Redreſs. [*Exit, ſinging.*

Muſ. What a peſtilent knave is this ſame?

2 *Muſ.* Hang him, *Jack*; come, we'll in here, tarry for the mourners, and ſtay dinner. [*Exeunt.*

ACT

ACT V.

SCENE, *in* MANTUA.

Enter Romeo.

IF I may truſt the flattering Truth of Sleep, (18)
My dreams preſage ſome joyful news at hand:
My boſom's Lord ſits lightly on his Throne,
And, all this day, an unaccuſtom'd ſpirit
Lifts me above the ground with chearful thoughts.
I dreamt, my lady came and found me dead,
(Strange dream! that gives a dead man leave to think)
And breath'd ſuch life with kiſſes in my lips,
That I reviv'd, and was an Emperor.
Ah me! how ſweet is love it ſelf poſſeſt,
When but love's ſhadows are ſo rich in joy?

Enter Balthazar.

News from *Verona*——How now, *Balthazar?*
Doſt thou not bring me letters from the Friar?
How doth my lady? is my father well?
How doth my *Juliet?* That I ask again;
For nothing can be ill, if ſhe be well.

Balth. Then ſhe is well, and nothing can be ill;
Her body ſleeps in *Capulet*'s Monument,
And her immortal part with angels lives:
I ſaw her laid low in her kindred's vault,

(28) *If I may truſt the* flatt'ring Truth *of Sleep.*] *i. e.* If I may believe thoſe Dreams; if I may confide in their flattering Tenour, as in a Promiſe of Truth.

And presently took post to tell it you:
O, pardon me for bringing these ill news,
Since you did leave it for my Office, Sir.
Rom. Is it even so? then I defy you, Stars!
Thou know'st my lodging, get me ink and paper,
And hire post-horses. I will hence to night.
Balth. Pardon me, Sir, I dare not leave you thus.
Your looks are pale and wild, and do import
Some misadventure.
Rom. Tush, thou art deceiv'd;
Leave me, and do the thing I bid thee do:
Hast thou no letters to me from the Friar?
Balth. No, good my lord.
Rom. No matter: Get thee gone,
And hire those horses; I'll be with thee straight.
[*Exit* Balthazar.
Well, *Juliet*, I will lye with thee to night;
Let's see for means——O mischief! thou art swift
To enter in the thought of desperate men!
I do remember an Apothecary,
And hereabouts he dwells, whom late I noted
In tatter'd weeds, with overwhelming brows,
Culling of simples; meager were his looks,
Sharp misery had worn him to the bones:
And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
An alligator stuft, and other skins
Of ill-shap'd fishes; and about his shelves
37] A beggarly account of empty boxes;
Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty Seeds,
Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses
Were thinly scattered, to make up a shew.
Noting this penury, to my self I said,
An if a man did need a poison now,
Whose sale is present death in *Mantua*,
Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.
Oh, this same thought did but fore-run my need,
And this same needy man must sell it me.
As I remember, this should be the house.
Being holy-day, the beggar's shop is shut:
What, ho! apothecary!

Enter

Enter Apothecary.

Ap. Who calls so loud?

Rom. Come hither, man; I see, that thou art poor;
Hold, there is forty ducats: let me have
A dram of poison, such soon-speeding geer,
As will disperse it self thro' all the veins,
That the life-weary Taker may fall dead;
And that the trunk may be discharg'd of breath,
As violently, as hasty powder fir'd
Doth hurry from the fatal cannon's womb.

Ap. Such mortal drugs I have, but *Mantua*'s law
Is death to any he that utters them.

Rom. Art thou so bare and full of wretchedness,
And fear'st to die? famine is in thy cheeks;
Need and oppression stare within thine eyes,
Contempt and beggary hang upon thy back:
The world is not thy friend, nor the world's law;
The world affords no law to make thee rich,
Then be not poor, but break it and take this.

Ap. My poverty, but not my will, consents.

Rom. I pay thy poverty, and not thy will.

Ap. Put this in any liquid thing you will,
And drink it off, and, if you had the strength
Of twenty men, it would dispatch you straight.

Rom. There is thy gold; worse poison to mens souls,
Doing more murthers in this loathsome world,
Than these poor compounds that thou may'st not sell:
I sell thee poison, thou hast sold me none.——
Farewell, buy food, and get thee into flesh.
Come, cordial, and not poison, go with me
To *Juliet*'s Grave, for there must I use thee. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Monaſtery at* Verona.

Enter Friar John.

John. HOLY *Franciſcan* Friar! brother! ho!

Enter Fryar Lawrence *to him.*

Law. This ſame ſhould be the voice of Friar *John.*—
Welcome from *Mantua*; what ſays *Romeo?*
Or, if his mind be writ, give me his letter.

John. Going to find a bare-foot brother out,
One of our Order, to aſſociate me,
Here in this city viſiting the ſick;
And finding him, the Searchers of the town,
Suſpecting that we Both were in a houſe
Where the infectious peſtilence did reign,
Seal'd up the doors, and would not let us forth;
So that my ſpeed to *Mantua* there was ſtaid.

Law. Who bore my letter then to *Romeo?*

John. I could not ſend it; here it is again,
Nor get a Meſſenger to bring it thee,
So fearful were they of infection.

Law. Unhappy fortune! by my Brotherhood,
The letter was not nice, but full of charge,
Of dear import; and the neglecting it
May do much danger. Friar *John*, go hence,
Get me an iron Crow, and bring it ſtraight
Unto my cell.

John. Brother, I'll go and bring it thee. [*Exit.*

Law. Now muſt I to the Monument alone:
Within theſe three hours will fair *Juliet* wake;
She will beſhrew me much, that *Romeo*
Hath had no notice of theſe accidents:
But I will write again to *Mantua*,
And keep her at my cell 'till *Romeo* come.
Poor living coarſe, clos'd in a dead man's tomb!——
[*Exit.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to a Church-yard: In it, a Monument belonging to the* Capulets.

Enter Paris, *and his Page, with a light.*

Par. GIVE me thy torch, boy; hence and ſtand aloof.
Yet put it out, for I would not be ſeen:
Under yond yew-trees lay thee all along,
Laying thy ear cloſe to the hollow ground;
So ſhall no foot upon the church-yard tread,
(Being looſe, unfirm, with digging up of Graves)
But thou ſhalt hear it: whiſtle then to me,
As ſignal that thou hear'ſt ſomething approach.
Give me thoſe flow'rs. Do as I bid thee; go.
Page. I am almoſt afraid to ſtand alone
Here in the church-yard, yet I will adventure. [*Exit.*
Par. Sweet flow'r! with flow'rs thy bridal bed I ſtrew:
[*Strewing flowers.*
Fair *Juliet*, that with angels doſt remain,
Accept this lateſt favour at my hand;
That living honour'd thee, and, being dead,
With fun'ral obſequies adorn thy tomb.
[*The boy whiſtles.*
—The boy gives warning, ſomething doth approach;—
What curſed foot wanders this way to night,
To croſs my obſequies, and true love's rite?
What! with a torch? muffle me, night, a while.

Enter Romeo *and* Balthazar *with a light.* (29)

Rom. Give me that mattock, and the wrenching iron.
Hold, take this letter, early in the morning

(29) *Enter* Romeo, *and* Peter *with a Light.*] But *Peter* was a Servant of the *Capulets*: beſides, he brings the Mattock and Crow to wrench open *Juliet*'s Grave, an Office hardly to be intruſted with a Servant of that Family. We find a little above, at the very Beginning of this Act, *Balthazar* is the Perſon who brings *Romeo* the News of his Bride's Death: and yet, at the Cloſe of the Play, *Peter* takes upon him to depoſe that

See thou deliver it to my lord and father.
Give me the light; upon thy life, I charge thee,
Whate'er thou hear'ſt or ſeeſt, ſtand all aloof,
And do not interrupt me in my courſe.
Why I deſcend into this bed of death,
Is partly to behold my lady's face:
But chiefly to take thence from her dead finger
A precious ring, a ring that I muſt uſe
In dear employment; therefore, hence, be gone:
But if thou, jealous, doſt return to pry
In what I further ſhall intend to do,
By heaven, I will tear thee joint by joint,
And ſtrew this hungry church-yard with thy limbs;
The time and my intents are ſavage, wild,
More fierce and more inexorable far
Than empty tygers, or the roaring ſea.

Balth. I will be gone, Sir, and not trouble you.

Rom. So ſhalt thou ſhew me Friendſhip.—Take thou that;
Live and be proſp'rous, and farewel, good fellow.

Balth. For all this ſame, I'll hide me hereabout;
His looks I fear, and his intents I doubt. [*Exit* Balthazar.

Rom. Thou deteſtable maw, thou womb of death,
Gorg'd with the deareſt morſel of the earth,
Thus I enforce thy rotten jaws to open,
[*Breaking open the Monument.*
And in deſpight I'll cram thee with more food.

Par. This is that baniſht haughty *Montague*,
That murther'd my love's couſin; (with which grief,
It is ſuppoſed, the fair Creature dy'd,)
And here is come to do ſome villanous ſhame
To the dead bodies: I will apprehend him.
Stop thy unhallow'd toil, vile *Montague*:

that He brought thoſe Tidings. *Utri creditis*, Quirites? —— In ſhort, We heard *Balthazar* deliver the Meſſage; and therefore *Peter* is a lying Evidence, ſuborn'd by the blundering Editors. We muſt therefore caſhier him, and put *Balthazar* on his proper Duty. The Sourſe of this Error ſeems eaſy to be accounted for; *Peter*'s Character ending in the 4th Act, 'tis very probable the ſame Perſon might play *Balthazar*, and ſo be quoted on in the Prompter's Book as *Peter*.

Can

Can vengeance be purſu'd further than death?
Condemned villain, I do apprehend thee;
Obey, and go with me, for thou muſt die.
Rom. I muſt, indeed, and therefore came I hither.——
Good gentle youth, tempt not a deſp'rate man;
Fly hence and leave me: think upon theſe gone,
Let them affright thee. I beſeech thee, youth,
Pull not another ſin upon my head,
By urging me to fury. Oh be gone!
By heav'n, I love thee better than my ſelf;
For I come hither arm'd againſt my ſelf.
Stay not, be gone; live, and hereafter ſay,
A madman's Mercy bad thee run away.
Par. I do defie thy commiſeration,
And apprehend thee for a felon here.
Rom. Wilt thou provoke me? then have at thee, boy.
[*They fight*, Paris *falls*.
Page. Oh lord, they fight! I will go call the Watch.
Par. Oh, I am ſlain; if thou be merciful,
Open the tomb, lay me with *Juliet*. [Dyes.
Rom. In faith, I will: let me peruſe this face —
Mercutio's kinſman! Noble County *Paris!*
What ſaid my man, when my betoſſed ſoul
Did not attend him as we rode? I think,
He told me, *Paris* ſhould have married *Juliet*.
Said he not ſo? or did I dream it ſo?
Or am I mad, hearing him talk of *Juliet*,
To think it was ſo? Oh give me thy hand,
One writ with me in ſour Misfortune's book,
I'll bury thee in a triumphant Grave.
A Grave? O, no; a Lanthorn, ſlaughter'd Youth;
For here lyes *Juliet*; and her Beauty makes
This vault a feaſting Preſence full of Light.
Death, lye thou there, by a dead Man interr'd: ——
[*Laying* Paris *in the Monument*.
How oft, when Men are at the point of Death,
Have they been merry? which their Keepers call
A Lightning before Death. —— O, how may I
Call this a Lightning! —— Oh my love, my wife!

Death, that hath ſuckt the honey of thy breath,
Hath had no power yet upon thy beauty:
Thou art not conquer'd; beauty's enſign yet
Is crimſon in thy lips, and in thy cheeks,
And death's pale flag is not advanced there.
Tybalt, ly'ſt thou there in thy bloody ſheet?
Oh, what more favour can I do to thee,
Than with that hand, that cut thy youth in twain,
To ſunder his, that was thy enemy?
Forgive me, couſin. — Ah dear *Juliet*,
Why art thou yet ſo fair? ſhall I believe,
That unſubſtantial Death is amorous,
And that the lean abhorred monſter keeps
Thee here in dark, to be his paramour?
For fear of that, I ſtill will ſtay with thee,
And never from this Palace of dim Night (30)
Depart again: Here, here will I remain,
With worms that are thy chamber-maids; oh here
Will I ſet up my everlaſting Reſt;
And ſhake the yoke of inauſpicious ſtars
From this world-weary'd fleſh. Eyes, look your laſt!
Arms, take your laſt embrace! and lips, oh you
The doors of breath, ſeal with a righteous kiſs
A dateleſs bargain to engroſſing death!
Come, bitter conduct! come, unſavoury guide!
Thou deſp'rate pilot, now at once run on
The daſhing rocks my ſea-ſick weary bark:

(30) *And never from this Palace of dim Night*
Depart again. (Come, lye Thou in my Arms;
Here's to thy Health. O true Apothecary!
Thy Drugs are quick.)] Mr. *Pope*'s, and ſome other of the worſer, Editions acknowledge abſurdly the Lines which I have put into *Parentheſis* here; and which I have expung'd from the Text, for this Reaſon: *Romeo* is made to confeſs the Effect of the Poiſon, before ever he has taſted it. I ſuppoſe, it hardly was ſo ſavoury that the Patient ſhould chuſe to make two Draughts of it. And, eight Lines after theſe, we find him taking the Poiſon in his hand, and making an *Apoſtrophe* to it; inviting it to perform its Office at once; and then, and not till then, does he clap it to his Lips, or can with any Probability ſpeak of its inſtant Force and Effects. Beſides, *Shakeſpeare* would hardly have made *Romeo* drink to the *Health* of his *dead* Miſtreſs.

Here's

Here's to my love! oh, true apothecary!
[*Drinks the poiſon.*
Thy drugs are quick. Thus with a kiſs I die. [*Dies.*

Enter Friar Lawrence *with lanthorn, crow, and ſpade.*

Fri. St. *Francis* be my Speed! how oft to night
Have my old feet ſtumbled at Graves? who's there?

Enter Balthazar.

Balth. Here's one, a friend, and one that knows you well.

Fri. Bliſs be upon you! Tell me, good my friend,
What torch is yond, that vainly lends his light
To grubs and eyeleſs ſculls? as I diſcern,
It burneth in the *Capulets'* Monument.

Balth. It doth ſo, holy Sir,
And there's my maſter, one you dearly love.

Fri. Who is it?

Balth. Romeo.

Fri. How long hath he been there?

Balth. Full half an hour.

Fri. Go with me to the Vault.

Balth. I dare not, Sir.
My maſter knows not, but I am gone hence;
And fearfully did menace me with death,
If I did ſtay to look on his intents.

Fri. Stay then, I'll go alone; fear comes upon me;
O, much I fear ſome ill unlucky thing.

Balth. As I did ſleep under this yew-tree here,
I dreamt, my maſter and another fought,
And that my maſter ſlew him.

Fri. Romeo!
Alack, alack, what blood is this, which ſtains
The ſtony entrance of this ſepulchre?
What mean theſe maſterleſs and goary ſwords,
To lye diſcolour'd by this place of peace?
Romeo! oh pale! who elſe? what *Paris* too?
And ſteep'd in blood? ah, what an unkind hour
Is guilty of this lamentable chance?
The lady ſtirs.

Jul.

Jul. [*awaking.*] Oh comfortable Friar, where is my lord?
I do remember well, where I ſhould be;
And there I am; but where is *Romeo?*
Fri. I hear ſome noiſe! Lady, come from that Neſt
Of death, contagion, and unnatural ſleep;
A greater Power, than we can contradict,
Hath thwarted our intents; come, come away;
Thy huſband in thy boſom there lyes dead,
And *Paris* too —— Come, I'll diſpoſe of thee
Among a ſiſterhood of holy Nuns:
Stay not to queſtion, for the Watch is coming.
Come, go, good *Juliet*; I dare no longer ſtay. [*Exit.*
Jul. Go, get thee hence, for I will not away.
What's here? a cup, clos'd in my true love's hand?
Poiſon, I ſee, hath been his timeleſs end.
Oh churl, drink all, and leave no friendly drop
To help me after? I will kiſs thy lips;
Haply, ſome poiſon yet doth hang on them;
To make me dye with a Reſtorative.
Thy lips are warm.

Enter Boy and Watch.

Watch. Lead, boy, which way?
Jul. Yea, noiſe?
Then I'll be brief. O happy dagger!
[*Finding a dagger.*
This is thy ſheath, there ruſt and let me die.
[*Kills herſelf.*
Boy. This is the place; there, where the torch doth burn.
Watch. The ground is bloody. Search about the church-yard;
Go, ſome of you, whom e'er you find, attach.
Pitiful ſight! here lyes the County ſlain,
And *Juliet* bleeding, warm, and newly dead,
Who here hath lain theſe two days buried.
Go tell the Prince, run to the *Capulets*,
Raiſe up the *Montagues*; Some others, ſearch. ——
We ſee the Ground whereon theſe Woes do lye:

But the true ground of all theſe piteous Woes
We cannot without Circumſtance deſcry.

Enter ſome of the Watch, with Balthazar.

2 *Watch.* Here's *Romeo*'s man, we found him in the church-yard.

1 *Watch.* Hold him in ſafety, 'till the Prince comes hither.

Enter another Watchman, with Friar Lawrence.

3 *Watch.* Here is a Friar that trembles, ſighs and weeps:
We took this mattock and this ſpade from him,
As he was coming from this church-yard ſide.

1 *Watch.* A great ſuſpicion: ſtay the Friar too.

Enter the Prince, and attendants.

Prince. What miſadventure is ſo early up,
That calls our perſon from our morning's Reſt?

Enter Capulet *and lady* Capulet.

Cap. What ſhould it be, that they ſo ſhriek abroad?

La. Cap. The people in the ſtreet cry, *Romeo*;
Some, *Juliet*; and ſome, *Paris*; and all run
With open out-cry tow'rd our Monument.

Prince. What fear is this, which ſtartles in your ears?

Watch. Sovereign, here lyes the County *Paris* ſlain,
And *Romeo* dead, and *Juliet* (dead before)
Warm and new kill'd.

Prince. Search, ſeek, and know, how this foul murther comes.

Watch. Here is a Friar, and ſlaughter'd *Romeo*'s man,
With inſtruments upon them, fit to open
Theſe dead mens tombs.

Cap. Oh, heav'n! oh, wife! look how our daughter bleeds!
This dagger hath miſta'en; for, loe! the ſheath
Lies empty on the back of *Montague*,
The point miſ-ſheathed in my daughter's boſom.

La. Cap.

La. Cap. Oh me, this ſight of death is as a bell,
That warns my old age to a ſepulcher.

Enter Montague.

Prince. Come, *Montague*, for thou art early up,
To ſee thy ſon and heir now early down.

Mon. Alas, my liege, my wife is dead to night;
Grief of my ſon's exile hath ſtop'd her breath:
What further woe conſpires againſt my age?

Prince. Look, and thou ſhalt ſee.

Mon. Oh, thou untaught! what manners is in this,
To preſs before thy father to a Grave?

Prince. Seal up the mouth of out-rage for a while,
'Till we can clear theſe ambiguities,
And know their ſpring, their head, their true deſcent;
And then will I be General of your woes,
And lead you ev'n to Death. Mean time forbear,
And let miſchance be ſlave to patience.
Bring forth the parties of ſuſpicion.

Fri. I am the greateſt, able to do leaſt,
Yet moſt ſuſpected, as the time and place
Doth make againſt me, of this direful murther;
And here I ſtand both to impeach and purge
My ſelf condemned, and my ſelf excus'd.

Prince. Then ſay at once what thou doſt know in this.

Fri. I will be brief, for my ſhort date of breath
Is not ſo long as is a tedious tale.
Romeo, there dead, was husband to that *Juliet*;
And ſhe, there dead, that *Romeo*'s faithful wife:
I married them; and their ſtoln marriage day
Was *Tybalt*'s dooms-day, whoſe untimely death
Baniſh'd the new-made bridegroom from this city;
For whom, and not for *Tybalt*, *Juliet* pin'd.
You, to remove that ſiege of grief from her,
Betroth'd, and would have married her perforce
To County *Paris*. Then comes ſhe to me,
And, with wild looks, bid me deviſe ſome means
To rid her from this ſecond marriage;
Or, in my Cell, there would ſhe kill her ſelf.
Then gave I her (ſo tutor'd by my art)

A ſleep-

A ſleeping potion, which ſo took effect
As I intended; for it wrought on her
The form of death. Mean time I writ to *Romeo*,
That he ſhould hither come, as this dire night,
To help to take her from her borrowed Grave;
Being the time the potion's force ſhould ceaſe.
But he, which bore my letter, Friar *John*,
Was ſtaid by accident; and yeſternight
Return'd my letter back; then all alone,
At the prefixed hour of her awaking,
Came I to take her from her kindred's Vault;
Meaning to keep her cloſely at my Cell,
'Till I conveniently could ſend to *Romeo*.
But when I came, (ſome minute ere the time
Of her awaking) here untimely lay
The noble *Paris*, and true *Romeo* dead.
She wakes, and I intreated her come forth,
And bear this work of heav'n with patience:
But then a noiſe did ſcare me from the tomb,
And ſhe, too deſp'rate, would not go with me:
But, as it ſeems, did violence on her ſelf.
All this I know, and to the marriage
Her nurſe is privy; but if ought in this
Miſcarried by my fault, let my old life
Be ſacrific'd, ſome hour before the time,
Unto the rigour of ſevereſt law.

Prince. We ſtill have known thee for an holy man.
Where's *Romeo*'s man? what can he ſay to this?

Balth. I brought my maſter news of *Juliet*'s death,
And then in poſt he came from *Mantua*
To this ſame place, to this ſame Monument.
This letter he early bid me give his father,
And threatned me with death, going to the Vault,
If I departed not, and left him there.

Prince. Give me the letter, I will look on it.
Where is the County's page, that rais'd the Watch?
Sirrah, what made your maſter in this place?

Page. He came with flowers to ſtrew his lady's Grave,
And bid me ſtand aloof, and ſo I did:
Anon comes one with light to ope the tomb,

And

And, by and by, my maſter drew on him;
And then I ran away to call the Watch.

Prince. This letter doth make good the Friar's words,
Their courſe of love, the tidings of her death:
And here he writes, that he did buy a poiſon
Of a poor 'pothecary, and therewithal
Came to this vault to die, and lye with *Juliet.*
Where be theſe enemies? *Capulet! Montague!*
See, what a ſcourge is laid upon your hate,
That heav'n finds means to kill your joys with love!
And I, for winking at your diſcords too,
Have loſt a brace of kinſmen: all are puniſh'd!

Cap. O brother *Montague*, give me thy hand,
This is my daughter's jointure; for no more
Can I demand.

Mon. But I can give thee more,
For I will raiſe her Statue in pure gold;
That, while *Verona* by that name is known,
There ſhall no figure at that rate be ſet,
As that of true and faithful *Juliet.*

Cap. As rich ſhall *Romeo*'s by his lady lye;
Poor ſacrifices of our enmity!

Prince. A gloomy Peace this morning with it brings,
The Sun for ſorrow will not ſhew his head;
Go hence to have more talk of theſe ſad things;
Some ſhall be pardon'd, and ſome puniſhed.
For never was a ſtory of more woe,
Than this of *Juliet* and her *Romeo.*

[*Exeunt omnes.*

Romeo and Juliet

a 162 Benv: Why what is Tybalt?
Mer: More than prince of Cats.
so p 174. Mercutio says to Tybalt who asks him what he would have, Good King of Cats, nothing but one of your nine lives —
This is a poor conundrum on Tybalts name alluding to a cat's being called Tib, or Tibbard, in the old books of fables.

b. 127 — we'll not carry coals.
Whence this phrase signifies cowardise I cannot tell; but it seems to have that meaning both here and in Hen: V. where it is used of Pistol, Nym, and Bardolph, by the Page.
Vol: IV. p 41. sec. h.

c 133 — see pathways to his will ill.
Hanm:

d 159 Nor nought so vile — For
Hanmer.

e. 178. — in your hearts proceeding. heat's

f 190 O now I would they had chang'd voices too
— I wot they have chang'd —
Hanm:

g 222 Some shall be pardon'd &c

This seems to be not a resolution of the Prince but a reflection on the various dispensations of Providence.

h — carry coals.

This phrase is used by Ben: Johnson in his Every man out of his humor whether as an expression common at that time, or in ridicule of this I cannot tell but he makes Sustaru: say — here's one that will carry coals, ergo he will hold my dog. p 156. so. p 161

Take heed what you do — he'll bear no coals I can tell you.

i 151 Young Abraham Cupid — he who shoots so wild.

F. Adam — alluding to the famous Archer Adam Bell. See

k 135 — that make dark Heaven's light

Warb: reads — even.

l 144 Sometimes she gallops o'er a Lawyer's nose

Warb: says the old Editions read a Courtier's nose

and this shews their sapacity, as the other passage did their foppery

m 188 — desperate tender

— separate. W.

HAMLET,

Prince of *Denmark.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

CLAUDIUS, *King of* Denmark.
Fortinbras, *Prince of* Norway.
Hamlet, *Son to the former, and Nephew to the preſent King.*
Polonius, *Lord Chamberlain.*
Horatio, *Friend to* Hamlet.
Laertes, *Son to* Polonius.
Voltimand, Cornelius, Roſencrantz, Guildenſtern, } *Courtiers.*
Oſrick, *a Fop.*
Marcellus, *an Officer.*
Bernardo, Franciſco, } *two Soldiers.*
Reynoldo, *Servant to* Polonius.
Ghoſt of Hamlet's *Father.*

Gertrude, *Queen of* Denmark, *and Mother to* Hamlet.
Ophelia, *Daughter to* Polonius, *belov'd by* Hamlet.
Ladies attending on the Queen.

Players, Grave-makers, Sailors, Meſſengers, and other Attendants.

SCENE, *ELSINOOR.*

HAMLET,

Prince of DENMARK. (1)

ACT I.

SCENE, *A Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Bernardo *and* Franciſco, *two Centinels.*

BERNARDO.

WHO's there?

Fran. Nay, anſwer me: ſtand, and unfold your ſelf.

Ber. Long live the King!

Fran. Bernardo?

Ber. He.

Fran. You come moſt carefully upon your hour.

Ber. 'Tis now ſtruck twelve; get thee to bed, *Franciſco.*

(1) Honeſt *Langbaine* (in his account of *Dramatic Poets*) having told us, that he knew not whether this Story were true or falſe, not finding in the Liſt given by Doctor *Heylin* ſuch a King of *Denmark* as *Claudius*; Mr. *Pope* comes and tells us, that this Story was not invented by our Author, tho, from whence he took it, he knows not. *Langbaine* gives us

Fran. For this relief, much thanks: 'tis bitter cold,
And I am ſick at heart.
Ber. Have you had quiet Guard?
Fran. Not a mouſe ſtirring.
Ber. Well, good night.
If you do meet *Horatio* and *Marcellus*,
[158] The rivals of my Watch, bid them make haſte.

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Fran. I think, I hear them. Stand, ho! who is there?
Hor. Friends to this ground.
Mar. And liege-men to the *Dane*.
Fran. Give you good night.
Mar. Oh, farewel, honeſt ſoldier; who hath reliev'd you?
Fran. *Bernardo* has my place: give you good night.
[*Exit* Franciſco.

us a ſenſible Reaſon for his Ignorance in this Point; what to make of Mr. *Pope*'s Aſſertion upon the Grounds he gives us for it, I confeſs, I know not. But we'll allow this Gentleman, for once, a Prophet in his Declaration: for the Story is taken from *Saxo Grammaticus* in his *Daniſh* Hiſtory. I'll ſubjoin a ſhort Extract of the material Circumſtances, on which the Groundwork of the Plot is built: and how happily the Poet has adapted his Incidents, I ſhall leave to the Obſervation of every Reader. The Hiſtorian calls our Poet's Hero, *Amlethus*; his Father, *Horwendillus*; his Uncle, *Fengo*; and his Mother, *Gerutha*. The Old King in ſingle Combat ſlew *Collerus*, King of *Norway*; *Fengo* makes away with his Brother *Horwendillus*, and marries his Widow *Gerutha*. *Amlethus*, to avoid being ſuſpected by his Uncle of Deſigns, aſſumes a Form of utter Madneſs. A fine Woman is planted upon him, to try if he would yield to the Impreſſions of Love. *Fengo* contrives, that *Amlethus*, in order to ſound him, ſhould be cloſeted by his Mother. A Man is conceal'd in the Ruſhes to overhear their Diſcourſe; whom *Amlethus* diſcovers and kills. When the Queen is frighted at this Behaviour of his, he tasks her about her criminal Courſe of Life, and inceſtuous Converſation with her former Husband's Murtherer: confeſſes, his Madneſs is but counterfeited, to preſerve himſelf and ſecure his Revenge for his Father; to which he injoyns the Queen's Silence. *Fengo* ſends *Amlethus* to *Britaine*: Two of the King's Servants attend him, with Letters to the *Britiſh* King, ſtrictly preſſing the Death of *Amlethus*, who, in the Night-time, coming at their Commiſſion, o'er-reads it, forms a new one, and turns the Deſtruction, deſign'd towards himſelf, on the Bearers of the Letters. *Amlethus*, returning home, by a Wile ſurprizes and kills his Uncle.

Mar.

Mar. Holla! *Bernardo*, ——
Ber. Say, what, is *Horatio* there?
Hor. A piece of him.
Ber. Welcome, *Horatio*; welcome, good *Marcellus.*
Mar. What, has this thing appear'd again to night?
Ber. I have ſeen nothing.
Mar. *Horatio* ſays, 'tis but our phantaſie;
And will not let belief take hold of him,
Touching this dreaded ſight, twice ſeen of us;
Therefore I have intreated him along
With us, to watch the minutes of this night;
That if again this apparition come,
He may approve our eyes, and ſpeak to it.
Hor. Tuſh! tuſh! 'twill not appear.
Ber. Sit down a while,
And let us once again aſſail your ears,
That are ſo fortified againſt our ſtory,
What we have two nights ſeen.
Hor. Well, ſit we down,
And let us hear *Bernardo* ſpeak of this.
Ber. Laſt night of all,
When yon ſame Star, that's weſtward from the Pole,
Had made his courſe t'illume that part of heav'n
Where now it burns, *Marcellus* and my ſelf,
The bell then beating one,——
Mar. Peace, break thee off;

Enter the Ghoſt.

Look, where it comes again.
Ber. In the ſame figure, like the King that's dead.
Mar. Thou art a ſcholar, ſpeak to it, *Horatio.*
Ber. Looks it not like the King? mark it, *Horatio.*
Hor. Moſt like: it harrows me with fear and wonder.
Ber. It would be ſpoke to.
Mar. Speak to it, *Horatio.*
Hor. What art thou, that uſurp'ſt this time of night,
Together with that fair and warlike form,
In which the Majeſty of buried *Denmark*
Did ſometime march? by Heav'n, I charge thee, ſpeak.
Mar. It is offended.

Ber. See! it ſtalks away.
Hor. Stay; ſpeak; I charge thee, ſpeak. [*Ex. Ghoſt.*
Mar. 'Tis gone, and will not anſwer.
Ber. How now, *Horatio?* you tremble and look pale.
Is not this ſomething more than phantaſie?
What think you of it?
Hor. Before my God, I might not this believe,
Without the ſenſible and true avouch
Of mine own eyes.
Mar. Is it not like the King?
Hor. As thou art to thy ſelf.
Such was the very armour he had on,
When he th' ambitious *Norway* combated:
So frown'd he once, when, in an angry parle,
He ſmote the ſleaded *Polack* on the ice.
'Tis ſtrange——
Mar. Thus twice before, and juſt at this dead hour,
With martial ſtalk, he hath gone by our Watch.
Hor. In what particular thought to work, I know not:
But, in the groſs and ſcope of my opinion,
This bodes ſome ſtrange eruption to our State.
Mar. Good now ſit down, and tell me, he that knows,
Why this ſame ſtrict and moſt obſervant Watch
So nightly toils the Subjects of the Land?
And why ſuch daily caſt of brazen Cannon,
And foreign mart for implements of war?
Why ſuch impreſs of ſhipwrights, whoſe ſore task
Does not divide the Sunday from the week?
What might be toward, that this ſweaty haſte
Doth make the night joint labourer with the day:
Who is't, that can inform me?
Hor. That can I;
At leaſt, the whiſper goes ſo. Our laſt King,
Whoſe image even but now appear'd to us,
Was, as you know, by *Fortinbras* of *Norway*,
(Thereto prickt on by a moſt emulate pride)
Dar'd to the fight: In which, our valiant *Hamlet*,
(For ſo this ſide of our known world eſteem'd him)
Did ſlay this *Fortinbras*: who by ſeal'd compact,
Well ratified by law and heraldry,

Did

Did forfeit (with his life) all thoſe his Lands,
Which he ſtood ſeiz'd of, to the Conqueror:
Againſt the which, a moiety competent
Was gaged by our King; which had Return
To the inheritance of *Fortinbras*,
Had he been vanquiſher; as by that cov'nant,
And carriage of the articles deſign'd,
His fell to *Hamlet*. Now young *Fortinbras*,
Of unimproved mettle hot and full, [162]
Hath in the ſkirts of *Norway*, here and there,
Shark'd up a liſt of landleſs reſolutes,
For food and dyet, to ſome enterprize
That hath a ſtomach in't: which is no other,
As it doth well appear unto our State,
But to recover of us by ſtrong hand,
And terms compulſative, thoſe foreſaid Lands
So by his father loſt: and this, I take it,
Is the main motive of our preparations,
The ſource of this our watch, and the chief head
Of this poſt-haſte and romage in the Land.
Ber. I think, it be no other, but even ſo:
Well may it ſort, that this portentous figure
Comes armed through our watch ſo like the King,
That was, and is, the queſtion of theſe wars.
Hor. A mote it is to trouble the mind's eye.
In the moſt high and palmy State of *Rome*,
A little ere the mightieſt *Julius* fell,
The Graves ſtood tenantleſs; the ſheeted Dead
Did ſqueak and gibber in the *Roman* ſtreets;
Stars ſhon with trains of fire, Dews of blood fell;
Diſaſters veil'd the Sun; and the moiſt Star,
Upon whoſe influence *Neptune*'s Empire ſtands,
Was ſick almoſt to doom's-day with eclipſe.
And even the like precurſe of fierce events,
As harbingers preceding ſtill the fates,
And prologue to the omen'd Coming on, (2)

(2) *And Prologue to the* Omen *coming on.*] But *Prologue* and *Omen* are merely ſynonomous here, and muſt ſignify one and the ſame Thing. But the Poet means, that theſe ſtrange *Phænomena* are Prologues, and Fore-

Have heav'n and earth together demonſtrated
Unto our climatures and country-men.

Enter Ghoſt again.

But ſoft, behold! lo, where it comes again!
I'll croſs it, though it blaſt me. Stay, illuſion!
[*Spreading his Arms.*
If thou haſt any ſound, or uſe of voice,
Speak to me.
If there be any good thing to be done,
That may to thee do eaſe, and grace to me;
Speak to me.
If thou art privy to thy Country's fate,
Which, happily, Foreknowing may avoid,
Oh ſpeak!——
Or, if thou haſt uphoorded in thy life
Extorted treaſure in the womb of earth, [*Cock crows.*
For which, they ſay, you Spirits oft walk in death,
Speak of it. Stay, and ſpeak——Stop it, *Marcellus.*——
Mar. Shall I ſtrike at it with my partizan?
Hor. Do, if it will not ſtand.
Ber. 'Tis here——
Hor. 'Tis here——
Mar. 'Tis gone. [*Exit Ghoſt.*
We do it wrong, being ſo majeſtical,
To offer it the ſhew of violence;
For it is as the air, invulnerable;
And our vain blows, malicious mockery.
Ber. It was about to ſpeak, when the cock crew.
Hor. And then it ſtarted like a guilty thing
Upon a fearful Summons. I have heard,
The cock, that is the trumpet to the morn,
Doth with his lofty and ſhrill-ſounding throat
Awake the God of day; and at his warning,
Whether in ſea or fire, in earth or air,
Th' extravagant and erring Spirit hyes

Forerunners, of the Events *preſag'd* by them: And ſuch Senſe the ſlight Alteration, which I have ventur'd to make by a ſingle Letter added, very aptly gives.

To his Confine: And of the truth herein
This preſent object made probation.
Mar. It faded on the crowing of the cock.
Some ſay, that ever 'gainſt that ſeaſon comes
Wherein our Saviour's birth is celebrated,
The bird of Dawning ſingeth all night long:
And then, they ſay, no Spirit walks abroad;
The nights are wholſome, then no planets ſtrike,
No Fairy takes, no Witch hath power to charm;
So hallow'd and ſo gracious is the time.
Hor. So have I heard, and do in part believe it.
But look, the morn, in ruſſet mantle clad,
Walks o'er the dew of yon high eaſtern hill;
Break we our watch up; and, by my advice,
Let us impart what we have ſeen to night
Unto young *Hamlet*. For, upon my life,
This Spirit, dumb to us, will ſpeak to him:
Do you conſent, we ſhall acquaint him with it,
As needful in our loves, fitting our duty?
Mar. Let's do't, I pray; and I this morning know
Where we ſhall find him moſt conveniently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter Claudius *King of* Denmark, Gertrude *the Queen*, Hamlet, Polonius, Laertes, Voltimand, Cornelius, *Lords and Attendants.*

King. THough yet of *Hamlet* our dear brother's death
The memory be green, and that it fitted
To bear our hearts in grief, and our whole Kingdom
To be contracted in one brow of woe;
Yet ſo far hath Diſcretion fought with Nature,
That we with wiſeſt ſorrow think on him,
Together with remembrance of our ſelves.
Therefore our ſometime ſiſter, now our Queen,
Th' imperial Jointreſs of this warlike State,
Have we, as 'twere, with a defeated joy,
With one auſpicious, and one dropping eye,

With mirth in funeral, and with dirge in marriage,
In equal ſcale weighing delight and dole,
Taken to wife.——Nor have we herein barr'd
Your better wiſdoms, which have freely gone
With this affair along: (for all, our thanks.)
Now follows, that you know, young *Fortinbras*,
Holding a weak ſuppoſal of our worth;
Or thinking by our late dear brother's death
Our State to be disjoint and out of frame;
Colleagued with this dream of his advantage;
He hath not fail'd to peſter us with meſſage,
Importing the ſurrender of thoſe Lands
Loſt by his father, by all bands of law,
To our moſt valiant brother.——So much for him.——
Now for our ſelf, and for this time of meeting:
Thus much the buſineſs is. We have here writ
To *Norway*, uncle of young *Fortinbras*,
(Who, impotent and bed-rid, ſcarcely hears
Of this his nephew's purpoſe,) to ſuppreſs
His further gate herein; in that the Levies,
The Liſts, and full Proportions are all made
Out of his Subjects: and we here diſpatch
You, good *Cornelius*, and you *Voltimand*,
For bearers of this Greeting to old *Norway*;
Giving to you no further perſonal power
To buſineſs with the King, more than the ſcope
Which theſe dilated articles allow.
Farewel, and let your haſte commend your duty.

Vol. In that, and all things, will we ſhew our duty.

King. We doubt it nothing; heartily farewel.

[*Exeunt* Voltimand *and* Cornelius.

And now, *Laertes*, what's the news with you?
You told us of ſome ſuit. What is't, *Laertes?*
You cannot ſpeak of Reaſon to the *Dane*,
And loſe your voice. What would'ſt thou beg, *Laertes*,
That ſhall not be my offer, not thy asking?
The head is not more native to the heart,
The hand more inſtrumental to the mouth,
Than is the Throne of *Denmark* to thy father.
What wouldſt thou have, *Laertes?*

Laer.

Laer. My dread lord,
Your leave and favour to return to *France*;
From whence, though willingly I came to *Denmark*
To ſhew my duty in your Coronation;
Yet now I muſt confeſs, that duty done,
My thoughts and wiſhes bend again tow'rd *France:*
And bow them to your gracious leave and pardon.

King. Have you your father's leave? what ſays *Polonius?*

Pol. He hath, my lord, by labourſome petition,
Wrung from me my ſlow leave; and, at the laſt,
Upon his will I ſeal'd my hard conſent.
I do beſeech you, give him leave to go.

King. Take thy fair hour, *Laertes*, time be thine; (3)
And thy beſt Graces ſpend it at thy will.
But now, my couſin *Hamlet*, and my ſon ——

Ham. A little more than kin, and leſs than kind.

King. How is it, that the clouds ſtill hang on you?

Ham. Not ſo, my lord, I am too much i'th' Sun.

Queen. Good *Hamlet*, caſt thy nighted colour off,
And let thine eye look like a friend on *Denmark.*
Do not, for ever, with thy veiled lids,
Seek for thy noble father in the duſt;
Thou know'ſt, 'tis common; all, that live, muſt die;
Paſſing through nature to eternity.

Ham. Ay, Madam, it is common.

Queen. If it be,
Why ſeems it ſo particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, Madam? nay, it is; I know not *ſeems:*
'Tis not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
Nor cuſtomary ſuits of ſolemn Black,
Nor windy ſuſpiration of forc'd breath,
No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,

(3) *Take thy fair hour,* Laertes, *time be thine,*
And thy fair Graces; ſpend it at thy Will.] This is the Pointing in both Mr. *Pope*'s Editions; but the Poet's Meaning is loſt by it, and the Cloſe of the Sentence miſerably flatten'd. The Pointing, I have reſtor'd, is that of the beſt Copies; and the Senſe, this; "You have my Leave "to go, *Laertes*; make the faireſt Uſe you pleaſe of your Time, and "ſpend it at your Will with the faireſt Graces you are Maſter of."

Nor

Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
Together with all forms, moods, shews of grief,
That can denote me truly. These indeed *seem*,
For they are actions that a man might play;
But I have That within, which passeth shew:
These, but the trappings, and the suits of woe.

King. 'Tis sweet and commendable in your nature, *Hamlet*,
To give these mourning duties to your father:
But you must know, your father lost a father; (4)
That father lost, lost, his; and the surviver bound
In filial obligation, for some term,
To do obsequious sorrow. But to persevere
In obstinate condolement, is a course
Of impious stubbornness, unmanly grief.
[52] It shews a will most incorrect to heav'n,
A heart unfortify'd, a mind impatient,
An understanding simple, and unschool'd:
For, what we know must be, and is as common
As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
Why should we, in our peevish opposition,
Take it to heart? fie! 'tis a fault to heav'n,
A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
To Reason most absurd, whose common theam
Is death of fathers, and who still hath cry'd,
From the first coarse, 'till he that died to day,
"This must be so." We pray you, throw to earth
This unprevailing woe, and think of us
As of a father: for let the world take note,
You are the most immediate to our Throne;

(4) *But you must know, your Father lost a Father;*
That Father his, ——] This suppos'd Refinement is from Mr. *Pope*; but all the Editions else, that I have met with, old and modern, read,
That Father lost, lost, *his*;
The *Reduplication* of which Word here gives an Energy and an Elegance, which is much easier to be conceiv'd, than explain'd in Terms. And every judicious Reader of this Poet must have observ'd, how frequent it is with him to make this *Reduplication*; where he intends either to *assert* or *deny*, *augment* or *diminish*, or add a Degree of *Vehemence* to his Expression.

And with't no leſs nobility of love, (5) [155]
Than that which deareſt father bears his ſon,
Do I impart tow'rd you. For your intent (6)
In going back to ſchool to *Wittenberg*,
It is moſt retrograde to our deſire:
And we beſeech you, bend you to remain
Here in the cheer and comfort of our eye,
Our chiefeſt courtier, couſin, and our ſon.

Queen. Let not thy mother loſe her prayers, *Hamlet:*
I pr'ythee, ſtay with us, go not to *Wittenberg.*

Ham. I ſhall in all my beſt obey you, Madam.

King. Why, 'tis a loving, and a fair reply;
Be as our ſelf in *Denmark.* Madam, come;
This gentle and unforc'd accord of *Hamlet*
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof
No jocund health, that *Denmark* drinks to day,
But the great Cannon to the clouds ſhall tell;
And the King's rowſe the heav'n ſhall bruit again,
Re-ſpeaking earthly thunder. Come, away. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Oh, that this too-too-ſolid fleſh would melt,
Thaw, and reſolve it ſelf into a dew!

(5) *And with no leſs Nobility of Love,*
Than that which deareſt Father bears his Son,
Do I impart towards you.] But what does the King *impart?* We want the Subſtantive govern'd of the Verb. The King had declar'd *Hamlet* his immediate Succeſſor; and with That Declaration, he muſt mean, he imparts to him as noble a Love, as ever fond Father tender'd to his own Son. I have ventur'd to make the Text conform with this Senſe.

(6) ——————— *For your Intent*
In going back to School to Wittenberg;] The Poet uſes a *Prolepſis* here: for the Univerſity at *Wittemberg* was open'd by *Frederick* the 3d Elector of *Saxony* in the Year 1502, ſeveral Ages later in Time than the Date of *Hamlet.* But I deſign'd this Remark for another purpoſe. I would take Notice, that a conſiderable Space of Years is ſpent in this Tragedy; or *Hamlet*, as a Prince, ſhould be too old to go to an Univerſity. We here find him a Scholar reſident at that Univerſity; but, in *Act* 5th, we find him plainly 30 Years old: for the *Gravedigger* had taken up that Occupation the very day on which young *Hamlet* was born, and had follow'd it, as he ſays, Thirty Years.

Or

Or that the Everlasting had not fixt (7)
His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! Oh God! oh God!
How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
Seem to me all the uses of this world?
Fie on't! oh fie! 'tis an unweeded garden,
That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
Possess it meerly. That it should come to this!
But two months dead! nay, not so much; not two,——
So excellent a King, that was, to this,
Hyperion to a Satyr: so loving to my mother, (8)
That he would not let e'en the winds of heav'n

Visit

(7) *Or that the Everlasting had not fix'd*
His Cannon *'gainst Self-Slaughter!*] The Generality of the Editions read thus, as if the Poet's Thought were, *Or that the Almighty had not planted his* Artillery, *his* Resentment, *or* Arms *of* Vengeance *against Self-Murther*. But the Word, which I have restor'd to the Text, (and which was espous'd by the accurate Mr. *Hughes*, who gave an Edition of this Play;) is the Poet's true Reading. i. e. *That he had not restrain'd Suicide by his* express Law, *and* peremptory Prohibition. Mistakes are perpetually made in the Old Editions of our Poet, betwixt those two Words, *Cannon* and *Canon*. I shall now subjoin my Reasons, why, I think, the Poet intended to say, Heaven had fix'd its *Injunction* rather than its *Artillery*. In the first place, I much doubt the Propriety of the Phrase, *fixing Cannon*, in the Meaning here suppos'd. The military Expression, which imports what would be necessary to the Sense of the Poet's Thought, is *mounting* or *planting Cannon:* And whenever Cannon is said to be *fix'd*, it is when the Enemy become Masters of it and nail it down. In the next place to *fix* a *Canon*, or *Law*, is the Term of the *Civilians* peculiar to this Business. This *Virgil* had in his Mind, when he wrote,

——— Leges fixit *pretio, atq;* refixit. Æneid. VI.

So *Cicero* in his *Philippic* Orations: *Num* figentur *rursus hæ* Tabulæ, *quas vos Decretis vestris* refixistis? And it was the constant Custom of the *Romans* to say, upon this Occasion, *figere legem*; as the *Greeks*, before them, used the Synonymous Term νόμον παραπῆξαι, and call'd their Statutes thence παραπήγματα. But my last Reason, and which sways most with me, is from the Poet's own Turn and Cast of Thought. For, as he has done in a great many more Instances, it is the very Sentiment which he falls into in another of his Plays, tho' he has cloth'd it in different Expressions:

——— *'Gainst* Self-Slaughter
There is a Prohibition *so* divine,
That cravens my weak hand. Cymbeline.

(8) ——— ——— *So loving to my Mother,*
That he permitted not *the Winds of Heav'n*
Visit her Face too roughly.] This is a sophisticated Reading, copied from

Visit her face too roughly. Heav'n and earth!
Must I remember? —— why, she would hang on him,
As if Increase of Appetite had grown
By what it fed on; yet, within a month, ——
Let me not think—Frailty, thy name is Woman! (9)
A little month! —— or ere those shooes were old,
With which she follow'd my poor father's body,
Like *Niobe*, all tears —— Why she, ev'n she, ——
(O heav'n! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
Would have mourn'd longer—) married with mine uncle,
My father's brother; but no more like my father,
Than I to *Hercules*. Within a month! ——
Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears
Had left the flushing in her gauled eyes,
She married. — Oh, most wicked speed, to post
With such dexterity to incestuous sheets!
It is not, nor it cannot come to Good:

from the Players in some of the modern Editions, for Want of understanding the Poet, whose Text is corrupt in the Old Impressions: All of which that I have had the Fortune to see, concur in reading;

——— *So loving to my Mother,*
That he might not beteene *the Winds of Heav'n*
Visit her Face too roughly.

Beteene is a Corruption, without Doubt, but not so inveterate a one, but that, by the Change of a single Letter, and the Separation of two Words mistakenly jumbled together, I am verily perswaded, I have retriev'd the Poet's Reading. ——— *That he might not* let e'en *the Winds of Heav'n*, &c.

(9) ——— *Frailty, thy Name is Woman!*] But that it would displease Mr. *Pope* to have it suppos'd, that *Satire* can have any place in *Tragedy*, (of which I shall have Occasion to speak farther anon,) I should make no Scruple to pronounce this Reflection a fine *Laconic* Sarcasm. It is as concise in the Terms, and, perhaps, more sprightly in the Thought and Image, than that Fling of *Virgil* upon the Sex, in his fourth *Æneid*.

——— ——— *varium & mutabile semper*
Fœmina.

Mr. *Dryden* has remark'd, that this is the sharpest Satire in the fewest Words, that ever was made on Womankind; for both the Adjectives are Neuter, and *Animal* must be understood to make them Grammar. 'Tis certain, the design'd Contempt is heighten'd by this Change of the *Gender*: but, I presume, Mr. *Dryden* had forgot this Passage of *Shakespeare*, when he declar'd on the Side of *Virgil*'s Hemistich, as the sharpest Satire he had met with.

But break, my heart, for I muſt hold my tongue.

Enter Horatio, Bernardo, *and* Marcellus.

Hor. Hail to your lordſhip!

Ham. I am glad to ſee you well;
Horatio, —— or I do forget my ſelf?

Hor. The ſame, my lord, and your poor ſervant ever.

Ham. Sir, my good friend; I'll change that name with you:
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio?*
Marcellus! ——

Mar. My good lord ——

Ham. I am very glad to ſee you; good even, Sir.
But what, in faith, make you from *Wittenberg?*

Hor. A truant diſpoſition, good my lord.

Ham. I would not hear your enemy ſay ſo;
Nor ſhall you do mine ear that violence,
To make it Truſter of your own report
Againſt your ſelf. I know, you are no truant;
But what is your affair in *Elſinoor?*
We'll teach you to drink deep, ere you depart.

Hor. My lord, I came to ſee your father's funeral.

Ham. I pr'ythee, do not mock me, fellow-ſtudent;
I think, it was to ſee my mother's wedding.

Hor. Indeed, my lord, it follow'd hard upon.

Ham. Thrift, thrift, *Horatio*; the funeral bak'd meats
Did coldly furniſh forth the marriage tables.
Would, I had met my deareſt foe in heav'n,
Or ever I had ſeen that day, *Horatio!*
My father —— methinks, I ſee my father.

Hor. Oh where, my lord?

Ham. In my mind's eye, *Horatio.*

Hor. I ſaw him once, he was a goodly King.

Ham. He was a man, take him from all in all,
I ſhall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think, I ſaw him yeſternight.

Ham. Saw! who? ——

Hor. My lord, the King your father.

Ham. The King my father!

Hor. Seaſon your admiration but a while,

With

With an attentive ear; 'till I deliver
Upon the witneſs of theſe gentlemen,
This marvel to you.
Ham. For heaven's love, let me hear.
Hor. Two nights together had theſe gentlemen,
Marcellus and *Bernardo*, on their watch,
In the dead waſte and middle of the night,
Been thus encountred: A figure like your father,
Arm'd at all points exactly, *Cap-à-pe*,
Appears before them, and with ſolemn march
Goes ſlow and ſtately by them; thrice he walk'd,
By their oppreſt and fear-ſurprized eyes,
Within his truncheon's length; whilſt they (diſtill'd
Almoſt to jelly with the act of fear)
Stand dumb, and ſpeak not to him. This to me
In dreadful ſecrecy impart they did,
And I with them the third night kept the watch;
Where, as they had deliver'd both in time,
Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
The Apparition comes. I knew your father:
Theſe hands are not more like.
Ham. But where was this?
Mar. My lord, upon the Platform where we watcht.
Ham. Did you not ſpeak to it?
Hor. My lord, I did;
But anſwer made it none; yet once, methought,
It lifted up its head, and did addreſs
It ſelf to motion, like as it would ſpeak:
But even then the morning cock crew loud;
And at the ſound it ſhrunk in haſte away,
And vaniſht from our ſight.
Ham. 'Tis very ſtrange.
Hor. As I do live, my honour'd lord, 'tis true;
And we did think it writ down in our duty
To let you know of it.
Ham. Indeed, indeed, Sirs, but this troubles me.
Hold you the watch to night?
Both. We do, my lord.
Ham. Arm'd, ſay you?
Both. Arm'd, my lord.

Ham.

Ham. From top to toe?
Both. My lord, from head to foot.
Ham. Then saw you not his face?
Hor. Oh, yes, my lord; he wore his beaver up.
Ham. What, look'd he frowningly?
Hor. A count'nance more in sorrow than in anger.
Ham. Pale, or red?
Hor. Nay, very pale.
Ham. And fixt his eyes upon you?
Hor. Most constantly.
Ham. I would, I had been there!
Hor. It would have much amaz'd you.
Ham. Very like; staid it long?
Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.
Both. Longer, longer.
Hor. Not when I saw't.
Ham. His beard was grisly?
Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,
A sable silver'd.
Ham. I'll watch to night; perchance, 'twill walk again.
Hor. I warrant you, it will,
Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,
I'll speak to it, tho' hell it self should gape
And bid me hold my peace. I pray you all,
If you have hitherto conceal'd this sight,
Let it be[1] treble in your silence still:
And whatsoever shall befall to night,
Give it an understanding, but no tongue;
I will requite your loves: so, fare ye well.
Upon the platform 'twixt eleven and twelve
I'll visit you.
All. Our duty to your Honour. [*Exeunt.*
Ham. Your loves, as mine to you: farewel.
My father's Spirit in arms! all is not well;
I doubt some foul play: would, the night were come!
'Till then sit still, my soul: foul deeds will rise
(Tho' all the earth o'erwhelm them) to mens eyes.
[*Exit.*

SCENE

[1] Senable. Old Quarto.

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in* Polonius's *House.*

Enter Laertes *and* Ophelia.

Laer. MY neceſſaries are imbark'd, farewel;
And, ſiſter, as the winds give benefit,
And Convoy is aſſiſtant, do not ſleep,
But let me hear from you.
Oph. Do you doubt That?
Laer. For *Hamlet*, and the trifling of his favour,
Hold it a faſhion and a toy in blood;
A violet in the youth of primy nature,
Forward, not permanent; tho' ſweet, not laſting;
The perfume, and ſuppliance of a minute;
No more.——
Oph. No more but ſo?
Laer. Think it no more:
For nature, creſcent, does not grow alone
In thews and bulk; but, as this Temple waxes,
The inward ſervice of the mind and ſoul
Grows wide withal. Perhaps, he loves you now;
And now no ſoil nor cautel doth beſmerch (10)
The virtue of his will: but you muſt fear,
His Greatneſs weigh'd, his will is not his own:
For he himſelf is ſubject to his Birth;
He may not, as unvalued perſons do,
Carve for himſelf; for on his choice depends

(10) *And now no Soil, nor* Cautel.] *Cautel*, from *Cautela*, in its firſt deriv'd Signification means a prudent *Foreſight*, or *Caution:* But when we naturalize a *Latin* Word into our Tongue, we do not think ourſelves oblig'd to uſe it in its preciſe, native Signification. So here, traductively, 'tis employ'd to mean, *Deceit*, *Craft*, *Inſincerity*. And in theſe Acceptations we find our Author uſing the Adjective from it, in his *Julius Cæſar*.

Swear Prieſts, and Cowards, and Men cautelous.

In the like Manner the *French* uſe their *cauteleux*; by which they underſtand, *ruſé*, *trompeur:* and *Minſhew* has explain'd the Word *Cautel* thus, a crafty Way to deceive.

Mr. *Warburton.*

+ The ſanctity and health of the whole State.
And therefore muſt his choice be circumſcrib'd
Unto the voice and yielding of that body,
Whereof he's head. Then if he ſays, he loves you,
[146] It fits your wiſdom ſo far to believe it,
As he in his peculiar act and place
May give his Saying deed; which is no further,
Than the main voice of *Denmark* goes withal.
Then weigh, what loſs your Honour may ſuſtain,
If with too credent ear you liſt his ſongs;
Or loſe your heart, or your chaſte treaſure open
To his unmaſter'd importunity.
Fear it, *Ophelia*, fear it, my dear ſiſter;
And keep within the rear of your affection,
Out of the ſhot and danger of deſire.
The charieſt maid is prodigal enough,
If ſhe unmask her beauty to the moon:
Virtue it ſelf ſcapes not calumnious ſtrokes;
The canker galls the Infants of the Spring,
Too oft before their buttons be diſclos'd;
And in the morn and liquid dew of youth
Contagious blaſtments are moſt imminent.
Be wary then, beſt ſafety lies in fear;
Youth to it ſelf rebels, though none elſe near.
Oph. I ſhall th' effects of this good leſſon keep,
As watchman to my heart. But, good my brother,
Do not, as ſome ungracious paſtors do,
Shew me the ſteep and thorny way to heav'n;
Whilſt,[1] like a puft and careleſs libertine,
Himſelf the primroſe path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own reed.
Laer. Oh, fear me not.

Enter Polonius.

I ſtay too long; —— but here my father comes:
A double Bleſſing is a double grace;
Occaſion ſmiles upon a ſecond leave.
Pol. Yet here, *Laertes*! aboard, aboard for ſhame;

+ Sanity, or safety with the
1 Ste W. Old Quarter

The

The wind ſits in the ſhoulder of your ſail, (11)
And you are ſtaid for. There; ——
My Bleſſing with you;
[*Laying his hand on* Laertes's *head.*
And theſe few precepts in thy memory
See thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportion'd thought his act:
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou haſt, and their Adoption try'd,
Grapple them to thy ſoul with hooks of ſteel:
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of Entrance to a quarrel: but being in,
Bear't that the oppoſed may beware of thee.
Give ev'ry Man thine ear; but few thy voice.
Take each man's cenſure; but reſerve thy judgment.
Coſtly thy habit as thy purſe can buy,
But not expreſt in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in *France* of the beſt rank and ſtation
Are moſt ſelect and generous, chief in That.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For Loan oft loſes both it ſelf and friend:
And Borrowing dulls the edge of Husbandry.
This above all; to thine own ſelf be true;
And it muſt follow, as the night the day,
Thou canſt not then be falſe to any man.
Farewel; my Bleſſing ſeaſon this in thee!

(11) *The Wind ſits in the Shoulder of your Sail,*
And you are ſtay'd for there. *My Bleſſing*, &c.] *There* — where? in the Shoulder of his Sail? For to That muſt this *local* Adverb relate, as tis ſituated. Beſides, it is a dragging idle Expletive, and ſeems of no Uſe but to ſupport the Meaſure of the Verſe. But when we come to point this Paſſage right, and to the Poet's Intention in it, we ſhall find it neither unneceſſary, nor improper, in its Place. In the Speech immediately preceding this, *Laertes* taxes himſelf for ſtaying too long; but ſeeing his Father approach, he is willing to ſtay for a ſecond Bleſſing, and kneels down to that end: *Polonius* accordingly lays his hand on his Head, and gives him the ſecond Bleſſing. The Manner, in which a Comic Actor behav'd upon this Occaſion, was ſure to raiſe a Laugh of Pleaſure in the Audience: And the oldeſt *Quarto*'s, in the Pointing, are a Confirmation that thus the Poet intended it, and thus the Stage expreſs'd it.

Laer. Moſt humbly do I take my leave, my lord.
Pol. The time inveſts you, go, your ſervants tend. (12)
Laer. Farewel, *Ophelia*, and remember well
What I have ſaid.
Oph. 'Tis in my mem'ry lockt,
And you your ſelf ſhall keep the key of it.
Laer. Farewel. [*Exit* Laer.
Pol. What is't, *Ophelia*, he hath ſaid to you?
Oph. So pleaſe you, ſomething touching the lord *Hamlet*.
Pol. Marry, well bethought!
'Tis told me, he hath very oft of late
Given private time to you; and you your ſelf
Have of your audience been moſt free and bounteous.
If it be ſo, (as ſo 'tis put on me,
And that in way of caution,) I muſt tell you,
You do not underſtand your ſelf ſo clearly,
As it behoves my daughter, and your honour.
What is between you? give me up the truth.
Oph. He hath, my lord, of late, made many tenders
Of his Affection to me.
Pol. Affection! puh! you ſpeak like a green girl,
Unſifted in ſuch perilous circumſtance.
Do you believe his tenders, as you call them?
Oph. I do not know, my lord, what I ſhould think.
Pol. Marry, I'll teach you; think your ſelf a baby;
That you have ta'en his tenders for true pay,
Which are not ſterling. Tender your ſelf more dearly; (13)*
Or (not to crack the wind of the poor phraſe,
Wringing it thus,) you'll tender me a fool.

Oph.

(12) *The Time* invites *You*, ——] This Reading is as old as the firſt *Folio*; however I ſuſpect it to have been ſubſtituted by the Players, who did not underſtand the Term which poſſeſſes the elder *Quarto*'s:

The Time inveſts *you*,

i. e. beſieges, preſſes upon you on every Side. To *inveſt a Town*, is the *military* Phraſe from which our Author borrow'd his *Metaphor*.

* (13) *Tender your ſelf more dearly*;
Or (*not to crack the Wind of the poor Phraſe*)
Wronging *it thus, you'll tender me a Fool.*] The *Parentheſis* is clos'd at the wrong place; and we muſt make likewiſe a ſlight Correction in the laſt

Oph. My lord, he hath importun'd me with love,
In honourable faſhion.
Pol. Ay, faſhion you may call't: go to, go to.
Oph. And hath giv'n count'nance to his ſpeech, my lord,
With almoſt all the holy vows of heaven.
Pol. Ay, ſpringes to catch woodcocks. I do know,
When the blood burns, how prodigal the ſoul
Lends the tongue vows. Theſe blazes, oh my daughter,
Giving more light than heat, extinct in both,
Ev'n in their promiſe as it is a making,
You muſt not take for fire. From this time,
Be ſomewhat ſcanter of your maiden preſence,
Set your intreatments at a higher rate, [152
Than a command to parley. For lord *Hamlet*,
Believe ſo much in him, that he is young;
And with a larger tether may he walk,
Than may be given you. In few, *Ophelia*,
Do not believe his vows; for they are brokers, (14)

laſt Verſe. *Polonius* is racking and playing on the Word *Tender*, till he thinks proper to correct himſelf for the Licence; and then he would ſay —— not farther to crack the Wind of the Phraſe by *twiſting* and *contorting* it, as I have done; &c. Mr. *Warburton*.

(14) *Do not believe his Vows; for they are Brokers;*

Breathing like ſanctified and pious Bonds, *i.e. Vows. W.*
The better to beguile.]

To the ſame purpoſe our Author, ſpeaking of Vows, expreſſes himſelf in his Poem, call'd, The *Lover's Complaint*.

Saw, how Deceits were guilded in his Smiling;
Knew, Vows *were ever* Brokers *to* defiling:

But to the Paſſage in Queſtion: Tho all the Editors have ſwallow'd it implicitly, it is certainly corrupt; and I have been ſurpriz'd, how Men of Genius and Learning could let it paſs without ſome Suſpicion. What Ideas can we form to ourſelves of a *breathing Bond*, or of its being *ſanctified* and *pious*? The only tolerable Way of reconciling it to a Meaning without a Change, is to ſuppoſe that the Poet intends, by the Word *Bonds*, *verbal Obligations*, *Proteſtations*: and then, indeed, theſe *Bonds* may, in ſome Senſe, be ſaid to have *Breath*. But this is to make him guilty of over-ſtraining the Word and Alluſion; and it will hardly bear that Interpretation, at leaſt not without much Obſcurity. As he, juſt before, is calling amorous Vows *Brokers*, and Implorers of unholy Suits; I think, a Continuation of the plain and natural Senſe directs to an eaſy

Emendation,

Not of that Die which their inveſtments ſhew,
But meer implorers of unholy ſuits,
Breathing like ſanctified and pious Bawds,
The better to beguile. This is for all:
I would not, in plain terms, from this time forth,
Have you ſo ſlander any moment's leiſure,
As to give words or talk with the lord *Hamlet*.
Look to't, I charge you; come your way.
Oph. I ſhall obey, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to the Platform before the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet, Horatio, *and* Marcellus.

Ham. THE Air bites ſhrewdly; it is very cold.
Hor. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think, it lacks of twelve.
Mar. No, it is ſtruck.
Hor. I heard it not: it then draws near the ſeaſon,
Wherein the Spirit held his wont to walk.
[*Noiſe of warlike muſick within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The King doth wake to night, and takes his rowſe,
Keeps waſſel, and the ſwagg'ring upſpring reels;

Emendation, which makes the whole Thought of a piece, and gives it a Turn not unworthy of our Poet.

Breathing, like ſanctified and pious Bawds,
The better to beguile.

Broker, 'tis to be obſerv'd, our Author perpetually uſes as the more modeſt Synonymous Term for *Bawd*. Beſides, what ſtrengthens my Correction, and makes this Emendation the more neceſſary and probable, is, the Words with which the Poet winds up his Thought, *the better to beguile*. It is the ſly Artifice and Cuſtom of Bawds to put on an Air and Form of *Sanctity*, to betray the Virtues of young Ladies; by drawing them firſt into a kind Opinion of them, from their *exteriour* and *diſſembled* Goodneſs. And *Bawds* in their Office of *Treachery* are likewiſe properly *Brokers*; and the *Implorers* and Prompters of *unholy* (that is, unchaſt) Suits: And ſo a Chain of the ſame Metaphors is continued to the End.

I made this Emendation when I publiſh'd my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, and Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to embrace it in his laſt Edition.

And

And as he drains his draughts of Rheniſh down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a cuſtom?
Ham. Ay, marry, is't:
But to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a cuſtom
More honour'd in the breach, than the obſervance.
This heavy-headed revel, eaſt and weſt, (15) [90]
Makes us traduc'd, and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with ſwiniſh phraſe
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our atchievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So, oft it chances in particular men,
That for ſome vicious mole of nature in them,
As, in their birth, (wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot chuſe his origin)
By the o'ergrowth of ſome complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reaſon;
Or by ſome habit, that too much o'er-leavens
The form of plauſive manners; that theſe men
Carrying, I ſay, the ſtamp of one defect,
(Being nature's livery, or fortune's ſcar)
Their virtues elſe, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general cenſure take corruption

(15) *This heavy-headed Revel, eaſt and weſt.*] This whole Speech of *Hamlet*, to the Entrance of the Ghoſt, I ſet right in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, ſo ſhall not trouble the Readers again with a Repetition of thoſe Corrections, or Juſtification of them. Mr. *Pope* admits, I have given the Whole a *Glimmering* of *Senſe*, but it is purely *conjectural*, and founded on no *Authority* of *Copies*. But is this any Objection againſt Conjecture in *Shakeſpeare*'s Caſe, where no Original Manuſcript is ſubſiſting, and the Printed Copies have ſucceſſively blunder'd after one another? And is not even a Glimmering of Senſe, ſo it be not arbitrarily impos'd, preferable to flat and glaring Nonſenſe? If not, there is a total End at leaſt to this Branch of Criticiſm: and Nonſenſe may plead Title and Preſcription from Time, becauſe there is no direct Authority for diſpoſſeſſing it.

From that particular fault.——The dram of Baſe (16)
Doth all the noble ſubſtance of worth out,
To his own ſcandal.

Enter Ghoſt.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and miniſters of grace defend us!
Be thou a Spirit of health, or Goblin damn'd,

(16) ——————*The Dram of* Eaſe
Doth all the noble Subſtance of a Doubt
To his own Scandal.] Mr. *Pope*, who has degraded this whole Speech, has entirely left out this concluding Sentence of it. It looks, indeed, to be deſperate, and for that Reaſon, I conceive, he choſe to drop it. I do not remember a Paſſage, throughout all our Poet's Works, more intricate and deprav'd in the Text, of leſs Meaning to outward Appearance, or more likely to baffle the Attempts of Criticiſm in its Aid. It is certain, there is neither Senſe, nor Grammar, as it now ſtands: yet, with a ſlight Alteration, I'll endeavour to cure thoſe Defects, and give a Sentiment too, that ſhall make the Poet's Thought cloſe nobly. What can a Dram of *Eaſe* mean? Or, What can it have to do with the Context, ſuppoſing it were the allow'd Expreſſion here? Or, in a Word, what Agreement in Senſe is there betwixt a *Dram* of *Eaſe* and the *Subſtance* of a *Doubt?* It is a deſperate Corruption, and the neareſt way to hope for a Cure of it, is, to conſider narrowly what the Poet muſt be ſuppos'd to have intended here. The whole Tenour of this Speech is, that let Men have never ſo many, or ſo eminent, Virtues, if they have one Defect which accompanies them, that ſingle Blemiſh ſhall throw a Stain upon their whole Character: and not only ſo, (if I underſtand him right) but ſhall deface the very Eſſence of all their Goodneſs, to its own Scandal: ſo that their Virtues themſelves will become their Reproach. This is not only a Continuation of his Sentiment, but carries it up with a fine and proper *Climax*. I have ventur'd to conjecture, that the Author might write;

——————*The Dram of* Baſe
Doth all the noble Subſtance of Worth out
To his own Scandal.

The Dram of *Baſe*, *i. e.* the leaſt Alloy of Baſeneſs or Vice. It is very frequent with our Poet to uſe the *Adjective* of *Quality* inſtead of the Subſtantive ſignifying the Thing. Beſides, I have obſerved, that elſewhere, ſpeaking of *Worth*, he delights to conſider it as a Quality that adds *Weight* to a Perſon, and connects the Word with that Idea.

Let ev'ry Word weigh heavy *of her* Worth,
That he does weigh *too* light.
All's Well that ends Well.

From whoſe ſo many Weights *of* Baſeneſs *cannot*
A Dram *of* Worth *be drawn.* Cymbeline.

Bring

Bring with thee airs from heav'n, or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape, (17)
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee *Hamlet*,
King, Father, Royal *Dane*: oh! answer me;
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell,
Why thy canoniz'd bones, hearsed in death, *earth*
Have burst their cearments? why the sepulcher, *w*
Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urn'd,
Hath ope'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean?
That thou, dead coarse, again, in compleat steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and us fools of nature
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? wherefore? what should we do?
[*Ghost beckons* Hamlet.

Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.

Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you to a more removed ground:
But do not go with it.

Hor. No, by no means. [*holding* Hamlet.

Ham. It will not speak; then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.

Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to That,
Being a thing immortal as it self?
It waves me forth again.——I'll follow it——

Hor. What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my lord?
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,

17 *Thou com'st in such a* questionable *Shape.*] By *questionable* we now constantly understand *disputable*, *doubtful*; but our Author uses it in a Sense quite opposite, *not disputable*, but to be *convers'd with*, *inviting Question:* as in *Macbeth.*

Live You, or are You aught that Man may question?

That

That beetles o'er his Baſe into the ſea ;
And there aſſume ſome other horrible form,
Which might deprive your ſov'reignty of reaſon,
And draw you into madneſs? think of it.
The very place puts toys of deſperation,
Without more motive, into ev'ry brain,
That looks ſo many fadoms to the ſea ;
And hears it roar beneath.

Ham. It waves me ſtill: go on, I'll follow thee——

Mar. You ſhall not go, my lord.

Ham. Hold off your hands.

Mar. Be rul'd, you ſhall not go.

Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the *Nemean* lion's nerve:
Still am I call'd: unhand me, gentlemen——
[*Breaking from them.*
By heaven, I'll make a Ghoſt of him that lets me ——
I ſay, away —— go on —— I'll follow thee ——
[*Exe. Ghoſt and* Hamlet.

Hor. He waxes deſp'rate with imagination.

Mar. Let's follow ; 'tis not fit thus to obey him.

Hor. Have after.—To what iſſue will this come?

Mar. Something is rotten in the State of *Denmark.*

Hor. Heav'n will direct it.

Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a more remote Part of the Platform.*

Re-enter Ghoſt and Hamlet.

Ham. Where wilt thou lead me? ſpeak; I'll go no further.

Ghoſt. Mark me.

Ham. I will.

Ghoſt. My hour is almoſt come,
When I to ſulphurous and tormenting flames
Muſt render up my ſelf.

Ham. Alas, poor Ghoſt!

Ghoſt. Pity me not, but lend thy ſerious hearing
To what I ſhall unfold.

Ham.

Ham. Speak, I am bound to hear.
Ghoſt. So art thou to revenge, when thou ſhalt hear.
Ham. What?
Ghoſt. I am thy father's Spirit;
Doom'd for a certain term to walk the night,
And, for the day, confin'd to faſt in fires; (18)
'Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
Are burnt and purg'd away. But that I am forbid
To tell the ſecrets of my priſon-houſe,
I could a tale unfold, whoſe lighteſt word
Would harrow up thy ſoul, freeze thy young blood,
Make thy two eyes, like ſtars, ſtart from their ſpheres,
Thy knotty and combined locks to part,
And each particular hair to ſtand on end
Like quills upon the fretful porcupine:
But this eternal blazon muſt not be
To ears of fleſh and blood; liſt, liſt, oh liſt!
If thou didſt ever thy dear father love ——
Ham. Oh heav'n!
Ghoſt. Revenge his foul and moſt unnatural murther.
Ham. Murther?
Ghoſt. Murther moſt foul, as in the beſt it is;
But this moſt foul, ſtrange, and unnatural.
Ham. Haſte me to know it, that I, with wings as ſwift
As meditation or the thoughts of love,
May ſweep to my revenge.
Ghoſt. I find thee apt;
And duller ſhouldſt thou be, than the fat weed

18 *And, for the Day, confin'd to* faſt *in Fires*;] I once ſuſpected this Expreſſion——*to* faſt *in Fires:* becauſe tho' Faſting is often a Part of Penance injoin'd us by the Church-Diſcipline here on Earth, yet, I conceiv'd, it could be no great Puniſhment for a *Spirit*, a Being which requires no Suſtenance, to *faſt*. But Mr. *Warburton* has ſince perfectly convinced me that the Text is not to be diſturb'd, but that the Expreſſion is purely *metaphorical*. For it is the Opinion of the Religion here repreſented, (i. e. the *Roman* Catholic) that *Faſting* purifies the Soul here, as the *Fire* does in the *Purgatory* here alluded to: and that the Soul muſt be purged either by *faſting* here, or by *burning* hereafter. This Opinion *Shakeſpeare* again hints at, where he makes *Hamlet* ſay;

He took my Father groſsly, full of Bread.

And we are to obſerve, that it is a common ſaying of the *Romiſh* Prieſts to their People, *If you won't* faſt *here, you muſt* faſt in Fire.

That roots it ſelf in eaſe on *Lethe*'s wharf,
Wouldſt thou not ſtir in this. Now, *Hamlet*, hear:
'Tis given out, that ſleeping in my orchard,
A ſerpent ſtung me. So, the whole ear of *Denmark*
Is by a forged proceſs of my death
Rankly abus'd: but know, thou noble Youth,
The ſerpent, that did ſting thy father's life,
Now wears his Crown.

Ham. Oh, my prophetick ſoul! my uncle?

Ghoſt. Ay, that inceſtuous, that adulterate beaſt,
With witchcraft of his wit, with trait'rous gifts,
(Oh wicked wit, and gifts, that have the power
So to ſeduce!) won to his ſhameful luſt
The will of my moſt ſeeming-virtuous Queen.
Oh *Hamlet*, what a falling off was there!
From me, whoſe love was of that dignity,
That it went hand in hand ev'n with the vow
I made to her in marriage; and to decline
Upon a wretch, whoſe natural gifts were poor
To thoſe of mine!
But virtue, as it never will be mov'd,
Though lewdneſs court it in a ſhape of heav'n;
So luſt, though to a radiant angel link'd,
Will ſate it ſelf in a celeſtial bed,
And prey on garbage——
But, ſoft! methinks, I ſcent the morning air——
Brief let me be; Sleeping within mine orchard,
My cuſtom always of the afternoon,
Upon my ſecure hour thy uncle ſtole
With juice of curſed hebenon in a viol,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous diſtilment; whoſe effect
Holds ſuch an enmity with blood of man,
That ſwift as quick-ſilver it courſes through
The nat'ral gates and allies of the body;
And, with a ſudden vigour, it doth poſſet
And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
The thin and wholſome blood: ſo did it mine,
And a moſt inſtant tetter bark'd about,
Moſt lazar-like, with vile and loathſome cruſt

All

All my ſmooth body.——
Thus was I ſleeping, by a brother's hand,
Of life, of Crown, of Queen, at once diſpatcht;
Cut off even in the bloſſoms of my ſin,
Unhouſel'd, unappointed, unaneal'd: (19)

No

(19) Unhouzzled, unanointed, unaneal'd;] The Ghoſt, having recounted the Proceſs of his Murther, proceeds to exaggerate the Inhumanity and Unnaturalneſs of the Fact, from the Circumſtances in which he was ſurpriz'd. But theſe, I find, have been ſtumbling Blocks to our Editors; and therefore I muſt amend and explain theſe 3 compound Adjectives in their Order. Inſtead of *unhouzzel'd*, we muſt reſtore, *unhouſel'd*, i. e. *without the Sacrament taken*; from the old *Saxon* Word for the Sacrament, *houſel*. So our *Etymologiſts*, and *Chaucer* write it; and *Spencer*, accordingly, calls the Sacramental Fire, *houſling* Fire. In the next place, *unanointed* is a Sophiſtication of the Text: the old Copies concur in reading, *diſappointed*. I correct,

Unhouſel'd, unappointed,——

i. e. no Confeſſion of Sins made, no Reconciliation to Heaven, no Appointment of Penance by the Church. To this Purpoſe *Othello* ſpeaks to his Wife, when he is upon the Point of killing her;

If you bethink your ſelf of any Crime,
Unreconcil'd *as yet to Heav'n and Grace,*
Sollicit for it ſtrait.

So in *Meaſure for Meaſure*, when *Iſabella* brings word to *Claudio* that he is to be inſtantly executed, ſhe urges him to this neceſſary Duty;

Therefore your beſt Appointment *make with Speed,*
To Morrow you ſet out.

Unaneal'd, I agree to be the Poet's genuine Word; but I muſt take the Liberty to diſpute Mr. *Pope*'s Explication of it, *viz.* No *Knell* rung. I don't pretend to know what Gloſſaries Mr. *Pope* may have conſulted and truſts to; but whoſeſoever they are, I am ſure, their Comment is very ſingular in the Word alledg'd. The Adjective form'd from *Knell*, muſt have been *unknell'd* or *unknoll'd*. So, in *Macbeth*;

Had I as many Sons, as I have hairs,
I would not wiſh them to a fairer Death;
And ſo his Knell *is* knoll'd.

There is no Rule in Orthography for ſinking the *k* in the Deflexion of any Verb or Compound form'd from *Knell*, and melting it into a Vowel. What Senſe does *unaneal'd* then bear? SKINNER, in his *Lexicon* of old and obſolete *Engliſh* Terms, tells us, that *Aneal'd* is *unctus*; from the *Teutonick* Prepoſition *an*, and *Ole*, i. e. *Oil*: ſo that *unaneal'd* muſt conſequently ſignify, *unanointed*, not having the *extream Unction*. So that the Poet's Reading and Explication being aſcertain'd, he very finely makes his *Ghoſt* complain of theſe four dreadful Hardſhips; That he had been diſpatch'd out of Life without receiving the *Hoſtie*, or Sacrament; without being *reconcil'd* to Heaven and *abſolv'd*; without the Benefit of *extream*

No reck'ning made, but sent to my account
With all my imperfections on my head.
Oh, horrible! oh, horrible! most horrible!
If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not;
Let not the royal bed of *Denmark* be
A couch for luxury and damned incest.
But howsoever thou pursu'st this act,
Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
Against thy mother aught; leave her to heav'n,
And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
The glow-worm shews the Matin to be near,
And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire.
Adieu, adieu, adieu; remember me. [*Exit.*

Ham. Oh, all you host of heav'n! oh earth! what else?
And shall I couple hell? oh, hold my heart——
And you, my sinews, grow not instant old;
But bear me stiffly up; remember thee—
Ay, thou poor Ghost, while memory holds a seat
In this distracted globe; remember thee——
Yea, from the table of my memory (20)
I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,
All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmix'd with baser matter. Yes, by heav'n:
Oh most pernicious woman!
Oh villain, villain, smiling damned villain!
My tables,——meet it is, I set it down,

tream Unction; or without so much as a *Confession* made of his Sins. The having no *Knell* rung, I think is not a Point of equal Consequence to any of these; especially, if we consider, that the *Romish* Church admits the Efficacy *of praying* for the *Dead*.

(20) *Yea, from the Table of my Memory*
I'll wipe away all trivial fond Records.] *Æschylus*, I remember, twice uses this very Metaphor; considering the *Mind* or *Memory*, as a *Tablet*, or *Writing-book*, on which we are to engrave Things worthy of Remembrance.

Ἦν ἐγγράφω Σὺ μνήμοσιν δέλτοις φρενῶν. Prometh.
Δελτογράφῳ ὦ πάνθ' ἑπωπᾷ φρενί. Eumenid.

That

That one may ſmile, and ſmile, and be a villain;
At leaſt, I'm ſure, it may be ſo in *Denmark*. [*Writing.*
So, uncle, there you are; now to my word;
It is; Adieu, adieu, remember me:
I've ſworn it——

Enter Horatio *and* Marcellus.

Hor. My lord, my lord,——
Mar. Lord *Hamlet*,——
Hor. Heav'n ſecure him!
Mar. So be it.
Hor. Illo, ho, ho, my lord!
Ham. Hillo, ho, ho, boy; come, bird, come.
Mar. How is't, my noble lord?
Hor. What news, my lord?
Ham. Oh, wonderful!
Hor. Good my lord, tell it.
Ham. No, you'll reveal it.
Hor. Not I, my lord, by heav'n.
Mar. Nor I, my lord.
Ham. How ſay you then, would heart of man once think it?
But you'll be ſecret——
Both. Ay, by heav'n, my lord.
Ham. There's ne'er a villain, dwelling in all *Denmark*,
But he's an arrant knave.
Hor. There needs no Ghoſt, my lord, come from the Grave
To tell us this.
Ham. Why, right, you are i'th' right;
And ſo without more circumſtance at all,
I hold it fit that we ſhake hands, and part;
You, as your buſineſs and deſires ſhall point you;
(For every man has buſineſs and deſire,
Such as it is) and for my own poor part,
I will go pray.
Hor. Theſe are but wild and whirling words, my lord.
Ham. I'm ſorry they offend you, heartily;
Yes, heartily.
Hor. There's no offence, my lord.

Ham.

Ham. Yes, by St. *Patrick*, but there is, my lord,
And much offence too. Touching this Vision here—
It is an honeſt Ghoſt, that let me tell you:
For your deſire to know what is between us,
O'er-maſter it as you may. And now, good friends,
As you are friends, ſcholars, and ſoldiers,
Give me one poor requeſt.

Hor. What is't, my lord?

Ham. Never make known what you have ſeen to night.

Both. My lord, we will not.

Ham. Nay, but ſwear't.

Hor. In faith, my lord, not I.

Mar. Nor I, my lord, in faith.

Ham. Upon my ſword.

Mar. We have ſworn, my lord, already.

Ham. Indeed, upon my ſword, indeed.

Ghoſt. Swear. [*Ghoſt cries under the ſtage.*

Ham. Ah ha, boy, ſay'ſt thou ſo? art thou there, true-penny?
Come on, you hear this fellow in the celleridge.
Conſent to ſwear.

Hor. Propoſe the oath, my lord.

Ham. Never to ſpeak of this that you have ſeen,
Swear by my ſword.

Ghoſt. Swear.

Ham. Hic & ubique? then we'll ſhift our ground.
Come hither, gentlemen,
And lay your hands again upon my ſword.
Never to ſpeak of this which you have heard, (21)
Swear by my ſword.

Ghoſt. Swear by his ſword.

(21) *Never to ſpeak of this that you have heard,*
Swear by my Sword.] This Adjuration and the Solemnity of kiſſing *Hamlet*'s Sword, ſeems to be ſneer'd at by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Knight* of the *Burning Peſtle*; where *Ralph*, the Grocer's Prentice, diſmiſſes the *Barber* in Quiet, on certain Terms agreed betwixt them.

Ralph. *I give Thee mercy, but yet Thou ſhalt* ſwear
Upon my burning Peſtle *to perform*
Thy Promiſe uttered.

Barb. *I* ſwear *and* kiſs.

Ham.

Ham. Well ſaid, old mole, can'ſt work i'th' ground ſo faſt?
A worthy pioneer! Once more remove, good friends.
Hor. Oh day and night, but this is wondrous ſtrange.
Ham. And therefore as a ſtranger give it welcome.
There are more things in heav'n and earth, *Horatio*, (22)
Than are dreamt of in your philoſophy. But come,
Here, as before, never, (ſo help you mercy!)
How ſtrange or odd ſoe'er I bear my ſelf,
(As I, perchance, hereafter ſhall think meet
To put an antick diſpoſition on;)
That you, at ſuch time ſeeing me, never ſhall,
With arms encumbred thus, or this head-ſhake,
Or by pronouncing of ſome doubtful phraſe,
As, well —— we know —— or, we could, and if we would ——
Or, if we liſt to ſpeak —— or, there be, and if there might ——
(Or ſuch ambiguous giving out) denote
That you know aught of me; This do ye ſwear,
So grace and mercy at your moſt need help you!
Swear.
Ghoſt. Swear.
Ham. Reſt, reſt, perturbed Spirit. So, Gentlemen,
With all my love do I commend me to you;
And what ſo poor a man as *Hamlet* is
May do t' expreſs his love and friending to you,
God willing, ſhall not lack; let us go in together,
And ſtill your fingers on your lips, I pray:

(22) *There are more Things in Heav'n and Earth*, Horatio,
Than are dreamt of in your Philoſophy.] This Reflexion of *Hamlet* ſeems to be directly copied from this Paſſage of *Lucretius*, lib. I. v. 152.
Quod multa *in* Terris fieri, Cœloq; *tuentur*,
Quorum Operum Cauſas nullâ ratione videre
Poſſunt.
I had amended and rectified the Pointing of this whole Speech in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, to which I deſire for Brevity's Sake to refer my Readers. Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to reform the Whole, in his laſt Edition, agreeably to my Directions there.

The Time is out of joint; oh, curſed ſpight!
That ever I was born to ſet it right.
Nay, come, let's go together. [*Exeunt.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *An Apartment in* Polonius's *Houſe.*

Enter Polonius, *and* Reynoldo.

POLONIUS.

GIVE him this mony, and theſe notes, *Reynoldo.*

Rey. I will, my lord.

Pol. You ſhall do marvellous wiſely, good *Reynoldo,*
Before you viſit him, to make inquiry
Of his behaviour.

Rey. My lord, I did intend it.

Pol. Marry, well ſaid; very well ſaid. Look you, Sir,
Enquire me firſt what *Danskers* are in *Paris*;
And how, and who, what means, and where they keep,
What company, at what expence; and finding,
By this encompaſſment and drift of queſtion,
That they do know my ſon; come you more near;
Then your particular demands will touch it;
Take you, as 'twere ſome diſtant knowledge of him,
As thus——I know his father and his friends,
And in part him—Do you mark this, *Reynoldo?*

Rey. Ay, very well, my lord.

Pol. And in part him—but you may ſay—not well;
But if't be he, I mean, he's very wild;
Addicted ſo and ſo—and there put on him
What forgeries you pleaſe; marry, none ſo rank,
As may diſhonour him; take heed of that;
But, Sir, ſuch wanton, wild, and uſual ſlips, As

As are companions noted and moſt known
To youth and liberty.
Rey. As gaming, my lord——
Pol. Ay, or drinking, fencing, ſwearing,
Quarrelling, drabbing——You may go ſo far.
Rey. My lord, that would diſhonour him.
Pol. Faith, no, as you may ſeaſon it in the Charge;
You muſt not put another ſcandal on him, (23)
That he is open to incontinency,
That's not my meaning; but breathe his faults ſo quaintly,
That they may ſeem the taints of liberty;
The flaſh and out-break of a fiery mind,
A ſavageneſs in unreclaimed blood
Of general aſſault.
Rey. But, my good lord——
Pol. Wherefore ſhould you do this?
Rey. Ay, my lord, I would know that.
Pol. Marry, Sir, here's my drift;

(23) *You muſt not put* another *Scandal on him.*] I once ſuſpected, and attempted to correct, this Paſſage. The old Gentleman, 'tis plain, is of Opinion, that to charge his Son with *Wenching* would not *diſhonour* him; conſequently, would be no Scandal to him. Why then ſhould he caution *Reynoldo* from putting *another* Scandal on him? There can be no *Second* Scandal ſuppos'd, without a firſt implied. On this kind of Reaſoning, I propos'd to correct;

You muſt not put an utter *Scandal on him.* Mr. *Pope*, I obſerve, ſeems to admit the Emendation, but I retract it as an idle, unweigh'd Conjecture. The Reaſoning, on which it is built, is fallacious; and our Author's licentious Manner of expreſſing himſelf elſewhere, convinces me that any Change is altogether unneceſſary. So in King *Richard* II.

Tend'ring the precious Safety of my Prince,
And free from other *misbegotten Hate,*
Come I Appellant to this princely Preſence.

Now, ſtrictly ſpeaking, here, *tendring his Prince's Safety* is his *firſt* miſbegotten *Hate*; which Nobody will ever believe was the Poet's Intention. And ſo, in *Macbeth*;

——————All theſe are portable,
With other *Graces weigh'd.*

Malcolm had been enumerating the ſecret *Enormities* he was guilty of; no *Graces* are mention'd or ſuppos'd; ſo that in grammatical ſtrictneſs, theſe Enormities ſtand in the Place of *firſt* Graces; tho' the Poet means no more than this, that *Malcolm's Vices* would be ſupportable, if his *Graces* on the *other* hand were to be weigh'd againſt them.

And, I believe, it is a fetch of wit.
You, laying these slight sullies on my son, (24)
As 'twere a thing a little soil'd i'th' working,
Mark you, your party in converse, he you would sound,
Having ever seen, in the prenominate crimes,
The youth, you breath of, guilty, be assur'd,
He closes with you in this consequence;
Good sir, or so, or friend, or gentleman,
(According to the phrase or the addition
Of man and country.)
Rey. Very good, my lord.
Pol. And then, Sir, does he this;
He do's——what was I about to say?
I was about to say something—where did I leave?—
Rey. At, closes in the consequence.
Pol. At, closes in the consequence—Ay, marry,
He closes thus;——I know the Gentleman,
I saw him yesterday, or t'other day,
Or then, with such and such; and, as you say,
There was he gaming, there o'ertook in's rowse,
There falling out at tennis; or, perchance,
I saw him enter such a house of sale,
Videlicet, a Brothel, or so forth.——See you now;
Your bait of Falshood takes this carp of Truth;
And thus do we of wisdom and of reach,
With windlaces, and with assays of Byas,
By indirections find directions out:
So by my former lecture and advice
Shall you my son; you have me, have you not?
Rey. My lord, I have.
Pol. God b'w' you; fare you well.
Rey. Good my lord——

(24) *You laying these slight* Sallies *on my Son,*
As 'twere a Thing a little soil'd *i'th' working.*] 'Tis true, Sallies and Flights of Youth are very frequent Phrases; but what Agreement in the Metaphors is there betwixt *Sallies* and *Soil'd?* All the old Copies, which I have seen, read as I have reform'd the Text. So *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Two Noble Kinsmen*;

——————————*Let us leave the City*
Thebes, *and the Temptings in't, before we further*
Sully *our* Gloss *of Youth.*

Pol.

Pol. Obſerve his inclination in yourſelf.
Rey. I ſhall, my lord.
Pol. And let him ply his muſick.
Rey. Well, my lord. [*Exit.*

Enter Ophelia.

Pol. Farewel. How now, *Ophelia*, what's the matter?
Oph. Alas, my lord, I have been ſo affrighted!
Pol. With what, in the name of heav'n?
Oph. My lord, as I was ſowing in my cloſet,
Lord *Hamlet*, with his Doublet all unbrac'd,
No hat upon his head, his ſtockings looſe, (25)
Ungarter'd, and down-gyred to his ancle,
Pale as his ſhirt, his knees knocking each other,
And with a look ſo piteous in purport,
As if he had been looſed out of hell,
To ſpeak of horrors; thus he comes before me.
Pol. Mad for thy love?
Oph. My lord, I do not know:

(25) ——— *his Stockings* foul'd,
Ungarter'd, and down-gyved *to his Ancle.*] I have reſtor'd the Reading of the Elder *Quarto*'s,—*his Stockings* looſe.—The Change, I ſuſpect, was firſt from the Players, who ſaw a Contradiction in his Stockings being *looſe*, and yet *ſhackled* down at Ancle. But they, in their Ignorance, blunder'd away our Author's Word, becauſe they did not underſtand it;
Ungarter'd, and down-gyred,
i. e. turn'd down. So, the oldeſt Copies; and, ſo his Stockings were properly *looſe*, as they were *ungarter'd* and *rowl'd down* to the Ancle. Γῦρος among the *Greeks* ſignified a *Circle*; and γυρόω, to *roul round*; and the Word γυρὸς alſo meant *crooked*. Therefore the *Gyræan* Rocks, amidſt which *Ajax* of *Locri* was loſt, were call'd ſo, becauſe, as *Euſtathius* ſays, they were *crooked:* or, perhaps, becauſe they lay, as it were, in a Ring. *Heſychius*, by the Bye, wants a ſlight Correction upon this Word. † Γυρῆσι πέτρησιν, ὅπω καλέονται. † Γυραὶ πέτραι ἐν τῷ Ἰκαρίῳ πελάγει, πρὸς μυκώνῃ τῇ νήσῳ. In the firſt Place we muſt take away the Note of Diſtinction, and reduce the two Articles into one, thus. † Γυρῆσι πέτρησιν· ὅπω καλέονται Γυραὶ πέτραι, &c. Then, inſtead of μυκώνῃ, we muſt read μυκωνῷ, or μυκόνῳ; for it is written both Ways. But, to return to my Theme. The *Latins* borrow'd *Gyrus* from the *Greeks*, to ſignify, a *Circle*; as we may find in their beſt Poets and Proſe Writers: and the *Spaniards* and *Italians* have from thence adopted both the Verb and Subſtantive into their Tongues: ſo that *Shakeſpeare* could not be at a Loſs for the Uſe of the Term.

But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
And with his other hand, thus o'er his brow,
He falls to such perusal of my face,
As he would draw it. Long time stayd he so;
At last, a little shaking of mine arm,
And thrice his head thus waving up and down,
He rais'd a sigh, so piteous and profound,
That it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
And end his Being. Then he lets me go,
And, with his head over his shoulder turn'd,
He seem'd to find his way without his eyes;
For out o' doors he went without their help,
And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Pol. Come, go with me, I will go seek the King.
This is the very ecstasie of love;
Whose violent property foredoes it self,
And leads the will to desp'rate undertakings,
As oft as any passion under heav'n,
That does afflict our natures. I am sorry;
What, have you giv'n him any hard words of late?

Oph. No, my good lord; but, as you did command,
I did repel his letters, and deny'd
His access to me.

Pol. That hath made him mad.
I'm sorry, that with better speed and judgment (26)
I had

(26) *I'm sorry, that with better* heed *and judgment I had not quoted him.*] I have restor'd with the Generality of the older Copies, *Speed:* and every knowing Reader of our Author must have observed, that he oftner uses *Speed* in the Signification of *Success* than of *Celerity*. To be content with a few Instances;

Launce. *There,—and St.* Nicholas *be thy* Speed! 2 Gent. *of* Verona.
Ros. *Now* Hercules *be thy* Speed, *young Man*! As you like it.
(*Let me see*; *What then?*——*St.* Dennis *be my* speed! K. *Henry* V.
Bapt. *Well may'st thou wooe, and happy be thy* Speed!
Taming *the* Shrew,

The Prince your Son, with meer Conceit and Fear
Of the Queen's Speed, *is gone.* Winter's Tale

I had not quoted him. I fear'd, he trifl'd,
And meant to wrack thee; but beſhrew my jealouſie;
It ſeems, it is as proper to our age
To caſt beyond our ſelves in our opinions,
As it is common for the younger ſort
To lack diſcretion. Come; go we to the King.
This muſt be known; which, being kept cloſe, might move
More grief to hide, than hate to utter, love. [*Exeunt,*

SCENE *changes to the Palace.*

Enter King, Queen, Roſincrantz, Guilden ſtern, *lords and other attendants.*

King. WELCOME, dear *Roſincrantz*, and *Guilden-ſtern!*
Moreover that we much did long to ſee you,
The need, we have to uſe you, did provoke
Our haſty ſending. Something you have heard
Of *Hamlet*'s transformation; ſo I call it,
Since not th' exterior, nor the inward, man
Reſembles That it was. What it ſhould be
More than his Father's death, that thus hath put him
So much from th' underſtanding of himſelf,
I cannot dream of. I entreat you Both,
That being of ſo young days brought up with him,
And ſince ſo neighbour'd to his youth and humour,
That you vouchſafe your Reſt here in our Court
Some little time; ſo by your companies
To draw him on to pleaſures, and to gather,
So much as from occaſions you may glean,

Or if we were to take Speed, in its native Senſe of Quickneſs, Celerity, *Polonius* might very properly uſe it; meaning, that he is ſorry, he had not ſooner, and with better Judgment, ſifted into *Hamlet*'s Indiſpoſition. So *Neſtor* ſays, in *Troilus.*

And in the Publication, make no Strain,
But that Achilles——————
——————*will with great* Speed *of Judgment,*
Ay, with Celerity, find Hector's *Purpoſe*
Pointing on him.

If ought, to us unknown, afflicts him thus,
That open'd lies within our remedy.
Queen. Good gentlemen, he hath much talk'd of you;
And ſure I am, two men there are not living,
To whom he more adheres. If it will pleaſe you
To ſhew us ſo much gentry and good will,
As to extend your time with us a while,
For the ſupply and profit of our hope,
Your viſitation ſhall receive ſuch thanks,
As fits a King's remembrance.
Roſ. Both your Majeſties
Might, by the ſovereign power you have of us,
Put your dread pleaſures more into command
Than to entreaty.
Guil. But we both obey,
And here give up our ſelves, in the full bent,
To lay our ſervice freely at your feet.
King. Thanks, *Roſincrantz*, and gentle *Guildenſtern.*
Queen. Thanks, *Guildenſtern*, and gentle *Roſincrantz.*
And, I beſeech you, inſtantly to viſit
My too much changed ſon. Go, ſome of ye,
And bring theſe gentlemen where *Hamlet* is.
Guil. Heav'ns make our preſence and our practices
Pleaſant and helpful to him! [*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guil.
Queen. Amen.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Th' ambaſſadors from *Norway*, my good lord,
Are joyfully return'd.
King. Thou ſtill haſt been the father of good news.
Pol. Have I, my lord? aſſure you, my good liege,
I hold my duty, as I hold my ſoul,
Both to my God, and to my gracious King;
And I do think, (or elſe this brain of mine
Hunts not the trail of policy ſo ſure
As I have us'd to do) that I have found
The very cauſe of *Hamlet*'s lunacy.
King. Oh, ſpeak of that, that do I long to hear.
Pol. Give firſt admittance to th' ambaſſadors:
My news ſhall be the fruit to that great feaſt.

King.

King. Thy ſelf do grace to them, and bring them in.
[*Ex.* Pol.
He tells me, my ſweet Queen, that he hath found
The head and ſource of all your ſon's diſtemper.
Queen. I doubt, it is no other but the main,
His father's death, and our o'er-haſty marriage.

Re-enter Polonius, *with* Voltimand, *and* Cornelius.

King. Well, we ſhall ſift him. — Welcome, my good friends!
Say, *Voltimand*, what from our brother *Norway?*
Volt. Moſt fair return of Greetings, and Deſires.
Upon our firſt, he ſent out to ſuppreſs
His Nephew's levies, which to him appear'd
To be a preparation 'gainſt the *Polack:*
But, better lookt into, he truly found
It was againſt your Highneſs: Whereat griev'd,
That ſo his ſickneſs, age, and impotence
Was falſely borne in hand, ſends out Arreſts
On *Fortinbras*; which he, in brief, obeys;
Receives rebuke from *Norway*; and in fine,
Makes vow before his uncle, never more
To give th' aſſay of arms againſt your Majeſty.
Whereon old *Norway*, over come with joy,
Gives him threeſcore thouſand crowns in annual fee; (27)
And

(27) *Gives him* three *thouſand Crowns in annual Fee.*] This Reading firſt obtain'd in the Edition put out by the Players. But all the old *Quarto*'s (from 1605, downwards,) read, as I have reform'd the Text. I had hinted, that *threeſcore thouſand* Crowns ſeem'd a much more ſuitable Donative from a King to his own Nephew, and the General of an Army, than ſo poor a Pittance as *three thouſand* Crowns, a Penſion ſcarce large enough for a dependent Courtier. I therefore reſtor'd.

Gives him threeſcore *thouſand Crowns* ——

To this Mr. *Pope*, (very archly critical, as he imagines;) has only replyed, —*which in* his *Ear is a Verſe.* I own, it is; and I'll venture to prove to this great Maſter in Numbers, that 2 Syllables may, by Pronunciation, be *reſolv'd* and *melted* into one, as eaſily as two Notes are *ſlur'd* in *Muſick*: and a Redundance of a Syllable, that may be ſo ſunk, has never been a Breach of Harmony in any Language. We muſt pronounce, as if 'twere written;

Gi's'm *three* | *ſcore thou* | *ſand crowns* |

Or

And his Commiſſion to employ thoſe ſoldiers,
So levied as before, againſt the *Polack:*
With an entreaty, herein further ſhewn,
That it might pleaſe you to give quiet Paſs
Through your Dominions for this enterprize,
On ſuch regards of ſafety and allowance,

But has Mr. *Pope*, indeed, ſo long been converſant with Verſe, and never obſerv'd the Licence of the *Pes Proceleuſmaticus:* or that an *Anapæſt* is equal in Time and Quantity to a *Spondée*? A few Inſtances from the Claſſics will convince him, and Perſons (if there are any ſuch) of ſuperior Learning.

Γαλακτοφάγων, ἀβίων, δικαιοτάτων ἀνθρώπων. *Hom. Il.* ν. *v.* 6.
Βορέης καὶ Ζέφυρος, τώ τε Θρήκηθεν ἄητον. *Il.* ι. *v.* 5.
Νέα μέν μοι κατέαξε Ποσειδάων ἐνοσίχθων. *Odyſſ.* ι. *v.* 283.
Ἱέρευον δὲ σύας σιάλους καὶ βοῦν ἀγελαίην. *Odyſſ.* ρ. *v.* 181.
Κύκλωψ, τῇ, πίε οἶνον, ἐπεὶ φάγες ἀνδρόμεα κρέα. *Odyſſ.* ι. 347.
Εἴαρι πολεῖν, θέρεος νεωμένη ἔσ' ἀπατήσει. *Heſiod.* Ἐργ. 461.

Capitibus *nutantes platanos, rectaſque cupreſſus.* Ennius.
Tenuia *ſputa, minuta, croci contincta colore.* Lucret.
Tenue, *cavati oculi, cava tempora, frigida pellis.* Idem.
Per terras amnes, atque oppida cooperuiſſe. Idem.
Vehemens *& liquidus, puroque ſimillimus amni.* Horat.
Parietibus*que premunt artis, & quatuor addunt.* Virgil.
Hærent parietibus *Scalæ* —— Idem.
Fluviorum *rex Eridanus* —— Idem.
Arietat *in portas & duros objice poſtes.* Idem.
Ego lati*cis hauſtu ſatior? aut ullo furor,* &c. Senec.
Tumet ani*mus irâ, fervet immenſum dolor.* Idem.
Vide ut ani*mus ingens lætus audierit necem.* Idem.

But Inſtances from the Claſſics would be endleſs. Let us now take a ſhort View, whether there are not other Verſes in our Author which neither can be ſcan'd nor pronounc'd, without melting down ſome Syllables and extending others; and yet the Verſes will ſtand the Teſt of all judicious Ears, that are acquainted with the Licences of Verſification.

On holy | *rood day, the gallant* Hotſpur *there.* 1 Henr. IV.
And That the Lord of Weſt | morland *ſhall* | *maintain.* 3 Henr. VI.
Thy Grand | *father* Ro | ger Mor | timer *Earl* | *of* March. Ibid.
I am the Son of Hen | -ry | *the Fifth.* Ibid.

For *Henry* here is made a *Triſyllable.*

As fi | re *drives* | *out* fire, | *ſo pi* | *ty pity:* Jul. Cæſ.

And I might amaſs a thouſand more Inſtances in proof. To conclude, without this Liberty of liquidating Syllables, as we may call it, how would Mr. *Pope*, or any Body elſe, ſcan this Verſe in *Jonſon's Volpone?*

But Pără | *ſites or* | *Sub*-pā | rā*ſites.* | *And yet,* &c.

As therein are ſet down.
King. It likes us well;
And at our more conſider'd time we'll read,
Anſwer, and think upon this buſineſs.
Mean time, we thank you for your well-took labour.
Go to your Reſt; at night we'll feaſt together.
Moſt welcome home! [*Ex. Ambaſ.*
Pol. This buſineſs is well ended.
My Liege, and Madam, to expoſtulate (28)
What Majeſty ſhould be, what duty is,
Why day is day, night night, and time is time,
Were nothing but to waſte night, day, and time.
Therefore, ſince brevity's the ſoul of wit,
And tediouſneſs the limbs and outward flouriſhes,
I will be brief; your noble ſon is mad;
Mad, call I it; for, to define true madneſs,
What is't, but to be nothing elſe but mad?
But let that go. ——
Queen. More matter, with leſs art.
Pol. Madam, I ſwear, I uſe no art at all: ——
That he is mad, 'tis true; 'tis true, 'tis pity;
And pity 'tis, 'tis true; a fooliſh figure, ——

(28) *My Liege, and Madam, to expoſtulate.*] There ſeem to me in this Speech moſt remarkable Strokes of Humour. I never read it without Aſtoniſhment at the Author's admirable Art of preſerving the Unity of Character. It is ſo juſt a Satire on impertinent Oratory, (eſpecially, of that then in Vogue) which was of the formal Cut, and proceeded by Definition, Diviſion, and Subdiviſion, that I think, every Body muſt be charm'd with it. Then as to the *Jingles*, and *Play* on Words, let us but look into the Sermons of Dr. *Donne*, (the wittieſt Man of that Age,) and we ſhall find them full of this Vein: only, there they are to be admired, here to be laugh'd at. Then, with what Art is *Polonius* made to pride himſelf in his Wit:

A fooliſh Figure. —— *But, farewel it.*

Again, how finely is he ſneering the formal Oratory in Faſhion, when he makes this Reflection on *Hamlet*'s Raving.

Tho this be Madneſs, *yet there*'s Method *in it.*

As if Method in a Diſcourſe (which the Wits of that Age thought the moſt eſſential part of good Writing;) would make Amends for the Madneſs of it. This in the Mouth of *Polonius* is exceeding ſatirical. Tho' it was Madneſs, yet he could comfort himſelf with the Reflection that at leaſt it was Method.

Mr. *Warburton.*

But

But farewel it; for I will uſe no art.
Mad let us grant him then; and now remains
That we find out the cauſe of this effect,
Or rather ſay, the cauſe of this defect;
For this effect, defective, comes by cauſe;
Thus it remains, and the remainder thus.— Perpend.—
I have a daughter; have, whilſt ſhe is mine;
Who in her duty and obedience, mark,
Hath giv'n me this; now gather, and ſurmiſe.

[*He opens a letter, and reads.*]

To the celeſtial, and my ſoul's idol, the moſt beatified (29) Ophelia.—That's an ill phraſe, a vile phraſe: *beatified* is a vile phraſe; but you ſhall hear—— *Theſe to her excellent white boſom, theſe.*——

Queen.

(29) *To the Celeſtial, and my Soul's Idol, the moſt* beautified Ophelia.] I have ventur'd at an Emendation here, againſt the Authority of all the Copies; but, I hope, upon Examination it will appear probable and reaſonable. The Word *beautified* may carry two diſtinct Ideas, either as applyed to a Woman made up of artificial Beauties, (which our Poet afterwards calls,

The Harlot's Cheek beautied *with* plaſtring *Art*,) or as applied to a Perſon rich in native Charms:
As in the 2 *Gent. of Verona*;

And partly ſeeing you are beautified
With goodly Shape.

As *Shakeſpeare* has therefore choſe to uſe it in the latter Acceptation, to expreſs natural Comelineſs; I cannot imagine, that, here, he would have excepted to the Phraſe, and call'd it a *vile one*. But a ſtronger Objection ſtill, in my Mind, lies againſt it. As *Celeſtial* and *Soul's Idol* are the introductory Characteriſtics of *Ophelia*, what a dreadfull *Anticlimax* is it to deſcend to ſuch an Epithet as *beautified?* On the other hand, *beatified*, as I have conjectur'd, raiſes the Image: but *Polonius* might very well, as a *Roman* Catholick, call it a *vile* Phraſe, i. e. ſavouring of Prophanation; ſince the Epithet is peculiarly made an Adjunct to the Virgin *Mary*'s Honour, and therefore ought not to be employ'd in the Praiſe of a meer Mortal. Again, tho *beatified*, perhaps, is no where elſe apply'd to an earthly Beauty, yet the ſame rapturous Ideas are employ'd in Terms purely ſynonymous.

No Valentine *indeed for* ſacred *Sylvia*. — 2 Gent. of Verona.
Ev'n ſhe; and is ſhe not a heav'nly Saint?
Call her divine. — Ibid.
My Vow was earthly, thou a heav'nly Love. — Love's Lab. loſt.

Celeſtial

Queen. Came this from *Hamlet* to her?

Pol. Good Madam, ſtay a while, I will be faithful.

Doubt thou, the ſtars are fire, [Reading.
Doubt, that the ſun doth move;
Doubt truth to be a liar,
But never doubt, I love.

Oh, dear Ophelia, *I am ill at theſe numbers; I have not art to reckon my groans; but that I love thee beſt, oh moſt beſt, believe it.* Adieu.

Thine evermore, moſt dear Lady, whilſt this Machine is to him, Hamlet.

This in obedience hath my daughter ſhewn me:
And, more above, hath his ſollicitings,
As they fell out by time, by means, and place,
All given to mine ear.

King. But how hath ſhe receiv'd his love?

Pol. What do you think of me?

King. As of a man, faithful and honourable.

Pol. I would fain prove ſo. But what might you think?
When I had ſeen this hot love on the wing,
(As I perceiv'd it, I muſt tell you that,
Before my daughter told me:) what might you,
Or my dear Majeſty your Queen here, think?
If I had play'd the desk or table-book,
Or giv'n my heart a working, mute and dumb,
Or look'd upon this love with idle ſight;
What might you think? no, I went round to work,
And my young miſtreſs thus I did beſpeak;
Lord *Hamlet* is a Prince out of thy ſphere,
This muſt not be; and then, I precepts gave her,
That ſhe ſhould lock her ſelf from his reſort,
Admit no meſſengers, receive no tokens:
Which done, ſhe took the fruits of my advice; [2]
And he repulſed, a ſhort tale to make,
Fell to a ſadneſs, then into a faſt,

Celeſtial *as thou art, O, pardon, Love, this wrong;*
That ſings Heav'n's *Praiſe with ſuch an earthly Tongue.* Ibid.

And *Beaumont* and *Fletcher*, I remember, in *A Wife for a Month*, make a Lover ſuperſcribe his Letter to his Miſtreſs, thus; —— *To the* bleſt Evanthe.

Thence

Thence to a watching, thence into a weakneſs,
Thence to a lightneſs, and, by this declenſion,
Into the madneſs wherein now he raves,
And all we wail for.

King. Do you think this?

Queen. It may be very likely.

Pol. Hath there been ſuch a time, I'd fain know that,
That I have poſitively ſaid, 'tis ſo,
When it prov'd otherwiſe?

King. Not that I know.

Pol. Take this from this, if this be otherwiſe;
If circumſtances lead me, I will find [*Pointing to his Head, and Shoulder.*
Where truth is hid, though it were hid indeed
Within the center.

King. How may we try it further?

Pol. You know, ſometimes he walks four hours together,
Here in the lobby.

Queen. So he does, indeed.

Pol. At ſuch a time I'll looſe my daughter to him;
Be you and I behind an Arras then,
Mark the encounter: If he love her not,
And be not from his reaſon fal'n thereon,
Let me be no aſſiſtant for a State,
But keep a farm and carters.

King. We will try it.

Enter Hamlet *reading.*

Queen. But, look, where, ſadly, the poor wretch comes reading.

Pol. Away, I do beſeech you, both away.
I'll board him preſently. [*Exe. King and Queen.*
Oh, give me leave. — How does my good lord *Hamlet?*

Ham. Well, God o' mercy.

Pol. Do you know me, my lord?

Ham. Excellent well; you are a fiſhmonger.

Pol. Not I, my lord.

Ham. Then I would you were ſo honeſt a man.

Pol.

Pol. Honeſt, my lord?

Ham. Ay, Sir; to be honeſt, as this world goes, is to be one man pick'd out of ten thouſand.

Pol. That's very true, my lord.

Ham. For if the ſun breed maggots in a dead dog,
Being a good kiſſing carrion ——
Have you a daughter?

Pol. I have, my lord.

Ham. Let her not walk i'th' Sun; conception is a bleſſing, but not as your daughter may conceive. Friend, look to't.

Pol. How ſay you by that? ſtill harping on my daughter! ——
Yet he knew me not at firſt; he ſaid, I was a fiſhmonger.
He is far gone; and, truly, in my youth, [*Aſide.*
I ſuffer'd much extremity for love;
Very near this. — I'll ſpeak to him again.
What do you read, my lord?

Ham. Words, words, words.

Pol. What is the matter, my lord?

Ham. Between whom?

Pol. I mean the matter that you read, my lord.

Ham. Slanders, Sir: for the ſatyrical ſlave ſays here, that old men have gray beards; that their faces are wrinkled; their eyes purging thick amber, and plum-tree gum; and that they have a plentiful lack of wit, together with moſt weak hams. All which, Sir, tho I moſt powerfully and potently believe, yet I hold it not honeſty to have it thus ſet down: for your ſelf, Sir, ſhall be as old as I am, if like a crab you could go backward.

Pol. Though this be madneſs, yet there's method in't:
Will you walk out of the air, my lord?

Ham. Into my Grave.

Pol. Indeed, that is out o'th' air: ——
How pregnant (ſometimes) his replies are?
A happineſs that often madneſs hits on,
Which ſanity and reaſon could not be
So proſp'rouſly deliver'd of. I'll leave him,
And ſuddenly contrive the means of meeting
Between him and my daughter.

My

My honourable lord, I will moſt humbly
Take my leave of you.

Ham. You cannot, Sir, take from me any thing that I will more willingly part withal, except my life.

Pol. Fare you well, my lord.

Ham. Theſe tedious old fools!

Pol. You go to ſeek lord *Hamlet*; there he is. [*Exit.*

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Roſ. God ſave you, Sir.

Guild. Mine honour'd lord!

Roſ. My moſt dear lord!

Ham. My excellent good friends! How doſt thou, *Guildenſtern?*
Oh, *Roſincrantz*, good lads! how do ye both?

Roſ. As the indifferent children of the earth.

Guil. Happy, in that we are not over-happy; on fortune's cap, we are not the very button.

Ham. Nor the ſoals of her ſhooe?

Roſ. Neither, my lord.

Ham. Then you live about her waſte, or in the middle of her favours?

Guil. Faith, in her privates we.

Ham. In the ſecret parts of fortune? oh, moſt true; ſhe is a ſtrumpet. What news?

Roſ. None, my lord, but that the world's grown honeſt.

Ham. Then is dooms-day near; but your news is not true. Let me queſtion more in particular: what have you, my good friends, deſerved at the hands of fortune, that ſhe ſends you to priſon hither?

Guil. Priſon, my lord!

Ham. Denmark's a priſon.

Roſ. Then is the world one.

Ham. A goodly one, in which there are many confines, wards, and dungeons; *Denmark* being one o'th' worſt.

Roſ. We think not ſo, my lord.

Ham. Why, then, 'tis none to you; for there is nothing either good or bad, but thinking makes it ſo: to me, it is a priſon.

Roſ.

Roſ. Why, then your ambition makes it one: 'tis too narrow for your mind.

Ham. Oh God, I could be bounded in a nut-ſhell, and count my ſelf a King of infinite ſpace; were it not, that I have bad dreams.

Guil. Which dreams, indeed, are Ambition; for the very ſubſtance of the ambitious is meerly the ſhadow of a dream.

Ham. A dream it ſelf is but a ſhadow.

Roſ. Truly, and I hold ambition of ſo airy and light a quality, that it is but a ſhadow's ſhadow.

Ham. Then are our beggars, bodies; and our monarchs and out-ſtretch'd heroes, the beggars ſhadows; Shall we to th' Court? for, by my fay, I cannot reaſon.

Both. We'll wait upon you.

Ham. No ſuch matter. I will not ſort you with the reſt of my ſervants: for, to ſpeak to you like an honeſt man, I am moſt dreadfully attended: but in the beaten way of Friendſhip, what make you at *Elſinoor?*

Roſ. To viſit you, my lord; no other occaſion.

Ham. Beggar that I am, I am even poor in thanks; but I thank you; and ſure, dear friends, my thanks are too dear of a half-penny. Were you not ſent for? is it your own inclining? is it a free viſitation? come, deal juſtly with me; come, come; nay, ſpeak.

Guil. What ſhould we ſay, my lord?

Ham. Any thing, but to the purpoſe. You were ſent for; and there is a kind of confeſſion in your looks, which your modeſties have not craft enough to colour. I know, the good King and Queen have ſent for you.

Roſ. To what end, my lord?

Ham. That you muſt teach me; but let me conjure you by the rights of our fellowſhip, by the conſonancy of our youth, by the obligation of our ever-preſerved love, and by what more dear, a better propoſer could charge you withal; be even and direct with me, whether you were ſent for or no?

Roſ. What ſay you? [*To* Guilden

Ham. Nay, then I have an eye of you: if you love me, hold not off.

Guil. My lord, we were ſent for.

Ham. I will tell you why; ſo ſhall my anticipation prevent your diſcovery, and your ſecrecy to the King and Queen moult no feather. I have of late, but wherefore I know not, loſt all my mirth, forgone all cuſtom of exerciſe; and, indeed, it goes ſo heavily with my diſpoſition, that this goodly frame, the earth, ſeems to me a ſteril promontory; this moſt excellent canopy the air, look you, this brave o'er-hanging firmament, this majeſtical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and peſtilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is a man! how noble in reaſon! how infinite in faculties! in form and moving how expreſs and admirable! in action how like an angel! in apprehenſion how like a God! the beauty of the world, the paragon of animals! and yet to me, what is this quinteſſence of duſt? man delights not me, nor woman neither; though by your ſmiling you ſeem to ſay ſo.

Roſ. My lord, there was no ſuch ſtuff in my thoughts.

Ham. Why did you laugh, when I ſaid, man delights not me?

Roſ. To think, my lord, if you delight not in man, what lenten entertainment the Players ſhall receive from you; we accoſted them on the way, and hither are they coming to offer you ſervice.

Ham. He that plays the King ſhall be welcome; his Majeſty ſhall have tribute of me; the adventurous Knight ſhall uſe his foyle and target; the lover ſhall not ſigh *gratis*; the humorous man ſhall end his part in peace; and the lady ſhall ſay her mind freely, or the blank verſe ſhall halt for't. What Players are they?

Roſ. Even thoſe you were wont to take delight in, the Tragedians of the city.

Ham. How chances it, they travel? their reſidence both in reputation and profit was better, both ways.

Roſ. I think, their inhibition comes by the means of the late innovation.

Ham. Do they hold the ſame eſtimation they did, when I was in the city? are they ſo follow'd?

Roſ. No, indeed, they are not.

Ham.

Ham. How comes it? do they grow ruſty?

Roſ. Nay, their endeavour keeps in the wonted pace; but there is, Sir, an Aiery of Children, little Eyaſes, (30) that cry out on the top of queſtion; and are moſt tyrannically clapt for't; theſe are now the faſhion, and ſo berattle the common ſtages, (ſo they call them) that many wearing rapiers are afraid of gooſe-quills, and dare ſcarce come thither.

Ham. What, are they children? who maintains 'em? how are they eſcoted? will they purſue the Quality, no longer than they can ſing? will they not ſay afterwards, if they ſhould grow themſelves to common players, (as it is moſt like, if their means are no better:) their writers do them wrong to make them exclaim againſt their own ſucceſſion?

Roſ. Faith, there has been much to do on both ſides; and the nation holds it no ſin, to tarre them on to controverſie. There was, for a while, no money bid for argument, unleſs the poet and the player went to cuffs in the queſtion.

Ham. Is't poſſible?

Guil. Oh, there has been much throwing about of brains.

Ham. Do the Boys carry it away?

Roſ. Ay, that they do, my lord, *Hercules* and his load too.

Ham. It is not ſtrange; for mine uncle is King of *Denmark*; and thoſe that would make mowes at him while my

(30) *But there is, Sir, an Aiery of Children, little* Yaſes, *that cry out on the Top of Queſtion.*] The Poet here ſteps out of his Subject to give a Laſh at home, and ſneer at the prevailing Faſhion of following Plays perform'd by the Children of the Chapel, and abandoning the eſtabliſh'd Theatres. But why are they call'd *little* Yaſes? I wiſh, ſome of the Editors would have expounded this fine new Word to us; or, at leaſt, told us where we might meet with it. Till then, I ſhall make bold to ſuſpect it; and, without overſtraining Sagacity, attempt to retrieve the true Word. As he firſt calls 'em an *Aiery* of Children, (now, an *Aiery* or *Eyery* is a Hawk's or Eagle's Neſt;) there is not the leaſt Queſtion but we ought to reſtore —— *little* Eyaſes; i. e. Young Neſtlings, Creatures juſt out of the Egg. (An *Eyas* or *Nyas* hawk, *un Niais, Accipiter Nidarius, qui recens ex Ovo emerſit.* Skinner.) So Mrs. *Ford* ſays to *Falſtaffe*'s Dwarf-Page.

How now, my Eyas-*Musket? What News with You?*

Merry Wives.

father lived, give twenty, forty, fifty, an hundred ducates a-piece, for his picture in little. There is something in this more than natural, if philosophy could find it out.

[*Flourish for the players.*

Guil. There are the Players.

Ham. Gentlemen, you are welcome to *Elsinoor*; your hands: come then, the appurtenance of welcome is fashion and ceremony. Let me comply with you in this garbe, lest my extent to the players (which, I tell you, must shew fairly outward) should more appear like entertainment than yours. You are welcome; but my Uncle-father and Aunt-mother are deceiv'd.

Guil. In what, my dear lord?

Ham. I am but mad north, north-west: when the wind is southerly, I know a hawk from a handsaw.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. Well be with you, gentlemen.

Ham. Hark you, *Guildenstern*, and you too, at each ear a hearer; that great Baby, you see there, is not yet out of his swathling clouts.

Ros. Haply, he's the second time come to them; for they say, an old man is twice a child.

Ham. I will prophesie, he comes to tell me of the players. Mark it; — you say right, Sir; for on *Monday* morning 'twas so, indeed.

Pol. My lord, I have news to tell you.

Ham. My lord, I have news to tell you.
When *Roscius* was an Actor in *Rome* ——

Pol. The Actors are come hither, my lord.

Ham. Buzze, buzze. ——

Pol. Upon mine honour ——

Ham. Then came each Actor on his ass ——

Pol. The best Actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, scene undivideable, or Poem unlimited: *Seneca* cannot be too heavy, nor *Plautus* too light. For the law of wit, and the Liberty, these are the only men.

Ham. Oh, Jephta, judge of Israel, what a treasure hadst Thou!

Pol.

Pol. What a treaſure had he, my lord?

Ham. *Why, one fair daughter, and no more,*
The which he loved paſſing well.

Pol. Still on my daughter.

Ham. Am I not i'th' right, old *Jephta?*

Pol. If you call me *Jephta*, my lord, I have a daughter that I love paſſing well.

Ham. Nay, that follows not.

Pol. What follows then, my lord?

Ham. Why, as *by lot, God wot*——and then you know, *it came to paſs, as moſt like it was*; the firſt row of *the rubrick* will ſhew you more. For, look, where my abridgements come.

Enter four or five Players.

Y'are welcome, maſters, welcome all. I am glad to ſee thee well; welcome, good friends. Oh! old friend! thy face is valanc'd, ſince I ſaw thee laſt: com'ſt thou to beard me in *Denmark?* What! my young lady and miſtreſs? b'erlady, your ladyſhip is nearer heaven than when I ſaw you laſt, by the altitude of a chioppine. Pray God, your voice, like a piece of uncurrent gold, be not crack'd within the ring.——Maſters, you are all welcome; we'll e'en to't like friendly faulconers, fly at any thing we ſee; we'll have a ſpeech ſtraight. Come, give us a taſte of your quality; come, a paſſionate ſpeech.

1 *Play.* What ſpeech, my good lord?

Ham. I heard thee ſpeak me a ſpeech once, but it was never acted: or if it was, not above once; for the Play, I remember, pleas'd not the million, 'twas *Caviar* to the general; but it was (as I receiv'd it, and others, whoſe judgment in ſuch matters cryed in the top of mine) an excellent Play; well digeſted in the ſcenes, ſet down with as much modeſty as cunning. I remember, (31) one

 ſaid,

(31) *I remember, one ſaid, there was no Salt in the Lines to make the Matter ſavoury.*] i. e. That there was no Poignancy of Wit, or Virulence of *Satire* in them, as I had formerly explain'd this Paſſage. Mr. *Pope* has fallen upon me with a Sneer, and triumphs that I ſhould be ſo ridiculous to think that *Satire* can have any Place in *Tragedy*. I did not mean, that Satire

ſaid, there was no ſalt in the lines, to make the matter ſavoury; nor no matter in the phraſe, that might indite the author of affection; but call'd it, an honeſt method. One ſpeech in it I chiefly lov'd; 'twas *Æneas*'s tale to *Dido*; and thereabout of it eſpecially, where he ſpeaks of *Priam*'s ſlaughter. If it live in your memory, begin at this line, let me ſee, let me ſee—The rugged *Pyrrhus*, like th' *Hyrcanian* beaſt,—It is not ſo;—it begins with *Pyrrhus*.

Satire was to make its Subject, or that the Paſſions were to be purg'd by it: May not a *ſharp* and *ſarcaſtical* Sentiment, for all That, occaſionally ariſe from the Matter? What does this Gentleman think of *Irony?* Is it not one Species of Satire? And yet Monſieur *Hedelin* (almoſt as good a Judge as Mr. *Pope* in theſe Matters) tells us, It is a Figure entirely theatrical. Or what does Mr. *Pope* think of ſuch Sentences as theſe?

——— Frailty, *thy Name is* Woman! *Hamlet.*
In ſecond Husband let me be accurſt!
None wed the Second, but who kill'd the firſt. *Ibid.*
At a few drops of Women's Rheum, which are
As cheap as Lies, *he ſold the Blood and Labour*
Of our great Action. Coriolanus.
O Woman! Woman! Woman! All the Gods
Have not ſuch Pow'r of doing Good to Men,
As you of doing Harm. Dryden's *All for Love.*

And to borrow one Inſtance from an Antient, who has outgone all the others quoted, in the Strength of his Sarcaſm,

——— χρῆν γὰρ ἄλλοθέν ποθεν βροτοὺς
Παῖδας ποιεῖσθαι, θῆλυ δ' ἐκ εἶναι γένος.
Οὕτω δ' ἂν ἐκ ἦν ἐδὲν ἀνθρώποις κακόν.

Eurip. in *Medea.*

I choſe this Paſſage, becauſe, I think, our *Milton* has left a fine Paraphraſe upon it; and, I doubt not, had the *Greek* Poet in his Eye.

——— *Oh, why did God,*
Creator wiſe, that peopled higheſt Heav'n
With Spirits maſculine, create at laſt
This Novelty *on Earth, this* fair Defect
Of Nature, *and not fill the World at once*
With Men, as Angels, and not feminine;
Or find ſome other way to generate Mankind.

If Mr. *Pope* does not think theſe Paſſages to be *Satire*, and yet they are all in *Tragedies*, I muſt beg Leave to diſſent from him in Opinion. Or, to conclude, has Mr. *Pope* never heard, that *Euripides* obtain'd the Name of Μισογύνης, Woman-hater, becauſe he ſo virulently *ſatyriz'd* the Sex in his *Tragedies?*

The

The rugged *Pyrrhus*, he, whoſe ſable arms,
Black as his purpoſe, did the Night reſemble
When he lay couched in the ominous horſe;
Hath now his dread and black complection ſmear'd
With heraldry more diſmal; head to foot,
Now is he total geules; horridly trickt
With blood of fathers, mothers, daughters, ſons,
Bak'd and impaſted with the parching fires,
That lend a tyrannous and damned light
To murthers vile. Roaſted in wrath and fire,
And thus o'er-ſized with coagulate gore,
With eyes like carbuncles, the helliſh *Pyrrhus*
Old granſire *Priam* ſeeks.

Pol. 'Fore God, my lord, well ſpoken, with good accent, and good diſcretion.

1 *Play.* Anon he finds him,
Striking, too ſhort, at *Greeks*. His antique ſword,
Rebellious to his arm, lies where it falls,
Repugnant to Command; unequal match'd,
Pyrrhus at *Priam* drives, in rage ſtrikes wide;
But with the whif and wind of his fell ſword
Th' unnerved father falls. Then ſenſeleſs *Ilium*,
Seeming to feel this blow, with flaming top
Stoops to his Baſe; and with a hideous craſh
Takes priſoner *Pyrrhus'* ear. For lo, his ſword,
Which was declining on the milky head
Of rev'rend *Priam*, ſeem'd i'th' air to ſtick:
So, as a painted tyrant, *Pyrrhus* ſtood;
And, like a neutral to his will and matter,
Did nothing.
But as we often ſee, againſt ſome ſtorm,
A ſilence in the heav'ns, the rack ſtand ſtill,
The bold winds ſpeechleſs, and the orb below
As huſh as death: anon the dreadful thunder
Doth rend the region. So after *Pyrrhus'* pauſe,
A rowſed vengeance ſets him new a-work:
And never did the *Cyclops'* hammers fall
On *Mars* his armour, forg'd for proof eterne,
With leſs remorſe than *Pyrrhus'* bleeding ſword
Now falls on *Priam*.——

Out, out, thou ſtrumpet Fortune! all you Gods,
In general ſynod take away her power:
Break all the ſpokes and fellies from her wheel,
And bowl the round nave down the hill of heav'n,
As low as to the fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It ſhall to th' barber's with your beard. Pr'ythee, ſay on; he's for a jigg, or a tale of bawdry, or he ſleeps. Say on, come to *Hecuba*.

1 *Play.* But who, oh! who, had ſeen the mobled Queen,——

Ham. The mobled Queen?

Pol. That's good; mobled Queen, is good.

1 *Play.* Run bare-foot up and down, threatning the flames
With biſſon rheum; a clout upon that head,
Where late the Diadem ſtood; and for a robe
About her lank and all-o'er teemed loyns,
A blanket in th' alarm of fear caught up:
Who this had ſeen, with tongue in venom ſteep'd,
'Gainſt fortune's ſtate would treaſon have pronounc'd:
But if the Gods themſelves did ſee her then,
When ſhe ſaw *Pyrrhus* make malicious ſport
In mincing with his ſword her huſband's limbs;
The inſtant burſt of clamour that ſhe made,
(Unleſs things mortal move them not at all)
Would have made milch the burning eyes of heav'n,
And paſſion in the Gods.

Pol. Look, whe're he has not turn'd his colour, and has tears in's eyes. Pr'ythee, no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, I'll have thee ſpeak out the reſt of this ſoon. Good my lord, will you ſee the Players well beſtow'd? Do ye hear, let them be well us'd; for they are the abſtract, and brief chronicles of the time. After your death, you were better have a bad Epitaph, than their ill report while you liv'd.

Pol. My lord, I will uſe them according to their deſert.

Ham. God's-bodikins, man, much better. Uſe every man after his deſert, and who ſhall ſcape whipping?

uſe

uſe them after your own honour and dignity. The leſs they deſerve, the more merit is in your bounty. Take them in.

Pol. Come, Sirs. [*Exit* Polonius.

Ham. Follow him, friends: we'll hear a Play to morrow. Doſt thou hear me, old friend, can you play the murther of *Gonzago?*

Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. We'll ha't to morrow night. You could, for a need, ſtudy a ſpeech of ſome dozen or ſixteen lines, which I would ſet down, and inſert in't? could ye not?

Play. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that lord, and, look, you mock him not. My good friends, I'll leave you 'till night, you are welcome to *Elſinoor.*

Roſ. Good my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. Ay, ſo, God b' w' ye: now I am alone.
Oh, what a rogue and peaſant ſlave am I!
Is it not monſtrous that this Player here,
But in a fiction, in a dream of paſſion,
Could force his ſoul ſo to his own conceit,
That, from her working, all his viſage warm'd:
Tears in his eyes, diſtraction in his aſpect,
A broken voice, and his whole function ſuiting,
With forms, to his conceit? and all for nothing?
For *Hecuba?*
What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba,*
That he ſhould weep for her? what would he do,
Had he the motive and the cue for paſſion,
That I have? he would drown the ſtage with tears,
And cleave the gen'ral ear with horrid ſpeech;
Make mad the guilty, and appall the free;
Confound the ign'rant, and amaze, indeed,
The very faculty of eyes and ears.——Yet I,
A dull and muddy-mettled raſcal, peak,
Like *John-a-dreams,* unpregnant of my cauſe,
And can ſay nothing.——no, not for a King,
Upon whoſe property and moſt dear life
A damn'd defeat was made. Am I a coward? Who

Who calls me villain, breaks my pate a-croſs,
Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face?
Tweaks me by th' noſe, gives me the lye i'th' throat,
As deep as to the lungs? who does me this?
Yet I ſhould take it——for it cannot be,
But I am pigeon-liver'd, and lack gall
To make oppreſſion bitter; or, ere this,
I ſhould have fatted all the region kites
With this ſlave's offal. Bloody, bawdy villain!
Remorſeleſs, treacherous, letcherous, kindleſs villain!
Why, what an aſs am I? this is moſt brave,
That I, the ſon of a dear father murthered,
Prompted to my revenge by heav'n and hell,
Muſt, like a whore, unpack my heart with words,
And fall a curſing like a very drab—— (32)
A cullion,—fye upon't! foh!—about, my brain!—
I've heard, that guilty creatures, at a Play,
Have by the very cunning of the Scene
Been ſtruck ſo to the ſoul, that preſently
They have proclaim'd their malefactions.
For murther, though it have no tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous organ. I'll have theſe Players
Play ſomething like the murther of my father,
Before mine uncle. I'll obſerve his looks;
I'll tent him to the quick; if he but blench,
I know my courſe. The Spirit, that I have ſeen,
May be the Devil; and the Devil hath power
T' aſſume a pleaſing ſhape; yea, and, perhaps,

(32) *And fall a curſing like a very Drab——*
A Stallion.——] But why a *Stallion?* The two old *Folio*'s have it, a *Scullion:* but that too is wrong. I am perſuaded, *Shakeſpeare* wrote as I have reform'd the Text, a *Cullion*, i. e. a ſtupid, heartleſs, faint-hearted, white-liver'd Fellow; one good for nothing, but curſing and talking big. So, in King *Lear*;

I'll make a Sop o'th' Moonſhine of you; you whorſon, cullionly, *Barber-monger, draw.*

2 Henry VI.

Away, baſe Cullions!——Suffolk, *let 'em go.*

The Word is of *Italian* Extraction, from *Coglione*; which, in its metaphorical Signification, (as *La Cruſca* defines it) *diceſi ancor* Coglione *per ingiuria in Senſo di* balordo,——is ſaid by way of Reproach to a ſtupid, good for nothing, Blockhead.

Out

Out of my weakneſs and my melancholy,
(As he is very potent with ſuch ſpirits)
Abuſes me to damn me. I'll have grounds
More relative than this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein I'll catch the Conſcience of the King. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *the PALACE.*

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *and Lords.*

KING.

AND can you by no drift of conference
Get from him why he puts on this confuſion,
Grating ſo harſhly all his days of quiet,
With turbulent and dang'rous lunacy?

Roſ. He does confeſs, he feels himſelf diſtracted;
But from what cauſe he will by no means ſpeak.

Guil. Nor do we find him forward to be ſounded;
But with a crafty madneſs keeps aloof,
When we would bring him on to ſome confeſſion
Of his true ſtate.

Queen. Did he receive you well?

Roſ. Moſt like a gentleman.

Guil. But with much forcing of his diſpoſition.

Roſ. Niggard of queſtion, but of our demands
Moſt free in his reply.

Queen. Did you aſſay him to any paſtime?

Roſ. Madam, it ſo fell out, that certain Players
We o'er-took on the way; of theſe we told him; [59]
And there did ſeem in him a kind of joy
To hear of it: they are about the Court;
And (as I think) they have already order
This night to play before him.

Pol.

Pol. 'Tis moſt true:
And he beſeech'd me to entreat your Majeſties
To hear and ſee the matter.
King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To hear him ſo inclin'd.
Good gentlemen, give him a further edge,
And drive his purpoſe into theſe delights.
Roſ. We ſhall, my lord. [*Exeunt.*
King. Sweet *Gertrude*, leave us too;
For we have cloſely ſent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may here
Affront *Ophelia*. Her father, and my ſelf,
Will ſo beſtow our ſelves, that, ſeeing, unſeen,
We may of their encounter frankly judge;
And gather by him, as he is behaved,
If't be th' affliction of his love, or no,
That thus he ſuffers for.
Queen. I ſhall obey you:
And for my part, *Ophelia*, I do wiſh,
That your good beauties be the happy cauſe
Of *Hamlet*'s wildneſs: So ſhall I hope, your virtues
May bring him to his wonted way again
To both your honours.
Oph. Madam, I wiſh it may. [*Exit* Queen.
Pol. Ophelia, walk you here.—Gracious, ſo pleaſe ye,
We will beſtow our ſelves—Read on this book;
That ſhew of ſuch an exerciſe may colour
Your lonelineſs. We're oft to blame in this,
'Tis too much prov'd, that with devotion's viſage,
And pious action, we do ſugar o'er
The devil himſelf.
King. Oh 'tis too true.
How ſmart a laſh that ſpeech doth give my conſcience!
[*aſide.*
The harlot's cheek, beautied with plaſtring art,
Is not more ugly to the thing that helps it,
Than is my deed to my moſt painted word.
Oh heavy burthen!
Pol. I hear him coming; let's withdraw, my lord.
[*Exeunt all but* Ophelia.

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be? that is the queſtion.——
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind, to ſuffer
The ſlings and arrows of outragious fortune;
Or to take arms againſt a ſea of troubles, (33)
And by oppoſing end them?——to die,——to ſleep——
No more; and by a ſleep, to ſay, we end
The heart-ache, and the thouſand natural ſhocks
That fleſh is heir to; 'tis a conſummation

Devoutly

(33) *Or to take Arms againſt a* Sea *of Troubles,*
And by oppoſing end them?] I once imagin'd, that, to preſerve the Uniformity of Metaphor, and as it is a Word our Author is fond of uſing elſewhere, he might have wrote;——*a* Siege *of Troubles.*
So, in *Midſummer Night's Dream.*
Or, if there were a Sympathy in Choice,
War, Death, or Sickneſs did lay Siege *to it;*
King *John.*
Death, having prey'd upon the outward Parts,
Leaves them; inviſible his Siege *is now;* &c.
Romeo *and* Juliet.
You, to remove that Siege *of Grief from her,*
Betroth'd, and would have married her, &c.
Timon *of* Athens.
——*Not ev'n Nature,*
To whom all Sores lay Siege, *can bear great Fortune*
But by Contempt of Nature.
Or one might conjecturally amend the Paſſage, nearer to the Traces of the Text, thus;
Or to take Arms againſt th' Aſſay *of Troubles,*
Or,
——*againſt a* 'Say *of Troubles,*
i. e. againſt the *Attempts, Attacks,* &c. So, before, in this Play;
Makes Vow before his Uncle, never more
To give th' Aſſay *of Arms againſt your Majeſty.*
Henry V.
Galling the gleaned Land with hot Aſſays.
Macbeth.
——*their Malady convinces*
The great Aſſay *of Art.*
Lear.
And that thy Tongue ſome 'Say *of Breeding breathes,* &c. &c.

But, perhaps, any Correction whatever may be unneceſſary; conſidering the great Licentiouſneſs of our Poet in joining heterogeneous Metaphors; and

Devoutly to be wish'd. To die——to sleep—— (34)
To sleep? perchance, to dream; ay, there's the rub——
For in that sleep of Death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause.——There's the respect,

and considering too, that a Sea is used not only to signify the Ocean, but likewise a vast Quantity, Multitude, or Confluence of any thing else. Instances are thick both in sacred and prophane Writers. The Prophet *Jeremiah*, particularly, in one Passage, calls a prodigious Army coming up against a City, a *Sea:* Chap. 51. 42. *The Sea is come up upon* Babylon; *she is covered with the Multitude of the Waves thereof.* ÆSCHYLUS is frequent in the Use of this Metaphor;

Βοᾷ γὰρ κῦμα χερσαῖον στρατὸς.

Sept. cont. Thebas, v. 64.

And again, a little lower.

Κῦμα γὰρ περὶ πόλιν
Δοχμολόφων ἀνδρῶν
Καχλάζει πνοαῖς
Ἄρεος ὀρόμενον. *Ibid. v.* 116.

And again, in his *Persians.*

Δόκιμος δ' ἔπι ὑπόσας
Μεγάλῳ ῥεύματι φωτῶν,
Ἐχυροῖς ἔρκεσιν εἴργειν
Ἅμαχον κῦμα θαλάσσης. *v.* 87.

So *Cicero*, in one of his Letters to *Atticus*, lib. vii. Ep. 4. Fluctum *enim totius Barbariæ ferre urbs una non poterat.* And, besides, *a* Sea *of Troubles* among the *Greeks* grew into proverbial Usage; κακῶν θάλασσα, κακῶν τρικυμία. So that the Expression, figuratively, means, the Troubles of human Life, which flow in upon us, and encompass us round, like a Sea. Our Poet too has employ'd this Metaphor in his *Antony*, speaking of a Confluence of Courtiers;

I was of late as petty to his Ends,
As is the Morn-dew on the myrtle Leaf
To his grand Sea.

The same Image and Expression, I observe, is used by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Two Noble Kinsmen.*

——*Tho' I know,*
His Ocean *needs not my poor* Drops, *yet they*
Must yield their Tribute there.

(34) ——*To die, to sleep;*
To sleep? perchance, to dream:] This admirable fine Reflexion seems, in a paltry Manner, to be sneer'd at by *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Scornful Lady.*

Rog. *Have patience, Sir, until our Fellow* Nicholas *be deceas'd, that is, asleep;* to sleep, to dye; to dye, to sleep; *a very Figure, Sir.*

That

That makes Calamity of so long life.
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
Th' oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pang of despis'd love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of th' unworthy takes;
When he himself might his *Quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? who would fardles bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life?
But that the dread of something after death,
(That undiscover'd country, from whose bourne (35)
No traveller returns) puzzles the will;
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of.
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all:

And

(35) *That* undiscover'd Country, *from whose Bourne*
No Traveller *returns.*] As some superficial Criticks have, without the least Scruple, accused the Poet of *Forgetfulness* and *Self-Contradiction* from this Passage; seeing that in this very Play he introduces a Character from the other World, the *Ghost* of *Hamlet*'s Father: I have thought this Circumstance worthy of a Justification. 'Tis certain, to introduce a *Ghost*, a Being from the other World, and to say, that no Traveller returns from those Confines, is, literally taken, as absolute a Contradiction as can be suppos'd *& facto & terminis*. But we are to take Notice, that *Shakespeare* brings his Ghost only from a *middle State*, or *local Purgatory*: a *Prison-house*, as he makes his Spirit call it, where he was doom'd, for a Term only, to expiate his Sins of Nature. By the *undiscover'd Country* here mention'd, he may, perhaps, mean that *last* and *eternal* Residence of Souls in a State of full Bliss or Misery; which Spirits in a *middle* State could not be acquainted with, or explain. So that if any Latitude of Sense may be allow'd to the Poet's Words, tho' he admits the Possibility of a Spirit returning from the Dead, he yet holds, that the State of the Dead cannot be communicated; and, with that Allowance, it remains still an *undiscovered Country*. We are to observe too, that even his Ghost, who comes from Purgatory, (or, whatever has been signified under that Denomination) comes under Restrictions: And tho' he confesses himself subject to a Vicissitude of Torments, yet he says, at the same time, that *he is forbid to tell the Secrets of his Prison-house*. The Antients had the same Notion of our obscure and twilight Knowledge of an After-being. *Valerius Flaccus*, I remember, (if I may be indulg'd in a short Digression) speaking of the lower Regions, and State of the Spirits there, has an Expression, which, in one Sense, comes close to our Author's *undiscover'd Country*;

——*Superis* incognita Tellus.

And

And thus the native hue of reſolution
Is ſicklied o'er with the pale caſt of thought;
And enterprizes of great pith, and moment,
With this regard their currents turn awry,
And loſe the name of action.——Soft you, now!
[*Seeing* Oph.
The fair *Ophelia?* Nymph, in thy oriſons
Be all my ſins remembred.
Oph. Good my lord,
How does your Honour for this many a day?
Ham. I humbly thank you, well; ——
Oph. My lord, I have remembrances of yours,
That I have longed long to re-deliver.
I pray you, now receive them.
Ham. No, I never gave you aught.
Oph. My honour'd lord, you know right well, you did;
And with them words of ſo ſweet breath compos'd,
As made the things more rich: that perfume loſt,
Take theſe again; for to the noble mind
Rich gifts wax poor, when givers prove unkind.
There, my lord.
Ham. Ha, ha! are you honeſt?
Oph. My lord, ——
Ham. Are you fair?
Oph. What means your lordſhip?
Ham. That if you be honeſt and fair, you ſhould admit no diſcourſe to your beauty.
Oph. Could beauty, my lord, have better commerce than with honeſty?

And it is obſervable that *Virgil*, before he enters upon a Deſcription of *Hell*, and of the Elyſian Fields, implores the Permiſſion of the infernal Deities; and profeſſes, even then, to diſcover no more than *Hearſay* concerning their myſterious Dominions.

Dii, quibus imperium eſt Animarum, Umbræq; ſilentes,
Et Chaos, et Phlegethon, loca nocte tacentia late,
Sit mihi fas audita loqui, *ſit* numine veſtro
Pandere *res altâ terrâ et caligine merſas.* Æneid. VI.

Ham

Ham. Ay, truly; (36) for the power of beauty will ſooner transform honeſty from what it is, to a bawd; than the force of honeſty can tranſlate beauty into its likeneſs. This was ſometime a paradox, but now the time gives it proof. — I did love you once.

Oph. Indeed, my lord, you made me believe ſo.

Ham. You ſhould not have believed me. For virtue cannot ſo inoculate our old ſtock, but we ſhall reliſh of it. I lov'd you not.

Oph. I was the more deceived.

Ham. Get thee to a nunnery. Why wouldſt thou be a breeder of ſinners? I am my ſelf indifferent honeſt; but yet I could accuſe me of ſuch Things, that it were better, my mother had not borne me. I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious, with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them ſhape, or time to act them in. What ſhould ſuch fellows, as I, do crawling between heav'n and earth? we are arrant knaves, believe none of us —— Go thy ways to a nunnery —— Where's your father?

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be ſhut upon him, that he may play the fool no where but in's own houſe. Farewel.

Oph. Oh help him, you ſweet heav'ns!

Ham. If thou doſt marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry. Be thou as chaſte as ice, as pure as ſnow, thou ſhalt not eſcape calumny.——Get thee to a nunnery, —— farewel —— Or if thou wilt needs marry, marry a

(36) *Ay, truely; for the Power of Beauty will ſooner transform Honeſty from what it is to a Bawd*; &c.] Our Author has twice before, in his *As you like it*, play'd with a Sentiment bordering upon this.

Celia. *Tis true, for thoſe, that ſhe makes* fair, *ſhe ſcarce makes* honeſt; *and thoſe, that ſhe makes* honeſt, *ſhe makes very* ill-favour'd.

And again,

Audr. *Would you not have me* honeſt?

Clown. *No, truly, unleſs thou wert* hard-favour'd; *for* Honeſty, *coupled to* Beauty, *is to have Honey a Sauce to Sugar.*

The Foundation of both Paſſages may poſſibly have been of Claſſical Extraction.

Lis eſt cum Formâ *magna* Pudicitiæ. Ovid.

—— Rara *eſt adeò* Concordia Formæ

Atq; Pudicitiæ. Juvenal.

fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them.——To a nunnery, go——and quickly too: farewel.

Oph. Heav'nly powers; restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your painting too, well enough: God has given you one face, and you make your selves another. You jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nick-name God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance. Go to, I'll no more on't, it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages. Those that are married already, all but one, shall live; the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit* Hamlet.

Oph. Oh, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown!
The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword!
Th' expectancy and rose of the fair State,
The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
Th' observ'd of all observers, quite, quite down!
I am of ladies most dejected and wretched,
That suck'd the hony of his musick vows:
Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh;
That unmatch'd form, and feature of blown youth,
Blasted with extasie. Oh, woe is me!
T' have seen what I have seen; see what I see.

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections do not that way tend,
Nor what he spake, tho' it lack'd form a little,
Was not like madness. Something's in his soul,
O'er which his melancholy sits on brood;
And, I do doubt, the hatch and the disclose
Will be some danger, which, how to prevent,
I have in quick determination
Thus set it down. He shall with speed to *England*,
For the demand of our neglected Tribute:
Haply, the Seas and Countries different,
With variable objects, shall expel
This something settled matter in his heart;
Whereon his brains still beating, puts him thus
From fashion of himself. What think you on't?

Pol.

Pol. It ſhall do well. But yet do I believe,
The origin and commencement of this grief
Sprung from neglected love. How now, *Ophelia?*——
You need not tell us what lord *Hamlet* ſaid,
We heard it all.—My lord, do as you pleaſe; [*Exit* Ophelia.
But if you hold it fit, after the Play
Let his Queen-mother all alone intreat him
To ſhew his griefs; let her be round with him:
And I'll be plac'd, ſo pleaſe you, in the ear
Of all their conf'rence. If ſhe find him not,
To *England* ſend him; or confine him, where
Your wiſdom beſt ſhall think.

King. It ſhall be ſo:
Madneſs in Great ones muſt not unwatch'd go. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet, *and two or three of the Players.*

Ham. Speak the ſpeech, I pray you, as I pronounc'd it to you, trippingly on the tongue. But if you mouth it, as many of our Players do, I had as lieve, the town-crier had ſpoke my lines. And do not ſaw the air too much with your hand thus, but uſe all gently; for in the very torrent, tempeſt, and, as I may ſay, whirl-wind of your paſſion, you muſt acquire and beget a temperance that may give it ſmoothneſs. Oh, it offends me to the ſoul, to hear a robuſtious periwig-pated fellow tear a paſſion to tatters, to very rags, to ſplit the ears of the groundlings: who (for the moſt part) are capable of nothing, but inexplicable dumb ſhews, and noiſe: I could have ſuch a fellow whipt for o'er-doing Termagant; it out-*herods Herod.* Pray you, avoid it.

Play. I warrant your Honour.

Ham. Be not too tame neither; but let your own diſcretion be your tutor. Sute the action to the word, the word to the action, with this ſpecial obſervance, that you o'er-ſtep not the modeſty of Nature; for any thing ſo overdone is from the purpoſe of playing; whoſe end, both at the firſt and now, was and is, to hold as 'twere the mirror up to nature; to ſhew virtue her own feature, ſcorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, his form and preſſure. Now this over-done, or

come tardy of, tho' it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve: the censure of which one must in your allowance o'er-weigh a whole theatre of others. Oh, there be Players that I have seen play, and heard others praise, and that highly, *(not to speak it profanely) that neither having the accent of christian, nor the gate of christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted and bellow'd, that I have thought some of nature's journey-men had made men, and not made them well; they imitated humanity so abominably.

(a) 32]

Play. I hope, we have reform'd that indifferently with us.

Ham. Oh, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your Clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: For there be of them that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the Play be then to be considered: That's villanous; and shews a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it. Go make you ready. [*Exeunt Players.*

Enter Polonius, Rosincrantz, *and* Guildenstern.

How now, my lord? will the King hear this piece of work?

Pol. And the Queen too, and that presently.

Ham. Bid the Players make haste. [*Exit* Polonius.

Will you two help to hasten them?

Both. We will, my lord. [*Exeunt.*

Ham. What, ho, *Horatio!*

Enter Horatio *to* Hamlet.

Hor. Here, sweet lord, at your service.

Ham. *Horatio*, thou art e'en as just a Man,
As e'er my conversation coap'd withal.

Hor. Oh my dear lord,——

Ham. Nay, do not think, I flatter:
For what advancement may I hope from thee,
That no revenue hast, but thy good spirits,
To feed and cloath thee? Should the poor be flatter'd?

No,

No, let the candied tongue lick abſurd Pomp,
And crook the pregnant hinges of the knee,
Where thrift may follow fawning. Doſt thou hear?
Since my dear ſoul was miſtreſs of her choice,
And could of men diſtinguiſh, her election
Hath ſeal'd thee for her ſelf. For thou haſt been
As one, in ſuffering all, that ſuffers nothing:
A man, that fortune's buffets and rewards
Haſt ta'en with equal thanks. And bleſt are thoſe,
Whoſe blood and judgment are ſo well comingled,
That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger,
To ſound what ſtop ſhe pleaſe. Give me that man,
That is not paſſion's ſlave, and I will wear him
In my heart's core: ay, in my heart of heart,
As I do thee.——Something too much of this.——
There is a Play to night before the King,
One Scene of it comes near the circumſtance,
Which I have told thee, of my father's death.
I pr'ythee, when thou ſeeſt that Act a-foot,
Ev'n with the very comment of thy ſoul
Obſerve mine uncle: if his occult guilt
Do not it ſelf unkennel in one ſpeech,
It is a damned Ghoſt that we have ſeen:
And my imaginations are as foul (37)
As *Vulcan*'s Smithy. Give him heedful note;
For I mine eyes will rivet to his face;
And, after, we will both our judgments join,
In cenſure of his Seeming.

Hor. Well, my lord.
If he ſteal aught, the whilſt this Play is playing,
And ſcape detecting, I will pay the theft.

(37) *And my Imaginations are as foul,*
As Vulcan's *Stithy.*] I have ventur'd, againſt the Authority of all the Copies, to ſubſtitute *Smithy* here. I have given my Reaſons in the 40th Note on *Troilus*, to which, for Brevity's ſake, I beg Leave to refer the Readers.

Enter King, Queen, Polonius, Ophelia, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *and other lords attendant, with a guard carrying torches.* Daniſh *March. Sound a flouriſh.*

Ham. They're coming to the Play; I muſt be idle. Get you a place.

King. How fares our couſin *Hamlet?*

Ham. Excellent, i'faith, of the camelion's diſh: I eat the air, promiſe-cramm'd: you cannot feed capons ſo.

King. I have nothing with this anſwer, *Hamlet*; theſe words are not mine.

Ham. No, nor mine.——Now, my lord; you plaid once i'th' univerſity, you ſay? [*To* Polonius.

Pol. That I did, my lord, and was accounted a good actor.

Ham. And what did you enact?

Pol. I did enact *Julius Cæſar*, I was kill'd i'th' Capitol: *Brutus* kill'd me.

Ham. It was a brute part of him, to kill ſo capital a calf there. Be the players ready?

Roſ. Ay, my lord, they ſtay upon your patience.

Queen. Come hither, my dear *Hamlet*, ſit by me.

Ham. No, good mother, here's mettle more attractive.

Pol. Oh ho, do you mark that?

Ham. Lady, ſhall I lye in your lap?

[*Lying down at* Ophelia's *feet.*

Oph. No, my lord.

Ham. I mean, my Head upon your Lap?

Oph. Ay, my Lord.

Ham. Do you think, I meant country matters?

Oph. I think nothing, my lord.

Ham. That's a fair thought, to lie between a maid's legs.

Oph. What is, my lord?

Ham. Nothing.

Oph. You are merry, my lord.

Ham. Who, I?

Oph. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Oh God! your only jig-maker; what ſhould a man do, but be merry? For, look you, how chearfully my

my mother looks, and my father dy'd within these two hours.

Oph. Nay, 'tis twice two months, my lord.

Ham. So long? nay, then let the Devil wear black, for I'll have a suit of sables. Oh heav'ns! dye two months ago, and not forgotten yet! then there's hope, a Great man's memory may out-live his life half a year: but, by'r-lady, he must build churches then; or else shall he suffer not thinking on, with the hobby-horse; whose epitaph is, *For oh, for oh, the hobby-horse is forgot.* [79]

Hautboys play. The dumb shew enters.

(38) *Enter a Duke and Dutchess, with regal Coronets, very lovingly; the Dutchess embracing him, and he her. She kneels; he takes her up, and declines his head upon her neck; He lays him down upon a bank of flowers; she seeing him asleep, leaves him. Anon comes in a fellow, takes off his Crown, kisses it, and pours poison in the Duke's ears, and* Exit. *The Dutchess returns, finds the Duke dead, and makes passionate action. The poisoner, with some two or three mutes, comes in again, seeming to lament with her. The dead body is carried away. The poisoner wooes the Dutchess with gifts; she seems loth and unwilling a while, but in the end accepts his love.*

[Exeunt.

Oph. What means this, my lord?

Ham. Marry, this is miching *Malicho*; it means mischief.

(38) *Enter a* King *and* Queen *very lovingly:*] Thus have the blundering and inadvertent Editors all along given us this Stage-Direction, tho' we are expresly told by *Hamlet* anon, that the Story of this introduced Interlude is the Murther of *Gonzago* Duke of *Vienna*. The Source of this Mistake is easily to be accounted for, from the Stage's *dressing* the Characters. *Regal* Coronets being at first order'd by the Poet for the *Duke* and *Dutchess*, the succeeding Players, who did not strictly observe the *Quality* of the Persons or *Circumstances* of the Story, mistook 'em for a King and Queen; and so the Error was deduced down from thence to the present Times. Methinks, Mr. *Pope* might have *indulg'd his private Sense* in so obvious a Mistake, without any Fear of Rashness being imputed to him for the arbitrary Correction.

Oph. Belike, this ſhew imports the Argument of the Play?

Enter Prologue.

Ham. We ſhall know by this fellow: the Players cannot keep counſel, they'll tell all.

Oph. Will he tell us, what this ſhew meant?

Ham. Ay, or any ſhew that you'll ſhew him. Be not you aſhamed to ſhew, he'll not ſhame to tell you what it means.

Oph. You are naught, you are naught, I'll mark the Play.

Prol. *For us, and for our tragedy,*
Here ſtooping to your clemency,
We beg your hearing patiently.

Ham. Is this a prologue, or the poſie of a ring?

Oph. 'Tis brief, my lord.

Ham. As woman's love.

Enter Duke, and Dutcheſs, Players.

Duke. Full thirty times hath *Phœbus'* Carr gone round
Neptune's ſalt waſh, and *Tellus'* orbed ground;
And thirty dozen moons with borrowed ſheen
About the world have time twelve thirties been,
Since love our hearts, and *Hymen* did our hands,
Unite commutual, in moſt ſacred bands.

Dutch. So many journeys may the Sun and Moon
Make us again count o'er, ere love be done.
But woe is me, you are ſo ſick of late,
So far from cheer and from your former ſtate,
That I diſtruſt you; yet though I diſtruſt,
Diſcomfort you, my lord, it nothing muſt:
For women fear too much, ev'n as they love.
And womens fear and love hold quantity;
'Tis either none, or in extremity.

Now

Now, what my love is, proof hath made you know;
And as my love is siz'd, my fear is so. (39)
Where love is great, the smalleſt doubts are fear;
Where little fears grow great, great love grows there.
Duke. Faith, I muſt leave thee, Love, and ſhortly too:
My operant powers their functions leave to do,
And thou ſhalt live in this fair world behind,
Honour'd, belov'd; and, haply, one as kind
For husband ſhalt thou——
Dutch. Oh, confound the reſt!
Such love muſt needs be treaſon in my breaſt:
In ſecond husband let me be accurſt!
None wed the ſecond, but who kill the firſt.
Ham. Wormwood, wormwood!——
Dutch. The inſtances, that ſecond marriage move,
Are baſe reſpects of thrift, but none of love.
A ſecond time I kill my huſband dead,
When ſecond huſband kiſſes me in bed.
Duke. I do believe, you think what now you ſpeak;
But what we do determine, oft we break:
Purpoſe is but the ſlave to memory,
Of violent birth, but poor validity:
Which now, like fruits unripe, ſticks on the tree,
But fall unſhaken, when they mellow be.
Moſt neceſſary 'tis, that we forget
To pay our ſelves what to our ſelves is debt:
What to our ſelves in paſſion we propoſe,
The paſſion ending, doth the purpoſe loſe;
The violence of either grief or joy,
Their own enactors with themſelves deſtroy:

(39) *And as my Love is* fix'd, *my Fear is ſo.*] Mr. *Pope* ſays, I read *ſiz'd*; and, indeed, I do ſo: becauſe, I obſerve, the *Quarto* of 1605 reads, *ciz'd*; that of 1611 *cizſt*; the *Folio* in 1632, *ſiz*; and that in 1623, *ſiz'd:* and becauſe, beſides, the whole Tenour of the Context demands this Reading. For the Lady evidently is talking here of the Quantity and Proportion of her Love and Fear, not of their Continuance, Duration, or Stability. *Cleopatra* expreſſes herſelf much in the ſame Manner, with regard to her Grief for the Loſs of *Antony*.

——— *our* Size *of Sorrow*,
Proportion'd *to our* Cauſe, *muſt be as* great
As that *which makes it.*

Where

Where joy moſt revels, grief doth moſt lament;
Grief joys, joy grieves, on ſlender accident.
This world is not for aye; nor 'tis not ſtrange,
That ev'n our loves ſhould with our fortunes change.
For 'tis a queſtion left us yet to prove,
Whether love leads fortune, or elſe fortune love.
The Great man down, you mark, his fav'rite flies;
The poor advanc'd, makes friends of enemies.
And hitherto doth love on fortune tend,
For who not needs, ſhall never lack a friend;
And who in want a hollow friend doth try,
Directly ſeaſons him his enemy.
But orderly to end where I begun,
Our wills and fates do ſo contrary run,
That our devices ſtill are overthrown;
Our thoughts are ours, their ends none of our own.
Think ſtill, thou wilt no ſecond huſband wed;
But die thy thoughts, when thy firſt lord is dead.

Dutch. Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven light!
Sport and repoſe lock from me, day and night!
To deſperation turn my truſt and hope!
An *Anchor's cheer in priſon be my ſcope!
Each oppoſite, that blanks the face of joy,
Meet what I would have well, and it deſtroy!
Both here, and hence, purſue me laſting ſtrife!
If, once a widow, ever I be wife.

Ham. If ſhe ſhould break it now——

Duke. 'Tis deeply ſworn; Sweet, leave me here a while;
My ſpirits grow dull, and fain I would beguile
The tedious day with ſleep. [*Sleeps.*

Dutch. Sleep rock thy brain,
And never come miſchance between us twain! [*Exit.*

Ham. Madam, how like you this Play?

Queen. The lady proteſts too much, methinks.

Ham. Oh, but ſhe'll keep her word.

King. Have you heard the argument, is there no offence in't?

Ham. No, no, they do but jeſt, poiſon in jeſt, no offence i'th' world.

King. What do you call the Play?

Ham.

* / Anchoret's

Ham. The *Mouſe-Trap*;——Marry, how? tropically. This Play is the image of a murther done in *Vienna*; *Gonzago* is the Duke's name, his wife's *Baptiſta*; you ſhall ſee anon, 'tis a knaviſh piece of Work; but what o' that? your Majeſty, and we that have free ſouls, it touches us not; let the gall'd jade winch, our withers are unwrung.

Enter Lucianus.

This is one *Lucianus*, nephew to the Duke.

Oph. You are as good as a chorus, my lord.

Ham. I could interpret between you and your love, if I could ſee the puppets dallying.

Oph. You are keen, my lord, you are keen.

Ham. It would coſt you a groaning, to take off my edge.

Oph. Still better and worſe. (40)

Ham. So you miſtake your huſbands.

Begin, murtherer.—Leave thy damnable faces, and begin. Come, the croaking raven doth bellow for revenge.

Luc. Thoughts black, hands apt, drugs fit, and time agreeing:

Confederate ſeaſon, and no creature ſeeing:

(40) *Still* worſe *and worſe.*

Ham. *So you* muſt take *your Husbands.*] Surely, this is the moſt uncomfortable Leſſon, that ever was preach'd to the poor Ladies: and I can't help wiſhing, for our own ſakes too, it mayn't be true. 'Tis too foul a Blot upon our Reputations, that every Husband that a Woman takes muſt be worſe than her former. The Poet, I am pretty certain, intended no ſuch Scandal upon the Sex. But what a precious Collator of Copies is Mr. *Pope*! All the old *Quarto's* and *Folio's* read.

Ophel. *Still* better *and worſe.*

Ham. *So you* miſtake *Husbands.*

Hamlet is talking to her in ſuch groſs double *Entendres*, that ſhe is forc'd to parry them by indirect Anſwers; and remarks, that tho' his Wit be *ſmarter*, yet his Meaning is more *blunt*. This, I think, is the Senſe of her——*Still* better *and worſe*. This puts *Hamlet* in mind of the Words in the Church Service of Matrimony, and he replies; *ſo you* miſtake *Husbands*, i. e. So you *take* Husbands, and find yourſelves *miſtaken* in them.

Thou

Thou mixture rank, of mid-night weeds collected,
With *Hecate*'s ban thrice blasted, thrice infected, (41)
Thy natural magick, and dire property,
On wholsome life usurp immediately.

[*Pours the poison in his ears.*

Ham. He poisons him i'th' garden for's estate; his name's *Gonzago*; the story is extant, and writ in choice *Italian*. You shall see anon how the murtherer gets the love of *Gonzago*'s wife.

Oph. The King rises.

Ham. What, frighted with false fire!

Queen. How fares my lord?

Pol. Give o'er the Play.

King. Give me some light. Away.

All. Lights, lights, lights! [*Exeunt.*

Manent Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. Why, let the strucken deer go weep,
The hart ungalled play:
For some must watch, whilst some must sleep;
So runs the world away.
Would not this, Sir, and a forest of Feathers, (if the rest

(41) *With* Hecate's Bane *thrice blasted,*] Here, again, Mr. *Pope* approves himself a worthy Collator: for the old *Quarto's* and *Folio's* concur in reading, as I have reform'd the Text,

With Hecate's Bann *thrice blasted* ——

i. e. With her Curse, Execration. So, in *Timon*;

Take thou that too, with multiplying Banns.

2 Henry VI.

Ay, ev'ry joint should seem to curse and bann.

And again;

You bad me bann, *and will you bid me leave?* Ibid.

&c. &c. &c.

Besides, Words of Execration have been always practis'd in magical Operations. So *Horace*, to give a single Instance,

Canidia, *parce* vocibus *tandem* sacris.

Upon which Words *Porphyrion* has given us this short Comment. *Dialogus nunc de Sacris, quia* Sacrum *religiosum et* execrabile *significat.* —— *Hermannus Figulus* thus explains it; *Vocibus sacris.*] Malis *cantibus, & verbis magicis.* And *Badius Ascentius*, still nearer to our purpose; *Sacris*] *id est,* Diris *et* imprecationibus *in me abstine.*

of

of my fortunes turn *Turk* with me) (42) with two provincial roſes on my rayed ſhooes, get me a fellowſhip in a cry of Players, Sir?

Hor. Half a ſhare.

Ham. A whole one, I.

For thou doſt know, oh *Damon* dear,
This realm diſmantled was
Of *Jove* himſelf, and now reigns here
A very, very, Paddock. (43)

Hor.

(42) *With two provincial Roſes on my* rayed *ſhoes, Get me a Fellowſhip in a* City *of Players, Sir?*] I once ſuſpected, that We ought to read, *raiſed* Shoes. By a *Foreſt of Feathers*, he certainly alludes to the *Plumes* worn by the Stage-Heroes; as, by *raiſed* Shoes, he would to their *Buskins*; the *Cothurni*, as they were call'd by the *Romans*, which were as much higher in the Heel than other common Shoes, as the *Chioppines* worn by the *Venetians* are. It was the known Cuſtom of the Tragedians of old, that they might the nearer reſemble the Heroes they perſonated, to make themſelves as tall in Stature, and by an artificial Help to Sound, to ſpeak as big, as they poſſibly could. To both theſe *Horace* has alluded;

——————— *magnumq; loqui, nitiq; Cothurno.*

And *Lucian*, deſcribing a Tragedian, calls him ἄνθρωπος ἐμβάταις ὑψηλοῖς ἐποχούμενος, a *Fellow* carried upon *high Shoes*; and theſe were *rais'd* to ſuch a degree, that the ſame Author calls one, who had pull'd them off, καθελὰς ἀπὸ τῶν ἐμβάδων, *deſcending* from his *Buskins*. But, perhaps, *rayed Shoes* may have been our Author's Expreſſion; i. e. *ſtriped*, *ſpangled*, enrich'd with ſome ſhining Ornaments: *Bracteati Calcei*, Shoes variegated with *Rayes* of Gold. *Bractea*, a *Ray* of Gold, or any other Metal. LITTLETON. A *Ray* of Gold, *Fueille d'Or*. COTGRAVE.—*In a* City *of Players.*] Thus Mr. *Pope*, with ſome of the worſer Editions: but we muſt read, *Cry*; with the better Copies; *i. e.* in the *Vote* and *Suffrage* of a Company of Players.

Troilus *and* Creſſida.

The Cry *went once for thee.*——

Coriolanus.

You common Cry *of Curs*, &c. *pack alluding to Hounds*

And, again;

Menen. *You have made you good Work,*
You and your Cry. Ibid.

2 Henry. IV.

For all the Country in a general Voice
Cry'd *Hate upon him.*

(43) *A very very* Peacock.] The old Copies have it *Paicock*, *Paiocke*, and *Pajocke*. I ſubſtitute *Paddock*, as neareſt to the Traces of the corrupted Reading. I have, as Mr. *Pope* ſays, been willing to ſubſtitute any

Hor. You might have rhim'd.

Ham. Oh, good *Horatio*, I'll take the Ghoſt's word for a thouſand pounds. Didſt perceive?

Hor. Very well, my lord.

Ham. Upon the talk of the poiſoning?

Hor. I did very well note him.

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Ham. Oh, ha! come, ſome muſick: Come, the recorders.
For if the King like not the comedy;
Why, then, belike, he likes it not, perdy.
Come, ſome muſick.

Guil. Good my lord, vouchſafe me a word with you.

any Thing in the place of his *Peacock*. He thinks a Fable alluded to, of the Birds chuſing a King; inſtead of the *Eagle*, a *Peacock*. I ſuppoſe, he muſt mean the Fable of *Barlandus*, in which it is ſaid, The Birds, being weary of their State of Anarchy, mov'd for the ſetting up of a King: and the *Peacock* was elected on account of his gay Feathers. But, with Submiſſion, in this Paſſage of our *Shakeſpeare*, there is not the leaſt Mention made of the *Eagle* in Antitheſis to the *Peacock*; and it muſt be by a very uncommon Figure, that *Jove* himſelf ſtands in the place of his *Bird*. I think, *Hamlet* is ſetting his Father's and Uncle's Characters in Contraſt to each other: and means to ſay, that by his Father's Death the State was ſtripp'd of a godlike Monarch, and that now in his Stead reign'd the moſt deſpicable poiſonous Animal that could be: a meer *Paddock*, or *Toad*. Pad, *bufo*, *rubeta major*; a toad. *Belgis*, Padde. *Vid.* Somnerum, Minſhew, &c. Our Author was very well acquainted with the Word, and has uſed it more than once.

Macbeth.

1ſt Witch. —*I come*, Grimalkin.
2d Witch. Paddock *calls*.

The Witches are ſuppos'd to hear their *Spirits* call to them in the *ſcreaming* of a *Cat*, and the *Croaking* of a *Toad*. But what makes it the more probable that this Term ſhould be uſed here, *Hamlet*, again, afterwards ſpeaking of his Uncle to the Queen, among other contemptuous Additions, gives him this very Appellation.

——— *Twere good, you let him know:*
For who that's but a Queen, fair, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a Paddock, *from a Bat, a Gibbe,*
Such dear Concernings hide?

I had formerly propos'd other Conjectures; but, I think, I may venture to ſtand by This. *Sub Judice lis eſt.* If it has Reaſon and Probability on its Side, Mr. *Pope*'s legendary *Peacock* muſt e'en be content to wait for another *Election*.

Ham.

Ham. Sir, a whole hiſtory.

Guil. The King, Sir——

Ham. Ay, Sir, what of him?

Guil. Is, in his retirement, marvellous diſtemper'd——

Ham. With drink, Sir?

Guil. No, my lord, with choler.

Ham. Your wiſdom ſhould ſhew it ſelf more rich, to ſignify this to his Doctor: for, for me to put him to his purgation, would, perhaps, plunge him into more choler.

Guil. Good my lord, put your diſcourſe into ſome frame, and ſtart not ſo wildly from my affair.

Ham. I am tame, Sir; —pronounce.

Guil. The Queen your mother, in moſt great affliction of ſpirit, hath ſent me to you.

Ham. You are welcome.

Guil. Nay, good my lord, this Courteſy is not of the right Breed. If it ſhall pleaſe you to make me a wholſom anſwer, I will do your mother's commandment; if not, your pardon, and my return ſhall be the end of my buſineſs.

Ham. Sir, I cannot.

Guil. What, my lord?

Ham. Make you a wholſom anſwer: my wit's diſeas'd. But, Sir, ſuch anſwer as I can make, you ſhall command; or, rather, as you ſay, my mother—— therefore no more but to the matter—— my mother, you ſay——

Roſ. Then thus ſhe ſays; your behaviour hath ſtruck her into amazement, and admiration.

Ham. Oh wonderful ſon, that can ſo aſtoniſh a mother! But is there no ſequel at the heels of this mother's admiration?

Roſ. She deſires to ſpeak with you in her cloſet, ere you go to bed.

Ham. We ſhall obey, were ſhe ten times our mother. Have you any further trade with us?

Roſ. My lord, you once did love me.

Ham. So I do ſtill, by theſe pickers and ſtealers.

Roſ. Good my lord, what is your cauſe of diſtemper? you do, ſurely, bar the door of your own liberty, if you deny your griefs to your friend.

Ham.

Ham. Sir, I lack advancement.

Roſ. How can that be, when you have the voice of the King himſelf, for your ſucceſſion in *Denmark?*

Ham. Ay, but *while the graſs grows*—— the Proverb is ſomething muſty.

Enter one, with a Recorder.

Oh, the Recorders; let me ſee one. To withdraw with you—— why do you go about to recover the wind of me, as if you would drive me into a toil?

Guil. Oh my lord, if my duty be too bold, my love is too unmannerly.

Ham. I do not well underſtand that. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beſeech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as eaſy as lying; govern theſe ventiges with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will diſcourſe moſt eloquent muſick. Look you, theſe are the ſtops.

Guil. But theſe cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the ſkill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me; you would play upon me, you would ſeem to know my ſtops; you would pluck out the heart of my myſtery; you would ſound me from my loweſt note, to the top of my compaſs; and there is much muſick, excellent voice, in this little organ, yet cannot you make it ſpeak. Why, do you think, that I am eaſier to be plaid on than a pipe? call me what inſtrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.——God bleſs you, Sir.

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, the Queen would ſpeak with you, and preſently.

Ham.

Ham. Do you ſee yonder cloud, that's almoſt in ſhape of a *Camel?*

Pol. By the maſs, and it's like a *Camel*, indeed.

Ham. Methinks, it is like an *Ouzle.* (44)

Pol. It is black like an *Ouzle.*

Ham. Or, like a *Whale?*

Pol. Very like a *Whale.*

Ham. Then will I come to my mother by and by——they fool me to the top of my bent.—— I will come by and by.

Pol. I will ſay ſo.

Ham. By and by is eaſily ſaid. Leave me, friends.

[*Exeunt.*

'Tis now the very witching time of night,
When church-yards yawn, and hell it ſelf breaths out
Contagion to this world. Now could I drink hot blood,
And do ſuch bitter buſineſs as the day
Would quake to look on. Soft, now to my mother—
O heart, loſe not thy nature; let not ever

(44) *Methinks, it is like an* Ouzle.

Pol. *It is black like an Ouzle.*] The old *Quarto* and *Folio* give us this Paſſage thus;

Methinks, it is like a Weezel.

Pol. *It is* black *like a* Weezel.

But a *Weezel*, as Mr. *Pope* has obſerv'd, is not *black*. Some other Editions read the laſt Line thus;

Pol. *It is* back'd *like a* Weezel.

This only avoids the Abſurdity of giving a falſe Colour to the Weezel: But *Ouzle* is certainly the true Reading, and a Word which our Author has uſed in other Places;

The Ouſel-*Cock, ſo* black *of hue,*
With Orange-tawny Bill, &c.

Midſummer-Night's Dream.

Shal. *And how doth my Couſin, your Bedfellow? and your faireſt Daughter and mine, my God-daughter* Ellen?

Sil. *Alas, a* black Ouzel, *Couſin* Shallow.

2 Henry IV.

But there is a Propriety in the Word being uſed in the Paſſage before us, which determines it to be the true Reading; the Reaſon of which, I preſume, did not occur to Mr. *Pope*. 'Tis obvious, that *Hamlet*, under the Umbrage of ſuppos'd Madneſs, is playing on *Polonius*; and a particular Compliance is ſhewn in the old Man, (who thinks *Hamlet* really mad, and, perhaps, is afraid of him) to confeſs, that the ſame Cloud is like a Beaſt, a Bird, and a Fiſh: *viz.* a *Camel*, an *Ouzel*, and a *Whale*. Nor is there a little Humour in the Diſproportion of the three Things, which the Cloud is ſuppos'd to reſemble.

The Soul of *Nero* enter this firm bosom;
Let me be cruel, not unnatural;
I will speak daggers to her, but use none.
My tongue and soul in this be hypocrites;
How in my words soever she be shent,
To give them seals never my soul consent! [*Exit.*

Enter King, Rosincrantz, *and* Guildenstern.

King. I like him not, nor stands it safe with us
To let his madness range. Therefore, prepare you;
I your Commission will forthwith dispatch,
And he to *England* shall along with you.
The terms of our estate may not endure (45)
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his Lunes.

Guil. We will provide our selves;
Most holy and religious fear it is,
To keep those many, many, Bodies safe,
That live and feed upon your Majesty.

Ros. The single and peculiar life is bound,
With all the strength and armour of the mind,
To keep it self from noyance; but much more,
That spirit, on whose weal depends and rests
The lives of many. The cease of Majesty
Dies not alone, but, like a gulf, doth draw

(45) *The Terms of our Estate may not endure*
Hazard so near us, as doth hourly grow
Out of his Lunacies.
Guil. *We will provide our selves.*

The old *Quarto's* read, —— *Out of his* Brows. This was from the Ignorance of the first Editors; as is this unnecessary *Alexandrine*, which we owe to the Players. The Poet, I am persuaded, wrote,

——— *as doth hourly grow*
Out of his Lunes.

i. e. his *Madness*, *Frenzy*. So our Poet, before, in his *Winter's Tale*.

These dang'rous, unsafe Lunes *i'th' King!* —— *beshrew 'em,*
He must be told of it, &c.

The Reader, if he pleases, may turn to my 10th Remark on that *Play*. Perhaps, too, in the *Merry Wives* of *Windsor*, where all the Editions read;

Why, Woman, your Husband is in his old Lines *again.*

We ought to correct;

——— *in his old* Lunes *again.*

i. e. in his old Fits of Madness, Frenzy.

What's

What's near it with it. It's a maſſy wheel
Fixt on the ſummit of the higheſt mount,
To whoſe huge ſpokes ten thouſand leſſer things
Are mortiz'd and adjoin'd; which, when it falls,
Each ſmall annexment, petty conſequence,
Attends the boiſtrous ruin. Ne'er alone
Did the King ſigh; but with a general groan.

King. Arm you, I pray you, to this ſpeedy voyage;
For we will fetters put upon this fear,
Which now goes too free-footed.

Both. We will haſte us. [*Exeunt Gent.*

Enter Polonius.

Pol. My lord, he's going to his mother's cloſet;
Behind the arras I'll convey my ſelf
To hear the proceſs. I'll warrant, ſhe'll tax him home.
And as you ſaid, and wiſely was it ſaid,
'Tis meet, that ſome more audience than a mother
(Since nature makes them partial,) ſhould o'er-hear
The ſpeech, of vantage. Fare you well, my liege;
I'll call upon you ere you go to bed,
And tell you what I know. [*Exit.*

King. Thanks, dear my lord.
Oh! my offence is rank, it ſmells to heav'n,
It hath the primal, eldeſt, curſe upon't; (46)
That of a brother's murther. Pray I cannot,
Though inclination be as ſharp as will; (47)

(46) *It hath the primal, eldeſt, Curſe upon't;*
A Brother's Murther.— Pray I cannot,] The laſt Verſe, 'tis evident, halts in the Meaſure; and, if I don't miſtake, is a little lame in the Senſe too. Was a Brother's Murther the eldeſt *Curſe?* Surely, it was rather the *Crime*, that was the *Cauſe* of this eldeſt *Curſe*. We have no Aſſiſtance, however, either to the *Senſe* or *Numbers* from any of the Copies. All the Editions concur in the Deficiency of a *Foot:* but if we can both cure the *Meaſure*, and help the *Meaning*, without a Prejudice to the Author, I think, the Concurrence of the printed Copies ſhould not be ſufficient to forbid a Conjecture. I have ventur'd at two Supplemental Syllables, as innocent in themſelves as neceſſary to the Purpoſes for which they are introduc'd:

That of *a Brother's Murther.*——

(47) *Tho' Inclination be.*] This Line has lain under the ſuſpicion of many nice Obſervers; and an ingenious Gentleman ſtarted, at a heat, this very probable Emendation: *Tho'*

My ſtronger guilt defeats my ſtrong intent:
And, like a man to double buſineſs bound,
I ſtand in pauſe where I ſhall firſt begin,
And both neglect. What if this curſed hand
Were thicker than itſelf with brother's blood?
Is there not rain enough in the ſweet heav'ns
To waſh it white as ſnow? whereto ſerves Mercy,
But to confront the viſage of offence?
And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,
To be-fore-ſtalled ere we come to fall,
Or pardon'd being down? then I'll look up;
My fault is paſt.——But oh, what form of prayer
Can ſerve my turn? Forgive me my foul murther!——
That cannot be, ſince I am ſtill poſſeſt
Of thoſe effects for which I did the murther,
My Crown, mine own Ambition, and my Queen.
May one be pardon'd, and retain th' offence?
In the corrupted currents of this world,
Offence's gilded hand may ſhove by juſtice;
And oft 'tis ſeen, the wicked prize it ſelf
Buys out the law; but 'tis not ſo above:
There, is no ſhuffling; there, the action lies
In his true nature, and we our ſelves compell'd,

Tho' Inclination be as ſharp as 'twill. The Variation from the Traces of the Letter is very minute, a *t*, with an *Apoſtrophe* before it, only being added; which might very eaſily have ſlipt out, under the Printer's Hands: ſo that the Change will not be diſputed, ſuppoſing there be a Neceſſity for it: which, however, is ſubmitted to Judgment. 'Tis certain, the Line, as it ſtands in all the Editions, has ſo ſtrongly the Air of a flat Tautology, that it may deſerve a ſhort Comment; and to have the Difference betwixt *Inclination* and *Will* aſcertain'd. The Word *Inclination*, in its Uſe with us (as my Friend Mr. *Warburton* defines it to me) is taken in theſe three Acceptations. *Firſt*, In its exact philoſophical Senſe, it ſignifies, *the drawing or inclining the Will to determine itſelf one certain Way:* According to this Signification, the Line is Nonſenſe; and is the ſame as to affirm, that *the Part is as big as the Whole.* In the next place, *Inclination* ſignifies the *Will*; and then it is the moſt abſurd Tautology. But, laſtly, it ſignifies *a Diſpoſition to do a Thing, already determin'd of, with Complacency and Pleaſure.* And if this is, as it ſeems to be, the Senſe of the Word here; then the Sentiment will be very clear and proper. For *Will*, ſignifying barely the *Determination of Mind* to do a Thing, the Senſe will be this: "Tho' the *Pleaſure* I take in this Act, be as ſtrong "as the *Determination* of my *Mind* to perform it; yet my ſtronger Guilt "defeats my ſtrong Intent, &c."

Ev'n

Ev'n to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
To give in evidence. What then? what reſts?
Try, what repentance can: What can it not?
Yet what can it, when one cannot repent?
Oh wretched ſtate! oh boſom, black as death!
Oh limed ſoul, that, ſtrugling to be free,
Art more engaged! help, angels! make aſſay!
Bow, ſtubborn knees; and, heart, with ſtrings of ſteel,
Be ſoft as ſinews of the new-born babe!
All may be well. [*The King retires and kneels.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now might I do it pat, now he is praying,
And now I'll do't——and ſo he goes to heav'n.——
And ſo am I reveng'd? that would be ſcann'd;
A villain kills my father, and for that
I, his ſole ſon, do this ſame villain ſend
To heav'n—O, this is hire and ſalary, not revenge.
He took my father groſly, full of bread,
With all his crimes broad blown, as fluſh as *May*;
And how his audit ſtands, who knows, ſave heaven?
But in our circumſtance and courſe of thought,
'Tis heavy with him. Am I then reveng'd,
To take him in the purging of his ſoul,
When he is fit and ſeaſon'd for his paſſage?
Up, ſword, and know thou a more horrid Bent; (48)
When he is drunk, aſleep, or in his rage,

(48) *Up, Sword, and know thou a more horrid* Time.] This is a ſophiſticated Reading, warranted by none of the Copies of any Authority. Mr. *Pope* ſays, I read conjecturally;

——— *a more horrid* Bent.

I do ſo; and why? the two oldeſt *Quarto's*, as well as the two elder *Folio's*, read; —— *a more horrid* Hent. But as there is no ſuch *Engliſh* Subſtantive, it ſeems very natural to conclude, that, with the Change of a ſingle Letter, our Author's genuine Word was, *Bent*; i. e. *Drift*, *Scope*, *Inclination*, *Purpoſe*, &c. I have prov'd his frequent Uſe of this Word, in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*; ſo ſhall ſpare the Trouble of making the Quotations over again here. I took Notice there, that throwing my Eye caſually over the fourth *Folio* Edition, printed in 1685, I found my Correction there anticipated. I think myſelf obliged to repeat this Confeſſion, that I may not be accuſed of *Plagiariſm*, for an *Emendation* which I had made before ever I ſaw a ſingle Page of that Book.

Or in th' inceſtuous pleaſure of his bed;
At gaming, ſwearing, or about ſome act
That has no reliſh of ſalvation in't;
Then trip him, that his heels may kick at heav'n;
And that his ſoul may be as damn'd and black
As hell, whereto it goes. My mother ſtays;
This phyſick but prolongs thy ſickly days. [*Exit.*

The King riſes, and comes forward.

King. My words fly up, my thoughts remain below;
Words, without thoughts, never to heaven go. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to the Queen's Apartment.*

Enter Queen *and* Polonius.

Pol. HE will come ſtraight; look, you lay home to him;
Tell him, his pranks have been too broad to bear with;
And that your Grace hath ſcreen'd, and ſtood between
Much heat and him. I'll ſilence me e'en here;
Pray you, be round with him.

Ham. [*within.*] Mother, Mother, Mother.——

Queen. I'll warrant you, fear me not.
Withdraw, I hear him coming.

[Polonius *hides himſelf behind the Arras.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Now, mother, what's the matter?

Queen. Hamlet, thou haſt thy father much offended.

Ham. Mother, you have my father much offended.

Queen. Come, come, you anſwer with an idle tongue.

Ham. Go, go, you queſtion with a wicked tongue.

Queen. Why, how now, *Hamlet?*

Ham. What's the matter now?

Queen. Have you forgot me?

Ham. No, by the rood, not ſo;
You are the Queen, your huſband's brother's wife,
But, 'would, you were not ſo!——You are my mother.

Queen. Nay, then I'll ſet thoſe to you that can ſpeak.

Ham. Come, come, and ſit you down; you ſhall not
You go not, 'till I ſet you up a glaſs [budge:

Where

Where you may ſee the inmoſt part of you.
Queen. What wilt thou do? thou wilt not murther me?
Help, ho.
Pol. What ho, help. [*Behind the Arras.*
Ham. How now, a rat? dead for a ducate, dead.
Pol. Oh, I am ſlain. [Ham. *kills* Polonius.
Queen. Oh me, what haſt thou done?
Ham. Nay, I know not: is it the King?
Queen. Oh, what a raſh and bloody deed is this!
Ham. A bloody deed; almoſt as bad, good mother,
As kill a King, and marry with his brother.
Queen. As kill a King?
Ham. Ay, lady, 'twas my word.
Thou wretched, raſh, intruding fool, farewel,
[*To* Polonius.
I took thee for thy Betters; take thy fortune;
Thou find'ſt, to be too buſie, is ſome danger.
Leave wringing of your hands; peace, ſit you down,
And let me wring your heart; for ſo I ſhall,
If it be made of penetrable ſtuff:
If damned cuſtom have not braz'd it ſo,
That it is proof and bulwark againſt ſenſe.
Queen. What have I done, that thou dar'ſt wag thy
In noiſe ſo rude againſt me? [tongue
Ham. Such an act,
That blurs the grace and bluſh of modeſty;
Calls virtue hypocrite; takes off the roſe
From the fair forehead of an innocent love,
And makes a bliſter there; makes marriage-vows
As falſe as dicers oaths. Oh, ſuch a deed,
As from the body of Contraction plucks
The very ſoul, and ſweet Religion makes
A rhapſody of words. Heav'n's face doth glow;
Yea, this ſolidity and compound maſs,
With triſtful viſage, as againſt the doom,
Is thought-ſick at the act.
Queen. Ay me! what act,
That roars ſo loud, and thunders in the index? [91]
Ham. Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit preſentment of two brothers:

See, what a grace was seated on this brow;
Hyperion's curles; the front of *Jove* himself;
An eye, like *Mars*, to threaten or command;
A station, like the herald *Mercury* (49)
New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill;
A combination, and a form indeed,
Where every God did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.
This *was* your husband,——Look you now what follows;
Here *is* your husband, like a mildew'd ear,
Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
And batten on this moore? ha! have you eyes?
You cannot call it Love; for, at your age,
The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
And waits upon the judgment; and what judgment

(49) *A* Station, *like the herald* Mercury.] The Poet employs this Word in a Sense different from what it is generally us'd to signify: for it means here an *Attitude*, a *silent Posture*, *fixt Demeanour* of Person, in Opposition to an *active* Behaviour. So, our Poet, before, describing *Octavia*;

> Cleo. *What Majesty is in her* Gate? *Remember,*
> *If e'er thou look'd'st on Majesty?*
> Mess. *She creeps:*
> *Her* Motion *and her* Station *are as one.*
>
> Anto. *and* Cleop.

And I ought to observe (which seems no bad Proof of our Author's Learning and Knowledge;) that amongst the *Latines*, the Word *Statio*, in its first and natural Signification, imply'd *Stantis Actio:* i. e. a Posture, or Attitude. This Mons. FRESNOY in his *Art* of *Painting* has chose to express by *Positura:*

> *Quærendasq; inter* Posituras, *luminis, umbræ,*
> *Atq; futurorum jàm præsentire Colorum*
> *Par erit Harmoniam*——

Which our DRYDEN has thus translated; "Tis the Business of a Painter, in his Choice of *Attitudes*, to foresee the Effect and Harmony of the Lights and Shadows, with the Colours which are to enter into the Whole." And again, afterwards;

> *Mutorumq;* silens Positura *imitabitur Actus.*

Which I think may be thus render'd;

> *Still let the* silent Attitude *betray*
> *What the* mute *Figure should* in Gesture say.

Would

Would ſtep from this to this? Senſe, ſure, you have, (50)
Elſe could you not have motion: but, ſure, that ſenſe
Is apoplex'd: for madneſs would not err;
Nor ſenſe to extaſy was ne'er ſo thrall'd,
But it reſerv'd ſome quantity of choice
To ſerve in ſuch a diff'rence.——What devil was't,
That thus hath cozen'd you at hoodman blind?
Eyes without feeling, feeling without ſight,
Ears without hands or eyes, ſmelling *ſans* all,
Or but a ſickly part of one true ſenſe
Could not ſo mope.——
O ſhame! where is thy bluſh? rebellious hell,
If thou canſt mutiny in a matron's bones,
To flaming youth let virtue be as wax,
And melt in her own fire. Proclaim no ſhame, (51)
When the compulſive ardour gives the charge;
Since froſt it ſelf as actively doth burn,

(50) ——*Senſe, ſure, you have,* &c.] Mr. *Pope* has left out the Quantity of about eight Verſes here, which I have taken care to replace. They are not, indeed, to be found in the two elder *Folio's*, but they carry the Style, Expreſſion, and Caſt of Thought, peculiar to our Author; and that they were not an Interpolation from another Hand needs no better Proof, than that they are in all the oldeſt *Quarto's*. The firſt Motive of their being left out, I am perſwaded, was to ſhorten *Hamlet*'s Speech, and conſult the Eaſe of the Actor: and the Reaſon, why they find no Place in the *Folio* Impreſſions, is, that they were printed from the *Playhouſe* caſtrated Copies. But, ſurely, this can be no Authority for a modern Editor to conſpire in mutilating his Author: Such *Omiſſions*, rather, muſt betray a Want of *Diligence*, in *Collating*; or a Want of *Juſtice*, in the *voluntary Stifling*.

(51) ——*Proclaim no ſhame,*
When the compulſive Ardour gives the Charge;
Since Froſt itſelf as actively does burn,
And Reaſon pardons *Will.*] This is, indeed, the Reading of ſome of the elder Copies; and Mr. *Pope* has a ſtrange Fatality, whenever there is a various Reading, of eſpouſing the wrong one. The whole Tenour of the Context demands the Word *degraded* by that judicious Editor;
And Reaſon panders *Will.*
This is the Reflexion which *Hamlet* is making, "Let us not call it "Shame, when Heat of Blood compells young People to indulge their "Appetites; ſince Froſt too can burn, and Age, at that Seaſon when "Judgment ſhould predominate, yet feels the Stings of Inclination, and "ſuffers Reaſon to be the Bawd to Appetite."

And

And Reaſon panders Will.

Queen. O *Hamlet*, ſpeak no more.
Thou turn'ſt mine eyes into my very ſoul,
And there I ſee ſuch black and grained ſpots,
As will not leave their tinct.

Ham. Nay, but to live
In the rank ſweat of an inceſtuous bed,
Stew'd in corruption, honying and making love
Over the naſty ſty;——

Queen. Oh, ſpeak no more;
Theſe words like daggers enter in mine ears.
No more, ſweet *Hamlet.*

Ham. A murderer, and a villain!——
A ſlave, that is not twentieth part the tythe
Of your precedent lord. A Vice of Kings;—— (52)
A cutpurſe of the Empire and the Rule,
That from a ſhelf the precious Diadem ſtole
And put it in his pocket.

Queen. No more.

Enter Ghoſt.

Ham. A King of ſhreds and patches——
Save me! and hover o'er me with your wings,
[*Starting up.*
You heav'nly guards! what would your gracious figure?

Queen. Alas, he's mad.——

Ham. Do you not come your tardy ſon to chide,
That, laps'd in time and paſſion, lets go by
Th' important acting of your dread command?
O ſay!

Ghoſt. Do not forget: this viſitation
Is but to whet thy almoſt blunted purpoſe.

(52) —— *A* Vice *of Kings.*] This does not mean, a very vicious King; as, on the other hand, in King *Henry* V. *this* Grace *of Kings*, means, this gracious King, this Honour to Royalty. But here, I take it, a Perſon, and not a Quality, is to be underſtood. By a *Vice*, (as I have explain'd the Word in ſeveral preceding Notes) is meant that Buffoon Character, which us'd to play the Fool in old Plays; ſo that *Hamlet* is here deſign'd to call his Uncle, a ridiculous Ape of Majeſty; but the Mimickry of a King.

But, look! amazement on thy mother ſits;
O ſtep between her and her fighting ſoul:
Conceit in weakeſt bodies ſtrongeſt works.
Speak to her, *Hamlet.*

Ham. How is it with you, lady?

Queen. Alas, how is't with you?
That thus you bend your eye on vacancy,
And with th' incorporal air do hold diſcourſe?
Forth at your eyes your ſpirits wildly peep,
And, as the ſleeping ſoldiers in th' alarm,
Your bedded hairs, like life in excrements, (53)
Start

(53) *Your bedded Hairs, like* Life *in* Excrements,
Start up and ſtand on End.] I took Notice, in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, that this Expreſſion as much wanted an Explanation, as any the moſt antiquated Word in our Poet wants a Gloſs. Mr. *Hughs*, in his Impreſſion of this Play, has left it out: either becauſe he could make Nothing of it, or thought it alluded to an Image too nauſeous. The Poet's Meaning is founded on a *phyſical* Determination, that the *Hair* and *Nails* are *excrementitious* Parts of the Body (as indeed, they are) without Life or Senſation. MACROBIUS in his *Saturnalia*, (lib. vii. cap. 9.) not only ſpeaks of thoſe Parts of the human Body which have no Senſation; but likewiſe aſſigns the Reaſons, why they can have none. *Oſſa, Dentes, cum Unguibus & Capillis, nimiâ Siccitate ità denſata ſunt, ut penetrabilia non ſint effectui* Animæ *qui* Senſum *miniſtrat.* Therefore the Poet means to ſay, Fear and Surprize had ſuch an Effect upon *Hamlet*, that his Hairs, as if there were Life in thoſe excrementitious Parts, ſtarted up and ſtood on End. He has expreſs'd the ſame Thought more plainly in *Macbeth.*

——— *and my Fell of* Hair
Would at a diſmal Treatiſe rowze, *and* ſtir,
As Life were in't.

That our Poet was acquainted with this Notion in Phyſics, of the Hair being without Life, we need no ſtronger Warrant, than that he frequently mentions it as an *Excrement.*

Why is Time ſuch a niggard of Hair, *being, as it is, ſo plentiful an* Excrement? Comedy *of* Errors.

How many Cowards, whoſe Hearts are all as falſe
As Stairs of Sand, wear yet upon their Chins
The Beards *of* Hercules, *and frowning* Mars;
Who, inward ſearch'd, have Livers white as Milk?
And theſe aſſume but Valour's Excrement
To render them redoubted. Merchant *of* Venice.

For

Start up, and ſtand on end. O gentle ſon,
Upon the heat and flame of thy diſtemper
Sprinkle cool patience. Whereon do you look?
Ham. On him! on him!—look you, how pale he glares!
His form and cauſe conjoin'd, preaching to ſtones,
Would make them capable. Do not look on me,
Leſt with this piteous action you convert
My ſtern effects; then what I have to do,
Will want true colour; tears, perchance, for blood.
Queen. To whom do you ſpeak this?
Ham. Do you ſee nothing there? [*Pointing to the Ghoſt.*
Queen. Nothing at all; yet all, that is, I ſee.
Ham. Nor did you nothing hear?
Queen. No, nothing but our ſelves.
Ham. Why, look you there! look, how it ſteals away!
My father in his habit as he lived!
Look, where he goes ev'n now out at the portal.
[*Exit Ghoſt.*
Queen. This is the very coinage of your brain,
This bodileſs creation Ecſtaſie
Is very cunning in.
Ham. What ecſtaſie?
My pulſe, as yours, doth temp'rately keep time,
And makes as healthful muſick. 'Tis not madneſs
That I have utter'd; bring me to the teſt,
And I the matter will re-word; which madneſs
Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
Lay not that flattering unction to your ſoul,
That not your treſpaſs, but my madneſs, ſpeaks:
It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous place; (54)
Whilſt

For I muſt tell thee, it will pleaſe his Grace (by the World!) ſometime to lean upon my poor Shoulder, and with his royal Finger thus dally with my Execrement, *with my* Muſtachio. Love's Labour loſt.
&c. &c.

(54) *It will but ſkin and film the ulcerous Place,*
Whilſt rank Corruption, running *all within,*
Infects unſeen.] So, our Poet elſewhere ſpeaking of the Force of Pow'r;

Becauſe

Whilſt rank corruption, mining all within,
Infects unſeen. Confeſs your ſelf to heav'n;
Repent what's paſt, avoid what is to come;
And do not ſpread the compoſt on the weeds
To make them ranker. Forgive me this my virtue;
For, in the fatneſs of theſe purſie times,
Virtue itſelf of vice muſt pardon beg,
Yea, courb, and wooe, for leave to do it good.
Queen. Oh *Hamlet!* thou haſt cleft my heart in twain.
Ham. O, throw away the worſer part of it,
And live the purer with the other half.
Good night; but go not to mine uncle's bed:
Aſſume a virtue, if you have it not.
That monſter cuſtom, who all ſenſe doth eat (55)
Of habits evil, is angel yet in this;
That to the uſe of actions fair and good
He likewiſe gives a frock, or livery,
That aptly is put on: Refrain to night;

And

Becauſe Authority, tho' it err like others,
Hath yet a kind of Medicine *in it ſelf,*
That skins *the* Vice *o'th' top.* Meaſ. *for* Meaſ.

But why, in the Paſſage before us, has Mr. *Pope* given us a Reading that is warranted by none of the Copies, and degraded One, that has the Countenance of all of them?

Whilſt rank Corruption, mining *all within,*
Infects unſeen.

The Poet deſcribes Corruption as having a corroſive Quality, eating its ſecret way, and undermining the Parts that are skin'd over, and ſeem ſound to exteriour View. He, in another Place, uſes the *ſimple* Verb for the *Compound.*

He lets me feed with his hinds, bars me the place of a Brother, and, as much as in him lies, mines *my Gentility with my Education.*

As you like it.

(55) *That Monſter Cuſtome, who all Senſe doth eat,*
Of Habit's Devil, *is Angel yet in this,*
That to the Uſe of Actions fair and good
He likewiſe gives a Frock or Livery,
That aptly is put on.] This Paſſage is left out in the two elder *Folio's:* It is certainly corrupt, and the Players did the diſcreet part to ſtifle

And That ſhall lend a kind of eaſineſs
To the next abſtinence; the next, more eaſie;
For uſe can almoſt change the ſtamp of Nature,
And maſter ev'n the Devil, or throw him out
With wondrous potency. Once more, good night!
And when you are deſirous to be bleſt,
I'll Bleſſing beg of you.—For this ſame lord,
[*Pointing to* Polonius.
I do repent: but heav'n hath pleas'd it ſo,
To puniſh me with this, and this with me,
That I muſt be their ſcourge and miniſter.
I will beſtow him, and will anſwer well
The death I gave him; ſo, again, good night!
I muſt be cruel, only to be kind;
Thus bad begins, and worſe remains behind.

Queen. What ſhall I do?

Ham. Not this by no means, that I bid you do.
Let the fond King tempt you again to bed;
Pinch wanton on your cheek; call you his mouſe;
And let him, for a pair of reechy kiſſes,
Or padling in your neck with his damn'd fingers,
Make you to ravel all this matter out,
That I eſſentially am not in madneſs,
But mad in craft. 'Twere good, you let him know.
For who that's but a Queen, fair, ſober, wiſe,
Would from a paddock, from a bat, a gibbe,
Such dear concernings hide? who would do ſo?
No, in deſpight of ſenſe and ſecrecy,
Unpeg the baſket on the houſe's top,
Let the birds fly, and, like the famous ape,

ſtifle what they did not underſtand. *Habit's Devil* certainly aroſe from ſome conceited Tamperer with the Text, who thought it was neceſſary, in Contraſt to *Angel*. The Emendation of the Text I owe to the Sagacity of Dr. *Thirlby*.

> *That Monſter Cuſtom, who all Senſe doth eat*
> *Of* Habits evil, *is Angel*, &c.

i. e. Cuſtom, which by inuring us to ill Habits, makes us loſe the Apprehenſion of their being really ill, as eaſily will reconcile us to the Practice of good Actions.

To

To try concluſions, in the baſket creep;
And break your own neck down.

Queen. Be thou aſſur'd, if words be made of breath,
And breath of Life, I have no life to breathe
What thou haſt ſaid to me.

Ham. I muſt to *England*, you know That?

Queen. Alack, I had forgot; 'tis ſo concluded on.

Ham. There's letters ſeal'd, and my two ſchool-fellows,
(Whom I will truſt, as I will adders fang'd;)
They bear the mandate; they muſt ſweep my way,
And marſhal me to knavery: let it work.——
For 'tis the ſport, to have the engineer
Hoiſt with his own petar: and't ſhall go hard,
But I will delve one yard below their mines,
And blow them at the moon. O, 'tis moſt ſweet,
When in one line two crafts directly meet!
This man ſhall ſet me packing;——
I'll lug the guts into the neighbour room;
Mother, good night.—Indeed, this Counſellor
Is now moſt ſtill, moſt ſecret, and moſt grave,
Who was in life a fooliſh prating knave.
Come, Sir, to draw toward an end with you.
Good night, mother.

[*Exit* Hamlet, *tugging in* Polonius.

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Royal Apartment.*

Enter King and Queen, with Roſincrantz, *and* Guildenſtern.

KING.

THere's matter in theſe ſighs; theſe profound heaves
You muſt tranſlate; 'tis fit, we underſtand them.
Where is your ſon?

Queen. Beſtow this place on us a little while.
[*To* Roſ. *and* Guild. *who go out.*
Ah, my good lord, what have I ſeen to night?

King. What, *Gertrude?* how does *Hamlet?*

Queen. Mad as the ſeas, and wind, when both contend
Which is the mightier; in his lawleſs fit,
Behind the arras hearing ſomething ſtir,
He whips his rapier out, and cries, a rat!
And, in this brainiſh apprehenſion, kills
The unſeen good old man.

King. O heavy deed!
It had been ſo with us, had we been there:
His liberty is full of threats to all,
To you your ſelf, to us, to every one.
Alas! how ſhall this bloody deed be anſwer'd?
It will be laid to us, whoſe providence
Should have kept ſhort, reſtrain'd, and out of haunt,
This mad young man. But ſo much was our love,
We would not underſtand what was moſt fit;
But, like the owner of a foul diſeaſe,
To keep it from divulging, let it feed

Ev'n

Ev'n on the pith of life. Where is he gone?
Queen. To draw apart the body he hath kill'd,
O'er whom his very madneſs, like ſome ore
Among a mineral of metals baſe,
Shews it ſelf pure. He weeps for what is done.
King. Oh *Gertrude*, come away:
The ſun no ſooner ſhall the mountains touch,
But we will ſhip him hence; and this vile deed
We muſt, with all our Majeſty and Skill,
Both countenance and excuſe. Ho! *Guildenſtern!*

Enter Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern.

Friends both, go join you with ſome further aid:
Hamlet in madneſs hath *Polonius* ſlain,
And from his mother's cloſet hath he drag'd him.
Go ſeek him out, ſpeak fair, and bring the body
Into the chappel. Pray you, haſte in this.
[*Ex.* Roſ. *and* Guil.
Come, *Gertrude*, we'll call up our wiſeſt friends, (56)
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done. For, haply, Slander
(Whoſe whiſper o'er the world's diameter,
As level as the cannon to his blank,

(56) Gertrude, *We'll call up our wiſeſt Friends,*
And let them know both what we mean to do,
And what's untimely done.
Whoſe Whiſper o'er the World's Diameter,
As level as the Cannon to his blank,
Tranſports its poyſon'd Shot, may miſs our Name,
And hit the woundleſs Air.——*O, come away;*]
Mr. *Pope* takes Notice, that *I replace ſome Verſes that were imperfect*, (*and, tho' of a* modern *Date, ſeem to be genuine*;) *by inſerting two Words.* But to ſee, what an accurate and faithful Collator he is! I produc'd theſe Verſes in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*, from a *Quarto* Edition of *Hamlet* printed in 1637, and happen'd to ſay, that they had not the Authority of any earlier Date in Print, that I knew of, than that *Quarto*. Upon the Strength of this Mr. *Pope* comes and calls the Lines modern, tho' they are in the *Quarto's* of 1605 and 1611, which I had not then ſeen, but both of which Mr. *Pope* pretends to have collated. The Verſes carry the very Stamp of *Shakeſpeare* upon them. The Coin, indeed, has been clipt from our firſt receiving it; but it is not ſo diminiſh'd, but that with a ſmall Aſſiſtance we may hope to make it paſs current. 'Tis plain,

Transports its poyson'd shot ;) may miss our Name,
And hit the woundless air.—O, come away ;
My soul is full of discord and dismay. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. Safely stowed.——
Gentlemen within. *Hamlet !* lord *Hamlet!*
Ham. What noise? who calls on *Hamlet ?*
Oh, here they come.

Enter Rosincrantz, *and* Guildenstern.

Ros. What have you done, my lord, with the dead body?
Ham. Compounded it with dust, whereto 'tis kin.
Ros. Tell us where 'tis, that we may take it thence,
And bear it to the chappel.
Ham. Do not believe it.
Ros. Believe what ?
Ham. That I can keep your counsel, and not mine own. Besides, to be demanded of a spunge, what replication should be made by the son of a King?
Ros. Take you me for a spunge, my lord ?

plain, the Sense, as well as one of the Verses, is defective: and a Sentence beginning with the *Relative* WHOSE, without any preceeding Substantive to which it can refer, it is as plain that the latter part of the Hemistich fell out in the Printing, or was so blind in the Manuscript as not to be guess'd at, and therefore necessarily came to be omitted. We have not, indeed, so much as the Footsteps, or Traces, of a corrupted Reading to lead to an Emendation; nor any Means of restoring what is lost, but Conjecture. I am far from affirming, therefore, that I have given the Poet's very Words; but the Supplement is such as the Sentiment naturally seems to demand. The Poet has the same Thought, concerning the diffusive Pow'rs of *Slander* in another of his Plays.

No, 'tis Slander;
Whose Edge is sharper than the Sword, whose Tongue
Out-venomes all the Worms of Nile, *whose Breath*
Rides on the posting Winds, and doth belie
All Corners of the World. Cymbeline.

Ham.

Ham. Ay, Sir, that ſokes up the King's countenance, his rewards, his authorities; but ſuch officers do the King beſt ſervice in the end; he keeps them, like an apple, in the corner of his jaw; firſt mouth'd, to be laſt ſwallow'd: when he needs what you have glean'd, it is but ſqueezing you, and, ſpunge, you ſhall be dry again.

Roſ. I underſtand you not, my lord.

Ham. I am glad of it; a knaviſh ſpeech ſleeps in a fooliſh ear.

Roſ. My lord, you muſt tell us where the body is, and go with us to the King.

Ham. The body is with the King, but the King is not with the body. The King is a thing——

Guild. A thing, my lord?

Ham. Of nothing: bring me to him; hide fox, and all after. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King.

King. I've ſent to ſeek him, and to find the body;
How dang'rous is it, that this man goes looſe!
Yet muſt not we put the ſtrong law on him;
He's lov'd of the diſtracted multitude,
Who like not in their judgment, but their eyes:
And where 'tis ſo, th' offender's ſcourge is weigh'd,
But never the offence. To bear all ſmooth,
This ſudden ſending him away muſt ſeem
Deliberate pauſe: diſeaſes, deſp'rate grown,
By deſperate appliance are relieved,
Or not at all.

Enter Roſincrantz.

How now? what hath befall'n?

Roſ. Where the dead body is beſtow'd, my lord,
We cannot get from him.

King. But where is he?

Roſ. Without, my lord, guarded to know your pleaſure.

King. Bring him before us.

Roſ. Ho, *Guildenſtern!* bring in my lord.

Enter Hamlet, *and* Guildenſtern.

King. Now, *Hamlet*, where's *Polonius?*

Ham. At ſupper.

King. At ſupper? where?

Ham. Not where he eats, but where he is eaten; a certain convocation of politique worms are e'en at him. Your worm is your only Emperor for diet. We fat all creatures elſe to fat us, and we fat our ſelves for maggots. Your fat King and your lean beggar is but variable ſervice, two diſhes but to one table; that's the end.

King. Alas, alas!

Ham. A man may fiſh with the worm that hath eat of a King, eat of the fiſh that hath fed of that worm.

King. What doſt thou mean by this?

Ham. Nothing, but to ſhew you how a King may go a progreſs through the guts of a beggar.

King. Where is *Polonius?*

Ham. In heav'n, ſend thither to ſee. If your meſſenger find him not there, ſeek him i'th' other place your ſelf. But, indeed, if you find him not within this month, you ſhall noſe him as you go up the ſtairs into the lobbey.

King. Go ſeek him there.

Ham. He will ſtay 'till ye come.

King. *Hamlet*, this deed, for thine eſpecial ſafety,
(Which we do tender, as we dearly grieve
For That which thou haſt done) muſt ſend thee hence
With fiery quickneſs; therefore prepare thy ſelf;
The bark is ready, and the wind at help,
Th' aſſociates tend, and every thing is bent
For *England.*

Ham. For *England?*

King. Ay, *Hamlet.*

Ham. Good.

King. So is it, if thou knew'ſt our purpoſes.

Ham. I ſee a Cherub, that ſees them; but come, for *England!* farewel, dear mother.

King. Thy loving father, *Hamlet.*

Ham.

Ham. My mother: father and mother is man and wife; man and wife is one fleſh, and, ſo, my mother. Come, for *England*. [*Exit.*

King. Follow him at foot; tempt him with ſpeed aboard;
Delay it not, I'll have him hence to night.
Away, for every thing is ſeal'd and done
That elſe leans on th' affair; pray you, make haſte.
[*Exeunt* Roſ. *and* Guild.
And, *England!* if my love thou hold'ſt at ought, (57)
As my great power thereof may give thee ſenſe,
Since yet thy cicatrice looks raw and red
After the *Daniſh* ſword, and thy free awe
Pays homage to us; thou may'ſt not coldly ſet
Our ſovereign proceſs, which imports at full,
By letters congruing to that effect,
The preſent death of *Hamlet*. Do it, *England:*

(57) *And,* England, *if my Love thou hold'ſt at Aught,*
As my great Pow'r thereof may give thee Senſe,
Since yet thy Cicatrice looks raw and red
After the Daniſh *Sword, and thy free Awe*
Pays homage to us ;] This is the only Paſſage in the *Play*, from which one might expect to trace the Date of the Action of it: but, I'm afraid, our Author, according to his uſual Licence, plays faſt and looſe with Time. *England* is here ſuppos'd to have been conquer'd by the *Danes*, and to be a Homager to that State. The Chronology of the *Daniſh* Affairs is wholly uncertain, till we come to the Reign of *Ivarus* about the Year 870. And tis plain from *Saxo Grammaticus*, that the Time, in which *Amlethus* liv'd, was ſome Generations earlier than the Period of *Chriſtianity*. And the Letters, which the *Daniſh* King's Meſſengers carried over to *England*, were wooden Tablets. *Literas* ligno inſculptas (*nàm id celebre quondàm genus Chartarum erat*) *ſecum geſtantes, quibus.* Britannorum *regi tranſmiſſi ſibi juvenis Occiſio mandabatur.* Such a Sort of Mandate implies, that the *Engliſh* King was either link'd in the deareſt Amity to the *Dane*, or in Subjection to him. But what then ſhall we do with our own home Chronicles? They are expreſs, that the *Danes* never ſet Footing on our Coaſt till the 8th Century. They infeſted us for ſome Time in a piratical Way, then made a Deſcent and conquer'd part of the Country: and about the Year 800, King *Egbert* is ſaid to have ſubmitted to a Tribute, call'd *Dane-gelt:* a Tax of 12d on every Hide of Land through the whole Nation. But our Authors differ about this *Dane-gelt*: whether it was a Tax paid, to obtain good Terms of the *Danes*; or levied by our Kings towards the Charge of Defences, to repel the Invaſions of the *Danes*.

For like the hectick in my blood he rages,
And thou muſt cure me; 'till I know 'tis done,
How-e'er my haps, my joys will ne'er begin. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *a* CAMP, *on the Frontiers of* Denmark.

Enter Fortinbras, *with an Army.*

For. GO, Captain, from me, greet the *Daniſh* King;
Tell him, that, by his licenſe, *Fortinbras*
Claims the conveyance of a promis'd March
Over his Realm. You know the rendevouz.
If that his Majeſty would ought with us,
We ſhall expreſs our duty in his eye,
And let him know ſo.

Capt. I will do't, my lord.

For. Go ſoftly on. [*Exit* Fortinbras, *with the Army.*

Enter Hamlet, Roſincrantz, Guildenſtern, *&c.*

Ham. Good Sir, whoſe Powers are theſe?

Capt. They are of *Norway*, Sir.

Ham. How purpos'd, Sir, I pray you?

Capt. Againſt ſome part of *Poland.*

Ham. Who commands them, Sir?

Capt. The nephew of old *Norway*, *Fortinbras.*

Ham. Goes it againſt the main of *Poland*, Sir,
Or for ſome frontier?

Capt. Truly to ſpeak it, and with no addition,
We go to gain a little patch of ground,
That hath in it no profit but the name.
To pay five ducats —— five, I would not farm it;
Nor will it yield to *Norway*, or the *Pole*,
A ranker rate, ſhould it be ſold in fee.

Ham. Why, then the *Polacke* never will defend it.

Capt. Yes, 'tis already garriſon'd.

Ham. Two thouſand ſouls, and twenty thouſand ducats,
Will not debate the queſtion of this ſtraw;
This is th' impoſthume of much wealth and peace,

That

That inward breaks, and ſhews no cauſe without
Why the man dies. I humbly thank you, Sir.
Cap. God b'w'ye, Sir.
Roſ. Will't pleaſe you go, my lord?
Ham. I'll be with you ſtrait, go a little before. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Hamlet.

How all occaſions do inform againſt me,
And ſpur my dull revenge? what is a man,
If his chief good and market of his time
Be but to ſleep and feed? a beaſt, no more.
Sure, he that made us with ſuch large diſcourſe, (58)
Looking before and after, gave us not
That capability and god-like reaſon
To ruſt in us unus'd. Now whether it be
Beſtial oblivion, or ſome craven ſcruple
Of thinking too preciſely on th' event,
(A thought, which, quarter'd, hath but one part wiſdom,
And ever three parts coward:) I do not know
Why yet I live to ſay this thing's to do,
Sith I have cauſe, and will, and ſtrength, and means
To do't. Examples, groſs as earth, exhort me;
Witneſs this army of ſuch maſs and charge,
Led by a delicate and tender Prince,
Whoſe ſpirit, with divine ambition puft,
Makes mouths at the inviſible event;
Expoſing what is mortal and unſure
To all that fortune, death and danger dare,

(58) *Sure, he that made us with ſuch large Diſcourſe,*
Looking before *and* after.] This is an Expreſſion purely *Homeric*;
Οἷς δ' ὁ γέρων μετέηπιν, ἅμα ΠΡΟΣΣΩ καὶ ΟΠΙΣΣΩ
Λεύσσων, *Iliad. γ. ver.* 109.
And again;
——— ὁ γὰρ ἴδμεν ὅπα ΠΡΟΣΣΩ καὶ ΟΠΙΣΣΩ.
Iliad. σ. ver. 250.
The ſhort Scholiaſt on the laſt Paſſage gives us a Comment, that very aptly explains our Author's Phraſe. Συνετὸν γὰρ ἀνδρός ἐστι, τὰ μέλλοντα τοῖς γεγενημένοις ἁρμόζεσθαι, καὶ ὅπως ὀφεῖν τὰ ἐπόμενα. "For it is the "part of an underſtanding Man to connect the Reflection of Events to "come with ſuch as have paſs'd, and ſo to foreſee what ſhall follow." This is, as our Author phraſes it, *looking* BEFORE *and* AFTER.

Ev'n for an egg-ſhell. 'Tis not to be great,
Never to ſtir without great argument;
But greatly to find quarrel in a ſtraw,
When Honour's at the ſtake. How ſtand I then,
That have a father kill'd, a mother ſtain'd,
(Excitements of my reaſon and my blood)
And let all ſleep; while, to my ſhame, I ſee
The imminent death of twenty thouſand men;
That for a fantaſie and trick of fame
Go to their Graves like beds; fight for a Plot,
Whereon the numbers cannot try the cauſe,
Which is not tomb enough and continent
To hide the ſlain? O, then, from this time forth,
My thoughts be bloody, or be nothing worth. [*Exit.*

SCENE *changes to a Palace.*

Enter Queen, Horatio, *and a Gentleman.*

Queen. I Will not ſpeak with her.

Gent. She is importunate,
Indeed, diſtract; her mood will needs be pitied.

Queen. What would ſhe have?

Gent. She ſpeaks much of her father; ſays, ſhe hears,
There's tricks i'th' world; and hems, and beats her heart;
Spurns enviouſly at ſtraws; ſpeaks things in doubt,
That carry but half ſenſe: her ſpeech is nothing,
Yet the unſhaped uſe of it doth move
The hearers to collection; they aim at it,
And botch the words up fit to their own thoughts;
Which as her winks, and nods, and geſtures yield them,
Indeed, would make one think, there might be thought;
Tho nothing ſure, yet much unhappily.

Hor. 'Twere good ſhe were ſpoken with, for ſhe may ſtrow,
Dangerous conjectures in ill-breeding minds.
Let her come in.——

Queen. To my ſick ſoul, as ſin's true nature is,
Each Toy ſeems prologue to ſome great Amiſs;

So

So full of artleſs jealouſie is guilt,
It ſpills it ſelf, in fearing to be ſpilt.

Enter Ophelia, *diſtracted.*

Oph. Where is the beauteous Majeſty of *Denmark?*

Queen. How now, *Ophelia?*

Oph. *How ſhould I your true Love know from another one?*

By his cockle hat and ſtaff, and his ſandal ſhoon. [Singing.

Queen. Alas, ſweet lady; what imports this ſong?

Oph. Say you? nay, pray you, mark.

He's dead and gone, lady, he is dead and gone;
At his head a graſs-green turf, at his heels a ſtone.

Enter King.

Queen. Nay, but *Ophelia*——

Oph. Pray you, mark.

White his ſhrowd as the mountain ſnow,

Queen. Alas, look here, my lord.

Oph. *Larded all with ſweet flowers:*
Which bewept to the Grave did go
With true love Showers.

King. How do ye, pretty lady?

Oph. Well, God dil'd you! They ſay, the owl was a baker's daughter. Lord, we know what we are, but know not what we may be.. God be at your table! (59)

King. Conceit upon her father.

Oph. Pray, let us have no words of this; but when they ask you what it means, ſay you this:

To morrow is St. Valentine's *day, all in the morn betime,*

(59) *Well,* God dild *you* !] i.e. Heaven reward you. We meet with this Expreſſion a little otherwiſe writ in *Macbeth*;

——————*Herein I teach you*
How you ſhould bid God-eyld *us for our Pains,*
And thank us for your Trouble.

But, in *Antony*, we have the phraſe in plain and genuine *Engliſh*.

Tend me to night two hours, I ask no more,
And the Gods yield *you for't!*

So, Sir *John Grey* in a Letter, in *Aſhmole*'s Appendix to his Account of the *Garter*, Numb. 46. *The King of his gracious Lordſhipe,* God yeld *him, hafe choſen me to be owne of his Brethrene of the Knyghts of the Gartier.*

And

And I a maid at your window, to be your Valentine.
Then up he roſe, and don'd his cloaths, and dupt the chamber-door ;
Let in the maid, that out a maid never departed more.

King. Pretty *Ophelia !*

Oph. Indeed, without an oath, I'll make an end on't.

By Gis, and by S. Charity,
Alack, and fie for ſhame,
Young men will do't, if they come to't,
By cock, they are to blame.
Quoth ſhe, before you tumbled me,
You promis'd me to wed :
So would I ha' done, by yonder ſun,
And thou hadſt not come to my bed.

King. How long hath ſhe been thus?

Oph. I hope, all will be well. We muſt be patient ; but I cannot chuſe but weep, to think, they ſhould lay him i'th' cold ground ; my brother ſhall know of it, and ſo I thank you for your good counſel. Come, my coach ; good night, ladies ; good night, ſweet ladies ; good night, good night. [*Exit.*

King. Follow her cloſe, give her good watch, I pray you ; [*Exit* Horatio.

This is the poiſon of deep grief ; it ſprings
All from her father's death. O *Gertrude, Gertrude !*
When ſorrows come, they come not ſingle ſpies,
But in battalions. Firſt, her father ſlain ;
Next your Son gone, and he moſt violent author
Of his own juſt Remove ; the people muddied,
Thick and unwholeſome in their thoughts and whiſpers,
For good *Polonius'* death ; (We've done but greenly,
In private to interr him ;) poor *Ophelia*,
Divided from her ſelf, and her fair judgment ;
(Without the which we're pictures, or mere beaſts :)
Laſt, and as much containing as all theſe,
Her brother is in ſecret come from *France* :
Feeds on this wonder, keeps himſelf in clouds,
And wants not buzzers to infect his ear
With peſtilent ſpeeches of his father's death ;
Wherein neceſſity, of matter beggar'd,

Will nothing ſtick our perſons to arraign
In ear and ear. O my dear *Gertrude*, this,
Like to a murdering piece, in many places
Gives me ſuperfluous death! [*A Noiſe within.*

Queen. Alack! what Noiſe is this?

Enter a Meſſenger.

King. Where are my *Switzers?* let them guard the door.
What is the matter?

Meſ. Save your ſelf, my lord.
The ocean, over-peering of his liſt,
Eats not the flats with more impetuous haſte,
Than young *Laertes*, in a riotous head,
O'er-bears your officers; the rabble call him lord;
And as the world were now but to begin,
Antiquity forgot, cuſtom not known,
The ratifiers and props of every Ward; (60)
They cry, "Chuſe we *Laertes* for our King."
Caps, hands, and tongues, applaud it to the Clouds;
"*Laertes* ſhall be King, *Laertes* King!"

Queen. How chearfully on the falſe trail they cry!
Oh, this is counter, you falſe *Daniſh* dogs.
[*Noiſe within.*

Enter Laertes, *with a Party at the Door.*

King. The doors are broke.

Laer. Where is this King? Sirs! ſtand you all without.

All. No, let's come in.

Laer. I pray you, give me leave.

(60) *The Ratifiers and Props of ev'ry* Word;] The whole Tenour of the Context is ſufficient to ſhew, that this is a miſtaken Reading. What can Antiquity and Cuſtom, being the Props of *Words*, have to do with the Buſineſs in hand? Or what Idea is convey'd by it? Certainly, the Poet wrote;

The Ratifiers and Props of ev'ry Ward;

The Meſſenger is complaining, that the riotous Head had over-born the King's Officers, and then ſubjoins, that Antiquity and Cuſtom were forgot, which were the Ratifiers and Props of every *Ward*, i. e. of every one of thoſe *Securities* that Nature and Law place about the Perſon of a King. All this is rational and conſequential. Mr. *Warburton.*

All.

All. We will, we will. [*Exeunt.*

Laer. I thank you; keep the door.
O thou vile King, give me my father.

Queen. Calmly, good *Laertes.*

Laer. That drop of blood that's calm, proclaims me baſtard;
Crys cuckold to my father; brands the harlot
Even here, between the chaſte and unſmirch'd brow
Of my true mother.

King. What is the cauſe, *Laertes,*
That thy Rebellion looks ſo giant-like?
Let him go, *Gertrude*; do not fear our perſon:
There's ſuch divinity doth hedge a King,
That treaſon can but peep to what it would,
Acts little of its will. Tell me, *Laertes,*
Why are you thus incenſt? Let him go, *Gertrude.*
Speak, man.

Laer. Where is my father?

King. Dead.

Queen. But not by him.

King. Let him demand his fill.

Laer. How came he dead? I'll not be juggled with:
To hell, allegiance! vows, to the blackeſt devil! (61)
Conſcience and grace, to the profoundeſt pit!
I dare damnation; to this point I ſtand,
That both the worlds I give to negligence,
Let come, what comes; only I'll be reveng'd
Moſt throughly for my father.

(61) *To Hell, allegiance! Vows, to the blackeſt Devil!*] *Laertes* is a good Character; But he is here in actual Rebellion. Leaſt, therefore, this Character ſhould ſeem to ſanctify Rebellion, inſtead of putting into his Mouth a reaſonable Defence of his Proceedings, ſuch as the Right the Subject has of ſhaking off Oppreſſion, the Uſurpation, and the Tyranny of the King, &c. *Shakeſpeare* gives him Nothing but abſurd and blaſphemous Sentiments: ſuch as tend only to inſpire the Audience with Horror at the Action. This Conduct is exceeding nice. Where, in his *Plays*, a Circumſtance of Rebellion is founded on Hiſtory, or the Agents of it infamous in their Characters, there was no Danger in the Repreſentation: But as here, where the Circumſtance is fictitious, and the Agent honourable, he could not be too cautious. For the Jealouſie of the Two Reigns, he wrote in, would not diſpenſe with leſs Exactneſs.
Mr. *Warburton.*

King. Who ſhall ſtay you?
Laer. My will, not all the world
And for my means, I'll husband them ſo well,
They ſhall go far with little.
King. Good *Laertes*,
If you deſire to know the certainty
Of your dear father, is't writ in your revenge,
(That ſweep-ſtake) you will draw both friend and foe,
Winner and loſer?
Laer. None but his enemies.
King. Will you know them then?
Laer. To his good friends thus wide I'll ope my arms,
And, like the kind life-rendring pelican,
Repaſt them with my blood.
King. Why, now you ſpeak
Like a good child, and a true gentleman.
That I am guiltleſs of your father's death,
And am moſt ſenſible in grief for it,
It ſhall as level to your judgment pierce,
As day does to your eye. [*A Noiſe within*, Let her come in.
Laer. How now, what Noiſe is that?

Enter Ophelia *fantaſtically dreſt with ſtraws and flowers.*

O heat, dry up my brains! tears, ſeven times ſalt,
Burn out the ſenſe and vertue of mine eye!
By heav'n, thy madneſs ſhall be paid with weight,
'Till our ſcale turn the beam. O roſe of *May!*
Dear maid, kind ſiſter, ſweet *Ophelia!*
O heav'ns, is't poſſible a young maid's wits
Should be as mortal as an old man's life?
Nature is fine in love; and where 'tis fine, (62)

It

(62) *Nature is* fine *in Love,*] Mr. *Pope* ſeems puzzled at this Paſſage, and therefore in both his Editions ſubjoins this Conjecture. Perhaps, ſays He,

Nature is fire *in love, and where tis* fire,
It ſends ſome precious Incenſe *of itſelf*
After the Thing it loves.

I own, this Conjecture to me imparts no Satisfactory Idea. Nature is ſuppos'd to be the Fire, and to furniſh the Incenſe too: Had Love been ſuppos'd

It ſends ſome precious inſtance of it ſelf
After the thing it loves.

Oph. *They bore him bare-fac'd on the bier,*
And on his Grave rains many a tear;
Fare you well, my dove!

Laer. Hadſt thou thy wits, and didſt perſwade Revenge,
It could not move thus.

Oph. You muſt ſing, down a-down, and you call him
[138] a-down-a. O how the wheel becomes it! it is the falſe ſteward that ſtole his maſter's daughter.

Laer. This nothing's more than matter.

Oph. There's roſemary, that's for remembrance; pray, love, remember; and there's pancies, that's for thoughts.

Laer. A document in madneſs, thoughts and remembrance fitted.

ſuppos'd the Fire, and Nature ſent out the Incenſe, I ſhould more readily have been reconcil'd to the Sentiment. But no Change, in my Opinion, is neceſſary to the Text; I conceive, that This might be the Poet's Meaning. "In the Paſſion of Love, Nature becomes more exquiſite "of Senſation, is more delicate and refin'd; *that is*, Natural Affection, "rais'd and ſublim'd into a Love-Paſſion, becomes more inflamed and "intenſe than uſual; and where it is ſo, as People in Love generally ſend "what they have of moſt valuable after their Lovers; ſo poor *Ophelia* "has ſent her moſt precious Senſes after the Object of her inflamed Af-"fection." If I miſtake not, our Poet has play'd with this Thought, of the Powers being refin'd by the Paſſions, in ſeveral other of his Plays. His Clown, in *As you like it*, ſeems ſenſible of this Refinement; but, talking in his own Way, interprets it a ſort of Franticknes.

We, that are true Lovers, run into ſtrange Capers; but as All is mortal in Nature, ſo is all Nature in Love mortal in Folly.

Again, in *Troilus* and *Creſſida*, the latter expreſſes herſelf concerning Grief, exactly as *Laertes* does here of Nature.

The Grief is fine, *full, perfect, that I taſte;*
And in its Senſe is no leſs ſtrong, than That
Which cauſeth it.

But *Jago*, in *Othello*, delivers himſelf much more directly to the Purpoſe of the Sentiment here before us.

Come hither, if thou bee'ſt valiant; as they ſay, baſe Men, being in Love, *have then a* Nobility *in their* Natures *more than is* native *to them.*

Oph.

Oph. There's fennel for you, and columbines; there's rue for you, and here's ſome for me. We may call it herb of grace o' *Sundays:* you may wear your rue with a difference. There's a daſie; I would give you ſome violets, but they withered all when my father dy'd: they ſay, he made a good end;

For bonny ſweet Robin *is all my joy.*

Laer. Thought, and affliction, paſſion, hell it ſelf,
She turns to favour, and to prettineſs.

Oph. *And will he not come again?*
And will he not come again?
No, no, he is dead, go to thy death-bed,
He never will come again.
His beard was as white as ſnow,
All flaxen was his pole:
He is gone, he is gone, and we caſt away mone,
Gramercy on his ſoul!

And of all chriſtian ſouls! God b'w'ye. [*Exit* Ophelia.

Laer. Do you ſee this, you Gods!

King. *Laertes*, I muſt commune with your grief,
Or you deny me right: go but a-part,
Make choice of whom your wiſeſt friends you will,
And they ſhall hear and judge 'twixt you and me;
If by direct or by collateral hand
They find us touch'd, we will our Kingdom give,
Our Crown, our life, and all that we call ours,
To you in ſatisfaction. But if not,
Be you content to lend your patience to us;
And we ſhall jointly labour with your ſoul,
To give it due content.

Laer. Let this be ſo.
His means of death, his obſcure funeral,
No trophy, ſword, nor hatchment o'er his bones,
No noble rite, nor formal oſtentation,
Cry to be heard, as 'twere from heav'n to earth,
That I muſt call't in queſtion.

King.

King. So you ſhall:
And where th' offence is, let the great ax fall.
I pray you, go with me. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Horatio, *with an attendant.*

Hor. What are they, that would ſpeak with me?
Ser. Sailors, Sir; they ſay, they have letters for you.
Hor. Let them come in.
I do not know from what part of the world
I ſhould be greeted, if not from lord *Hamlet.*

Enter Sailors.

Sail. God bleſs you, Sir.
Hor. Let him bleſs thee too.
Sail. He ſhall, Sir, a'nt pleaſe him.——There's a letter for you, Sir: It comes from th' ambaſſador that was bound for *England*, if your name be *Horatio*, as I am let to know it is.

Hor. reads the letter.

HORATIO, *when thou ſhalt have overlook'd this, give theſe fellows ſome means to the King: they have letters for him. Ere we were two days old at ſea, a pirate of very warlike appointment gave us chace. Finding our ſelves too ſlow of ſail, we put on a compelled valour, and in the grapple I boarded them: on the inſtant they got clear of our ſhip, ſo I alone became their priſoner. They have dealt with me, like thieves of mercy; but they knew what they did. I am to do a good turn for them. Let the King have the letters I have ſent, and repair thou to me with as much haſte as thou wouldeſt fly death. I have words to ſpeak in thy ear, will make thee dumb; yet are they much too light for the matter. Theſe good fellows will bring thee where I am.* Roſincrantz *and* Guildenſtern *hold their courſe for* England. *Of them I have much to tell thee, farewel.*

He that thou knoweſt thine, Hamlet.

Come

Come, I will make you way for these your letters;
And do't the speedier, that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. [*Exeunt.*

Enter King, and Laertes.

King. Now must your conscience my acquittance seal,
And you must put me in your heart for friend;
Sith you have heard, and with a knowing ear,
That he, which hath your noble father slain,
Pursued my life.

Laer. It well appears. But tell me,
Why you proceeded not against these feats,
So crimeful and so capital in nature,
As by your safety, wisdom, all things else,
You mainly were stirr'd up?

King. Two special reasons,
Which may to you, perhaps, seem much unsinew'd,
And yet to me are strong. The Queen, his mother,
Lives almost by his looks; and for myself,
(My virtue or my plague, be't either which,)
She's so conjunctive to my life and soul,
That, as the star moves not but in his sphere,
I could not but by her. The other motive,
Why to a publick count I might not go,
Is the great love the general gender bear him;
Who, dipping all his faults in their affection,
Would, like the spring that turneth wood to stone,
Convert his gyves to graces. So that my arrows,
Too slightly timbred for so loud a wind,
Would have reverted to my bow again,
And not where I had aim'd them.

Laer. And so have I a noble father lost,
A sister driven into desperate terms,
Whose worth, if praises may go back again,
Stood challenger on mount of all the age
For her perfections—But my revenge will come.

King. Break not your sleeps for that; you must not think,
That we are made of stuff so flat and dull,

That we can let our beard be ſhook with danger,
And think it paſtime. You ſhall ſoon hear more.
I lov'd your father, and we love ourſelf,
And that, I hope, will teach you to imagine——
How now? what news?

Enter Meſſenger.

Meſ. Letters, my lord, from *Hamlet.*
Theſe to your Majeſty: this to the Queen.
King. From *Hamlet?* who brought them?
Meſ. Sailors, my lord, they ſay, I ſaw them not:
They were given me by *Claudio*, he receiv'd them.
King. *Laertes*, you ſhall hear them: leave us, all—
[*Exit Meſ.*

High and Mighty, you ſhall know, I am ſet naked on your Kingdom. To morrow ſhall I beg leave to ſee your kingly eyes. When I ſhall, (firſt aſking your pardon thereunto,) recount th' occaſion of my ſudden return. Hamlet.

What ſhould this mean? are all the reſt come back?
Or is it ſome abuſe——and no ſuch thing?
Laer. Know you the hand?
King. 'Tis *Hamlet*'s character;
Naked, and (in a poſtſcript here, he ſays)
Alone: can you adviſe me?
Laer. I'm loſt in it, my lord: but let him come;
It warms the very ſickneſs in my heart,
That I ſhall live and tell him to his teeth,
Thus diddeſt thou.
King. If it be ſo, *Laertes*,
As how ſhould it be ſo?——how, otherwiſe?——
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. I, ſo you'll not o'er-rule me to a peace.
King. To thine own peace: if he be now return'd,
As liking not his voyage, and that he means
No more to undertake it; I will work him
To an exploit now ripe in my device,
Under the which he ſhall not chuſe but fall:
And for his death no wind of Blame ſhall breathe;

But ev'n his mother ſhall uncharge the practice,
And call it accident.

Laer. I will be rul'd,
The rather if you could deviſe it ſo, (63)
That I might be the organ.

King. It falls right:
You have been talkt of ſince your travel much,
And that in *Hamlet*'s Hearing, for a quality
Wherein, they ſay, you ſhine; your ſum of parts
Did not together pluck ſuch envy from him,
As did that one, and that in my regard
Of the unworthieſt ſiege.

Laer. What part is that, my lord?

King. A very feather in the cap of youth,
Yet needful too; for youth no leſs becomes
The light and careleſs livery that it wears,
Than ſettled age his ſables, and his weeds
Importing health and graveneſs.—Two months ſince,
Here was a gentleman of *Normandy*;
I've ſeen myſelf, and ſerv'd againſt the *French*,
And they can well on horſe-back; but this Gallant
Had witchcraft in't, he grew unto his ſeat;
And to ſuch wondrous doing brought his horſe,
As he had been incorps'd and demy-natur'd
With the brave beaſt; ſo far he top'd my thought,
That I in forgery of ſhapes and tricks
Come ſhort of what he did.

Laer. A *Norman*, was't?

(63) *The rather if you could deviſe it ſo,*
That I might be the Inſtrument.

King. *It falls right.*] The latter Verſe is ſlightly maim'd in the Meaſure, and, I apprehend, without Reaſon. This Paſſage is in neither of the Impreſſions ſet out by the Players; and the two elder *Quarto*'s read as I have reform'd the Text;

That I might be the Organ.

And it is a Word, which our Author chuſes to uſe in other Places. So, before, in this *Play*.

For Murther, tho' it have no Tongue, will ſpeak
With moſt miraculous Organ.

So, in *Meaſure* for *Meaſure*:

And giv'n his Deputation all the Organs
Of our own Pow'r.

King. A *Norman.*

Laer. Upon my life, *Lamond.*

King. The very ſame.

Laer. I know him well; he is the brooch, indeed,
And gem of all the nation.

King. He made confeſſion of you,
And gave you ſuch a maſterly report,
For art and exerciſe in your defence;
And for your rapier moſt eſpecial,
That he cry'd out, 'twould be a Sight indeed,
If one could match you. The Scrimers of their nation, (64)
He ſwore, had neither motion, guard, nor eye,
If you oppos'd 'em.——Sir, this Report of his
Did *Hamlet* ſo envenom with his envy,
That he could nothing do, but wiſh and beg
Your ſudden coming o'er to play with him.
Now out of this——

Laer. What out of this, my lord?

King. *Laertes*, was your father dear to you?
Or are you like the painting of a ſorrow,
A face without a heart?

Laer. Why aſk you this?

King. Not that I think, you did not love your father,
But that I know, love is begun by time;
And that I ſee in paſſages of proof,
Time qualifies the ſpark and fire of it:
There lives within the very flame of love
A kind of wick, or ſnuff, that will abate it,
And nothing is at a like goodneſs ſtill;

(64) ——*The* Scrimers *of their Nation,*
He ſwore, had neither Motion, Guard, nor Eye,
If you oppos'd them.] This likewiſe is a Paſſage omitted in the *Folio's*: The reducing the *Play* to a reaſonable Length was the Motive of ſo many Caſtrations. Some of the modern *Quarto*'s have in the room of *Scrimers* ſubſtituted *Fencers*: which is but a Gloſs of the more obſolete Word. *Scrimer* is properly a Gladiator, Fencer; from which we have deriv'd our Word, *Skirmiſh*. The Science of Defenſe was by the *Dutch* call'd *Scherm*; by the *Italians*, *Scherima* and *Scrima*; and by the *French*, *Eſcrime*: As the *Anglo-Saxons* of old uſed to call a Fencer or Swordſman, *Scrimbre*: which (the *b* being left out, and a *Metatheſis* made in the Letters of the laſt Syllable) is the very Term us'd by our Author.

For

For goodneſs, growing to a pleuriſie, (65)
Dies in his own too much; what we would do,
We ſhould do when we would; for this *would* changes,
And hath abatements and delays as many
As there are tongues, are hands, are accidents;
And then this *ſhould* is like a ſpend-thrift* ſigh
That hurts by eaſing; but to th' quick o' th' ulcer——
Hamlet comes back; what would you undertake
To ſhew your ſelf your father's Son indeed
More than in words?

Laert. To cut his throat i'th' church.

King. No place, indeed, ſhould murther ſanctuariſe;
Revenge ſhould have no bounds; but, good *Laertes*,
Will you do this? keep cloſe within your chamber;
Hamlet, return'd, ſhall know you are come home:
We'll put on thoſe ſhall praiſe your excellence,

(65) *For Goodneſs, growing to a* Pleuriſie,
Dies in his own too much.] Mr. *Warburton* ſagaciouſly obſerv'd to me, that this is Nonſenſe, and untrue in Fact; and therefore thinks, that *Shakeſpeare* muſt have wrote;

For Goodneſs, growing to a Plethory, *&c.*

For the *Pleuriſy* is an Inflammation of the Membrane which covers the whole *Thorax*; and is generally occaſion'd by a Stagnation of the Blood; but a *Plethora*, is, when the Veſſels are fuller of Humours than is agreeable to a natural State, or Health: and too great a Fullneſs and Floridneſs of the Blood are frequently the Cauſes of ſudden Death. But I have not diſturb'd the Text, becauſe, 'tis poſſible, our Author himſelf might be out in his *Phyſics*: and I have the more Reaſon to ſuſpect it, becauſe *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* have twice committed the ſelf-ſame Blunder.

———*You are too inſolent;*
And thoſe too many *Excellencies, that feed*
Your Pride, turn to a Pleuriſie, *and kill*
That which ſhould nouriſh Virtue. Cuſtom *of the* Country.

So, again;

———*Thou grand Decider*
Of duſty and old Titles, that heal'ſt with Blood
The Earth when it is ſick, and cur'ſt the World
O'th' Pleuriſie *of People.* Two noble Kinſmen.

If I may gueſs at the Accident which caus'd their Miſtake, it ſeems this. They did not conſider, that *Pleuriſie* was deriv'd from *Pleura*; but the Declination of *plus, pluris*, croſs'd their Thoughts, and ſo they naturally ſuppos'd the Diſtemper to ariſe from ſome *Superfluity*.

* Wreads sign, i.e. entering into bonds.

And set a double varnish on the fame
The *Frenchman* gave you; bring you in fine together,
And wager on your heads. He being remiss,
Most generous, and free from all contriving,
Will not peruse the foils; so that with ease,
Or with a little shuffling, you may chuse
A sword unbated, and in a pass of practice
Requite him for your father.
Laer. I will do't;
And for the purpose I'll anoint my sword:
I bought an unction of a Mountebank,
So mortal, that but dip a knife in it,
Where it draws blood, no Cataplasm so rare,
Collected from all Simples that have virtue
Under the Moon, can save the thing from death,
That is but scratch'd withal; I'll touch my point
With this contagion, that if I gall him slightly,
It may be death.
King. Let's farther think of this;
Weigh, what convenience both of time and means
May fit us to our shape. If this should fail,
And that our drift look through our bad performance,
'Twere better not assay'd; therefore this project
Should have a back, or second, that might hold,
If this should blast in proof. Soft—let me see—
We'll make a solemn wager on your cunnings;
I ha't—when in your motion you are hot,
(As make your bouts more violent to that end,)
And that he calls for Drink, I'll have prepar'd him
A Chalice for the nonce; whereon but sipping,
If he by chance escape your venom'd tuck,
Our purpose may hold there.

Enter Queen.

How now, sweet Queen?
Queen. One woe doth tread upon another's heel,
So fast they follow: your sister's drown'd, *Laertes.*
Laer. Drown'd! oh where?
Queen. There is a willow grows aslant a Brook,
That shews his hoar leaves in the glassie stream:

There with fantaſtick garlands did ſhe come,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daiſies, and long purples,
(That liberal ſhepherds give a groſſer name;
But our cold maids do dead mens fingers call them;)
There on the pendant boughs, her coronet weeds
Clambring to hang, an envious ſliver broke;
When down her weedy trophies and her ſelf
Fell in the weeping brook; her cloaths ſpread wide,
And mermaid-like, a while they bore her up;
Which time ſhe chaunted ſnatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own diſtreſs;
Or like a creature native, and indewed
Unto that element: but long it could not be,
'Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Laer. Alas then, ſhe is drown'd!

Queen. Drown'd, drown'd.

Laer. Too much of water haſt thou, poor *Ophelia*,
And therefore I forbid my tears: but yet
It is our trick; Nature her cuſtom holds,
Let Shame ſay what it will; when theſe are gone,
The woman will be out: adieu, my lord;
I have a ſpeech of fire, that fain would blaze,
But that this folly drowns it. [*Exit.*

King. Follow, *Gertrude:*
How much had I to do to calm his rage?
Now fear I, this will give it ſtart again;
Therefore let's follow. [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *A* CHURCH.

Enter two Clowns, with ſpades and mattocks.

1 CLOWN.

IS ſhe to be buried in chriſtian burial, that willfully ſeeks her own ſalvation?

2 *Clown.* I tell thee, ſhe is, therefore make her Grave ſtraight; the crowner hath ſate on her, and finds it chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* How can that be, unleſs ſhe drowned her ſelf in her own defence?

2 *Clown.* Why, 'tis found ſo.

1 *Clown.* It muſt be *ſe offendendo*, it cannot be elſe. For here lyes the point; if I drown my ſelf wittingly, it argues an act; and an act hath three branches; It is to act, to do, and to perform; *argal*, ſhe drown'd her ſelf wittingly.

2 *Clown.* Nay, but hear you, goodman *Delver*.

1 *Clown.* Give me leave; here lies the water, good: here ſtands the man, good: if the man go to this water, and drown himſelf, it is, will he, nill he, he goes; mark you that: but if the water come to him, and drown him, he drowns not himſelf. *Argal*, he, that is not guilty of his own death, ſhortens not his own life.

2 *Clown.* But is this law?

1 *Clown.* Ay, marry is't, crowner's queſt-law.

2 *Clown.* Will you ha' the truth on't? if this had not been a gentlewoman, ſhe ſhould have been buried out of chriſtian burial.

1 *Clown.* Why, there thou ſay'ſt. And the more pity, that great folk ſhould have countenance in this world to drown

drown or hang themſelves, more than other chriſtians. (66) Come, my ſpade; there is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers; they hold up *Adam*'s profeſſion.

2 *Clown.* Was he a gentleman?

1 *Clown.* He was the firſt, that ever bore arms.

2 *Clown.* Why, he had none.

1 *Clown.* What, art a heathen? how doſt thou underſtand the Scripture? the Scripture ſays, *Adam* digg'd; could he dig without arms? I'll put another queſtion to thee; if thou anſwereſt me not to the purpoſe, confeſs thy ſelf——

2 *Clown.* Go to.

1 *Clown.* What is he that builds ſtronger than either the maſon, the ſhip-wright, or the carpenter?

2 *Clown.* The gallows-maker; for that frame outlives a thouſand tenants.

1 *Clown.* I like thy wit well, in good faith; the gallows does well; but how does it well? it does well to thoſe that do ill: now thou doſt ill, to ſay the gallows is built ſtronger than the church; *argal*, the gallows may do well to thee. To't again, come.

2 *Clown.* Who builds ſtronger than a maſon, a ſhip-wright, or a carpenter?——

1 *Clown.* Ay, tell me that, and unyoke.

2 *Clown.* Marry, now I can tell.

1 *Clown.* To't.

2 *Clown.* Maſs, I cannot tell.

(66) —— *more than* other Chriſtians.] All the old Books read, as Doctor *Thirlby* accurately obſerves to me, *their even Chriſten*, i. e. their fellow-Chriſtians. This was the Language of thoſe Days, when we retain'd a good Portion of the Idiom receiv'd from our *Saxon* Anceſtors. *Emne Chriſten.*] Frater in Chriſto. *Saxonicum*; quod malè intelligentes, *even Chriſtian* proferunt: atq; ità editur in Oratione *Henrici* VIII. ad Parlamentum An. regn. 37. Sed rectè in L. L. *Edouardi* confeſſ. ca. 36. *fratrem ſuum*, quod *Angli* dicunt Emne Cpiyten. SPELMAN in his *Gloſſary*. The *Doctor* thinks this learned Antiquary miſtaken, in making *even*, a Corruption of Emne; for that *even* or Exen, and Emne are *Saxon* Words of the ſame Import and Signification. I'll ſubjoin, in Confirmation of the Doctor's Opinion, what SOMNER ſays upon this Head. Exen, *Æquus*, *æqualis*, par, *juſtus*, even, equal, alike, &c Emne, *Æquus*, *juſtus*, *æqualis*, even, juſt, equal. Emne-ycolepe, Condiſcipulus, a ſchool-fellow.

- ~~their even Christians so all the old books. is fellow-christians Dr Thirlby~~

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio, *at a diſtance.*

1 *Clown.* Cudgel thy brains no more about it; for your dull aſs will not mend his pace with beating; and when you are aſk'd this queſtion next, ſay, a gravemaker. The houſes, he makes, laſt 'till dooms-day: go, get thee to *Youghan*, and fetch me a ſtoup of liquor.

[*Exit* 2 *Clown.*

He digs, and ſings.

In youth when I did love, did love, (67)
Methought, it was very ſweet;
To contract, oh, the time for, a, my behove,
Oh, methought, there was nothing meet.

Ham. Has this fellow no feeling of his buſineſs, that he ſings at Grave-making?

Hor. Cuſtom hath made it to him a property of eaſineſs.

Ham. 'Tis e'en ſo; the hand of little imployment hath the daintier ſenſe.

Clown ſings.

But age, with his ſtealing ſteps,
Hath claw'd me in his clutch:
And hath ſhipped me into the land,
As if I had never been ſuch.

Ham. That ſcull had a tongue in it, and could ſing once; how the knave jowles it to the ground, as if it were *Cain*'s jaw-bone, that did the firſt murther! this might be the pate of a politician, which this aſs o'er-offices; one that would circumvent God, might it not?

Hor. It might, my lord.

(67) *In Youth, when I did love,* &c.] The Three *Stanza*'s, ſung here by the *Grave-digger*, are extracted, with a ſlight Variation, from a little Poem, call'd, *The Aged Lover renounceth Love*: written by *Henry Howard* Earl of *Surrey*, who flouriſh'd in the Reign of King *Henry* VIII. and who was beheaded in 1547, on a ſtrain'd Accuſation of Treaſon.

Ham.

Ham. Or of a courtier, which could ſay, "good-"morrow, ſweet lord; how doſt thou, good lord?" this might be my lord ſuch a one, that prais'd my lord ſuch a one's horſe, when he meant to beg it; might it not?

Hor. Ay, my lord.

Ham. Why, e'en ſo: and now my lady *Worm*'s, chapleſs, and knockt about the mazzard with a ſexton's ſpade. Here's a fine revolution, if we had the trick to ſee't. Did theſe bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at loggats with 'em? mine ake to think on't. (68)

Clown ſings.

A pick-axe and a ſpade, a ſpade,
For,—and a ſhrouding ſheet!
O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a gueſt is meet.

Ham. There's another: why may not that be the ſcull of a lawyer? where be his quiddits now? his quillets? his caſes? his tenures, and his tricks? why does he ſuffer this rude knave now to knock him about the ſconce with a dirty ſhovel, and will not tell him of his action of battery? hum! this fellow might be in's time a great buyer of land, with his ſtatutes, his recognizances, his fines, his double vouchers, his recoveries. Is this the fine of his fines, and the recovery of his recoveries, to have his fine pate full of fine dirt? will his vouchers vouch him no more of his purchaſes, and double ones too, than the length and breadth of a pair of indentures? the very conveyances of his lands will hardly lye in this box; and muſt the inheritor himſelf have no more? ha?

(68) *Did theſe Bones coſt no more the breeding, but to play at* loggers *with them?*] I have reſtor'd, from the old Copies, the true Word, *Loggats*. We meet with it again in *Ben Jonſon:*

Now are they toſſing of his Legs and Arms
Like Loggats *at a Pear-tree.* *A* Tale *of a* Tub.

What ſort of Sport this was, I confeſs, I do not know, but I find it in the Liſt of unlawful Games, prohibited by a Statute 33 *Henry* VIII. Chap. 9. § 16.

Hor.

Hor. Not a jot more, my lord.

Ham. Is not parchment made of ſheep-ſkins?

Hor. Ay, my lord, and of calve-ſkins too.

Ham. They are ſheep and calves that ſeek out aſſurance in that. I will ſpeak to this fellow: Whoſe Grave's this, Sirrah?

Clown. Mine, Sir——

O, a pit of clay for to be made
For ſuch a Gueſt is meet.

Ham. I think, it be thine, indeed; for thou lieſt in't.

Clown. You lie out on't, Sir, and therefore it is not yours; for my part, I do not lie in't, yet it is mine.

Ham. Thou doſt lie in't, to be in't, and ſay, 'tis thine; 'tis for the dead, not for the quick, therefore thou ly'ſt.

Clown. 'Tis a quick lie, Sir, 'twill away again from me to you.

Ham. What man doſt thou dig it for?

Clown. For no man, Sir.

Ham. What woman then?

Clown. For none neither.

Ham. Who is to be buried in't?

Clown. One, that was a woman, Sir; but, reſt her ſoul, ſhe's dead.

Ham. How abſolute the knave is? we muſt ſpeak by the card, or equivocation will undo us. By the lord, *Horatio*, theſe three years I have taken note of it, the age is grown ſo picked, that the toe of the peaſant comes ſo near the heel of our courtier, he galls his kibe. How long haſt thou been a grave-maker?

Clown. Of all the days i'th' year, I came to't that day that our laſt King *Hamlet* o'ercame *Fortinbras.*

Ham. How long is that ſince?

Clown. Cannot you tell that? every fool can tell that: it was that very day that young *Hamlet* was born, he that was mad, and ſent into *England.*

Ham. Ay, marry, why was he ſent into *England?*

Clown. Why, becauſe he was mad; he ſhall recover his wits there; or if he do not, it's no great matter there.

Ham. Why?

Clown.

Clown. 'Twill not be ſeen in him; there the men are as mad as he.

Ham. How came he mad?

Clown. Very ſtrangely, they ſay.

Ham. How ſtrangely?

Clown. Faith, e'en with loſing his wits.

Ham. Upon what ground?

Clown. Why, here, in *Denmark*. I have been ſexton here, man and boy, thirty years.

Ham. How long will a man lie i'th' earth ere he rot?

Clown. I'faith, if he be not rotten before he die, (as we have many pocky coarſes now-a-days, that will ſcarce hold the laying in) he will laſt you ſome eight year, or nine year; a tanner will laſt you nine years.

Ham. Why he, more than another?

Clown. Why, Sir, his hide is ſo tann'd with his trade, that he will keep out water a great while. And your water is a ſore decayer of your whorſon dead body. Here's a ſcull now has lain in the earth three and twenty years.

Ham. Whoſe was it?

Clown. A whorſon mad fellow's it was; whoſe do you think it was?

Ham. Nay, I know not.

Clown. A peſtilence on him for a mad rogue! he pour'd a flagon of Rheniſh on my head once. This ſame ſcull, Sir, was *Yorick*'s ſcull, the King's jeſter.

Ham. This?

Clown. E'en that.

Ham. Alas, poor *Yorick!* I knew him, *Horatio*, a fellow of infinite jeſt; of moſt excellent fancy: he hath borne me on his back a thouſand times: and now how abhorred in my imagination it is! my gorge riſes at it. Here hung thoſe lips, that I have kiſs'd I know not how oft. Where be your gibes now? your gambols? your ſongs? your flaſhes of merriment, that were wont to ſet the table in a roar? not one now, to mock your own grinning? quite chap-fallen? now get you to my lady's chamber, and tell her, let her paint an inch thick, to this favour ſhe muſt come; make her laugh at that——Pr'ythee, *Horatio*, tell me one thing.

Hor.

Hor. What's that, my Lord?

Ham. Doſt thou think, *Alexander* look'd o' this faſhion i'th' earth?

Hor. E'en ſo.

Ham. And ſmelt ſo, puh? [*Smelling to the Scull.*

Hor. E'en ſo, my lord.

Ham. To what baſe uſes we may return, *Horatio!* why may not imagination trace the noble duſt of *Alexander*, 'till he find it ſtopping a bung-hole?

Hor. 'Twere to conſider too curiouſly, to conſider ſo.

Ham. No, faith, not a jot: But to follow him thither with modeſty enough, and likelihood to lead it; as thus: *Alexander* died, *Alexander* was buried, *Alexander* returneth to duſt; the duſt is earth; of earth we make lome; and why of that lome, whereto he was converted, might they not ſtop a beer-barrel?

Imperial *Cæſar*, dead and turn'd to clay,
Might ſtop a hole to keep the wind away:
Oh, that that earth, which kept the world in awe,
Should patch a wall, t' expel the winter's flaw!
But ſoft! but ſoft a while——here comes the King,

Enter King, Queen, Laertes, *and a coffin, with Lords, and Prieſts, attendant.*

The Queen, the Courtiers. What is that they follow,
And with ſuch maimed rites? this doth betoken,
The coarſe, they follow, did with deſperate hand
Foredo its own life; 'twas of ſome eſtate.
Couch We a while, and mark.

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Ham. That is *Laertes*, a moſt noble youth: mark——

Laer. What ceremony elſe?

Prieſt. Her obſequies have been as far enlarg'd
As we have warranty; her death was doubtful;
And but that great Command o'er-ſways the order,
She ſhould in ground unſanctified have lodg'd
'Till the laſt Trump. For charitable prayers,
Shards, flints, and pebbles, ſhould be thrown on her;
Yet here ſhe is allow'd her virgin rites,

Her

*chants W. grants Old Qu: corruptly.

Her maiden ſtrewments, and the bringing home
Of bell and burial.
Laer. Muſt no more be done?
Prieſt. No more be done!
We ſhould profane the ſervice of the dead,
To ſing a *Requiem*, and ſuch Reſt to her
As to peace-parted ſouls.
Laer. Lay her i'th' earth;
And from her fair and unpolluted fleſh
May violets ſpring! I tell thee, churliſh prieſt,
A miniſtring angel ſhall my ſiſter be,
When thou lieſt howling.
Ham. What, the fair *Ophelia!*
Queen. Sweets to the ſweet, farewel!
I hop'd, thou ſhould'ſt have been my *Hamlet*'s wife;
I thought thy bride-bed to have deck'd, ſweet maid,
And not have ſtrew'd thy Grave.
Laer. O treble woe
Fall tentimes treble on that curſed head,
Whoſe wicked deed thy moſt ingenious ſenſe
Depriv'd thee of! Hold off the earth a while,
Till I have caught her once more in my arms;
[Laertes *leaps into the Grave.*
Now pile your duſt upon the quick and dead,
'Till of this flat a mountain you have made,
T' o'er-top old *Pelion*, or the ſkyiſh head
Of blue *Olympus*.
Ham. [*diſcovering himſelf.*] What is he, whoſe griefs
Bear ſuch an emphaſis? whoſe phraſe of ſorrow
Conjures the wandring ſtars, and makes them ſtand
Like wonder-wounded hearers? this is I,
[Hamlet *leaps into the Grave.*
Hamlet the *Dane.*
Laer. The Devil take thy ſoul! [*Grappling with him.*
Ham. Thou pray'ſt not well.
I pr'ythee, take thy fingers from my throat——
For though I am not ſplenative and raſh;
Yet have I in me ſomething dangerous,
Which let thy wiſdom fear. Hold off thy hand.
King. Pluck them aſunder——

Queen.

Queen. Hamlet, Hamlet——

Hor. Good my lord, be quiet.

[*The attendants part them.*

Ham. Why, I will fight with him upon this theme,
Until my eye-lids will no longer wag.

Queen. Oh my ſon! what theme?

Ham. I lov'd *Ophelia*; forty thouſand brothers
Could not with all their quantity of love
Make up my ſum. What wilt thou do for her?

King. O, he is mad, *Laertes.*

Queen. For love of God, forbear him.

Ham. Come, ſhew me what thou'lt do.
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't faſt? woo't tear thy ſelf?
[102] Woo't drink up Eiſel, eat a crocodile? (69)
I'll do't.——Do'ſt thou come hither but to whine?
To out-face me with leaping in her Grave?
Be buried quick with her; and ſo will I;
And if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, 'till our ground,

Singeing

(69) *Would drink up* Eſill, *eat a Crocodile?*] This Word has thro' all the Editions been diſtinguiſh'd by *Italick* Characters, as if it were the proper Name of ſome River: and ſo, I dare ſay, all the Editors have from time to time underſtood it to be. But then this muſt be ſome River in *Denmark*; and there is none there ſo call'd; nor is there any near it in Name, that I know of, but *Yſſel*, from which the Province of *Over-yſſel* derives its Title in the *German Flanders*. Beſides, *Hamlet* is not propoſing any Impoſſibilities to *Laertes*, as the drinking up a River would be; but he rather ſeems to mean, Wilt thou reſolve to do things the moſt ſhocking and diſtaſtful to Human Nature? and, behold, I am as reſolute. I am perſwaded, the Poet wrote;

Wilt drink up Eiſel, *eat a Crocodile?*

i. e. Wilt thou ſwallow down large Draughts of *Vinegar?* The Propoſition, indeed, is not very grand; but the doing it might be as diſtaſtful and unſavoury, as eating the Fleſh of a *Crocodile*. And now there is neither an Impoſſibility, nor an *Anticlimax:* and the Lowneſs of the Idea is in ſome meaſure remov'd by the uncommon Term. CHAUCER has it in his *Romaunt* of the *Roſe*.

So evil-hew'd was her Coloure,
Her ſemed i' have livid in Langoure;
She was like Thing for Hungir ded,
That lad her Life onely by Bred
Knedin with Eiſel *ſtrong and* egre;
And thereto ſhe was lene and megre.

But

Singeing his pate againſt the burning Zone,
Make *Oſſa* like a wart! nay, an thou'lt mouth,
I'll rant as well as thou.
Queen. This is meer madneſs;
And thus a while the Fit will work on him:
Anon, as patient as the female dove,
When that her golden couplets are diſclos'd,
His ſilence will ſit drooping.
Ham. Hear you, Sir——
What is the reaſon that you uſe me thus?
I lov'd you ever; but it is no matter——
Let *Hercules* himſelf do what he may,
The cat will mew; a dog will have his day. [*Exit.*
King. I pray you, good *Horatio*, wait upon him.
[*Exit* Hor.
Strengthen your patience in our laſt night's ſpeech.
[*To* Laertes.
We'll put the matter to the preſent puſh.
Good *Gertrude*, ſet ſome watch over your ſon:
This Grave ſhall have a living Monument.
An hour of quiet ſhortly ſhall we ſee;
'Till then, in patience our proceeding be. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to a* HALL, *in the Palace.*

Enter Hamlet *and* Horatio.

Ham. So much for this, now ſhall you ſee the other.
You do remember all the circumſtance?

But leaſt this Authority ſhould be thought of too long a Date, and the Word to have become obſolete in our Author's Time, I'll produce a Paſſage where it is uſed by himſelf. In a Poem of his, call'd, *A Complaint*, he thus expreſſes himſelf:

Whilſt, like a willing Patient, I will drink
Potions of Eiſel *'gainſt my ſtrong Infection;*
No Bitterneſs, that I will bitter think,
Nor double Penance to correct Correction.

So, likewiſe, in Sir *Thomas More's* Poems.

——*Remember therewithal,*
How Chriſt for thee faſted with Eiſel *and* Gall.

Eisle, *acetum*, Vinegar; ſaith SOMNER: and the Word is acknowledg'd by *Minſhew*, *Skinner*, *Blount*, &c.

Hor. Remember it, my lord?

Ham. Sir, in my heart there was a kind of fighting,
That would not let me sleep; methought, I lay
Worse than the mutines in the Bilboes; Rashness
(And prais'd be rashness for it) lets us know,
Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well,
When our deep plots do fail; and That should teach us,
There's a Divinity that shapes our ends,
Rough-hew them how we will.

Hor. That is most certain.

Ham. Up from my cabin,
My sea-gown scarft about me, in the dark
Grop'd I to find out them; had my desire,
Finger'd their packet, and in fine withdrew
To mine own room again; making so bold
(My fears forgetting manners) to unseal
Their grand Commission, where I found, *Horatio*,
A royal knavery; an exact Command,
Larded with many several sorts of reasons,
Importing *Denmark*'s health, and *England*'s too,
(With, ho! such buggs and goblins in my life;)
That on the supervize, no leisure bated,
No not to stay the grinding of the ax,
My head should be struck off.

Hor. Is't possible?

Ham. Here's the commission, read it at more leisure;
But wilt thou hear now how I did proceed?

Hor. I beseech you.

Ham. Being thus benetted round with villainy,
(Ere I could make a prologue, to my Bane (70)
They had begun the Play:) I sate me down,
Devis'd

(70) *Being thus benetted round with* Villains,
E'er I could make a Prologue to my Brains,
They had begun the Play. I sate me down, &c.]

This Passage is certainly corrupt both in the Text and Pointing. *Making a Prologue to his Brains* is such a Phrase as SHAKESPEARE would never have us'd, to mean, *e're I could form my Thoughts to making a Prologue.* I communicated my Doubts to my two ingenious Friends Mr. *Warburton* and Mr. *Bishop*; and by their Assistance, I hope, I have reform'd the whole to the Author's Intention:

Being

W. reads — mark the — in his Ed:

Devis'd a new commiſſion, wrote it fair:
(I once did hold it, as our Statiſts do,
A baſeneſs to write fair; and labour'd much
How to forget that Learning; but, Sir, now
It did me yeoman's ſervice;) wilt thou know
Th' effect of what I wrote?

Hor. Ay, good my lord.

Ham. An earneſt conjuration from the King,
As *England* was his faithful tributary,
As love between them, like the palm, might flouriſh,
As peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten garland wear, (71)
And ſtand a Commere 'tween their amities; [127]
And many ſuch like *As's* of great charge;
That on the view and knowing theſe contents,
Without debatement further, more or leſs,
He ſhould the bearers put to ſudden death,
Not ſhriving time allow'd.

Hor. How was this ſeal'd?

Ham. Why, ev'n in that was heaven ordinant;
I had my father's Signet in my purſe,
Which was the model of that *Daniſh* ſeal:

Being thus benetted round with Villany,
(*E're I could make a Prologue, to my* Bane
They had begun the Play:) I ſate me down,

i. e. Being thus in their Snares, e're I could make a *Prologue* (take the leaſt previous Step) to ward off Danger, they had begun the *Play* (put their Schemes in Action) which was to terminate in my Deſtruction.

(71) *As Peace ſhould ſtill her wheaten Garland wear,*
And ſtand a Comma *'tween their Amities,* &c.]

Peace is finely and properly perſonaliz'd here, as the Goddeſs of good League and Friendſhip: but what Ideas can we form of her ſtanding as a *Comma*, or Stop, betwixt their Amities? I am ſure, ſhe ſtands rather like a *Cypher*, in this Reading. I have no Doubt, but the Poet wrote;

And ſtand a Commere *'tween their Amities;*

i. e. a Guarantee, a Common Mother. Nothing can be more *picturesque* than this Image of *Peace*'s ſtanding dreſt in her wheaten Garland between the two Princes, and extending a Hand to each. In this Equipage and Office we frequently ſee her on *Roman* Coins: particularly, on two exhibited by Baron *Spanheim*; one of *Auguſtus*, and the other of *Veſpatian*. The Poets likewiſe image to us *Peace* holding an Ear of Corn, as the Emblem of Plenty. *Tibull.* lib. I. Eleg. x.

At nobis, Pax *alma, veni*, ſpicamq; teneto. Mr. *Warburton.*

I folded the Writ up in form of th' other,
Subscrib'd it, gave th' impression, plac'd it safely,
The changeling never known; now, the next day
Was our sea-fight, and what to this was sequent
Thou know'st already.

Hor. So, *Guildenstern* and *Rosincrantz* go to't.

Ham. Why, man, they did make love to this employment.——
They are not near my conscience; their defeat
Doth by their own insinuation grow:
'Tis dangerous when the baser nature comes
Between the pass, and fell incensed points,
Of mighty opposites.

Hor. Why, what a King is this!

Ham. Does it not, think'st thou, stand me now upon?
He that hath kill'd my King, and whor'd my mother,
Popt in between th' election and my hopes,
Thrown out his angle for my proper life,
And with such cozenage; is't not perfect conscience,
To quit him with this arm? and is't not to be damn'd,
To let this canker of our nature come
In further evil?

Hor. It must be shortly known to him from *England*,
What is the issue of the business there.

Ham. It will be short.
The *Interim*'s mine; and a man's life's no more
Than to say, one.
But I am very sorry, good *Horatio*,
That to *Laertes* I forgot my self;
For by the image of my cause I see
The portraiture of his; I'll court his favour:
But sure the bravery of his grief did put me
Into a towring passion.

Hor. Peace, who comes here?

Enter Osrick.

Osr. Your lordship is right welcome back to *Denmark*.

Ham. I humbly thank you, Sir. Dost know this water-fly?

Hor. No, my good lord.

Ham. Thy ſtate is the more gracious; for 'tis a vice to know him: he hath much land, and fertile; let a beaſt be lord of beaſts, and his crib ſhall ſtand at the King's meſſe; 'tis a chough; but, as I ſay, ſpacious in the poſſeſſion of dirt.

Oſr. Sweet lord, if your lordſhip were at leiſure, I ſhould impart a thing to you from his Majeſty.

Ham. I will receive it with all diligence of ſpirit: your bonnet to his right uſe,——'tis for the head.

Oſr. I thank your lordſhip, 'tis very hot. (72)

Ham. No, believe me, 'tis very cold; the wind is northerly.

Oſr. It is indifferent cold, my lord, indeed.

Ham. But yet, methinks, it is very ſultry, and hot for my complexion.

Oſr. Exceedingly, my lord, it is very ſultry, as 'twere, I cannot tell how:—My lord, his Majeſty bid me ſignify to you, that he has laid a great wager on your head: Sir, this is the matter—

Ham. I beſeech you, remember——

Oſr. Nay, in good faith, for mine eaſe, in good faith:—Sir, here is newly come to Court *Laertes*; (73) believe me, an abſolute Gentleman, full of moſt excellent Differences,

(72) *I thank your Lordſhip, 'tis very* hot.
Ham. *No, believe me, 'tis very* cold; *the Wind is northerly.*
Oſr. *It is indifferent* cold, *my Lord, indeed.*
Ham. *But yet, methinks, it is very* ſultry *and hot for my Complexion.*
Oſr. *Exceedingly, my Lord, it is very* ſultry, *as 'twere, I cannot tell how.*] The humourous Compliance of this fantaſtic Courtier, to every thing that *Hamlet* ſays, is ſo cloſe a Copy from *Juvenal*, (Sat. III.) that our Author muſt certainly have had that Picture in his Eye.

——*Rides? majore Cachinno*
Concutitur: flet, ſi lacrymas aſpexit amici,
Nec dolet: igniculum brumæ ſi tempore poſcas,
Accipit endromidem: ſi dixeris, Æſtuo, ſudat.

(73) *Sir, here is newly come to Court* Laertes.] I have reſtor'd here ſeveral ſpeeches from the elder *Quarto*'s, which were omitted in the *Folio* Editions, and which Mr. *Pope* has likewiſe thought fit to ſink upon us. They appear to me very well worthy not to be loſt, as they thoroughly ſhew the Foppery and Affectation of *Oſrick*, and the Humour and Addreſs of *Hamlet* in accoſting the other at once in his own Vein and Style.

-hot, or my complexion —— Old Qu:

of very ſoft ſociety, and great ſhew: indeed, to ſpeak feelingly of him, he is the card or kalendar of gentry; for you ſhall find in him the continent of what part a gentleman would ſee.

Ham. Sir, his definement ſuffers no perdition in you, tho' I know, to divide him inventorially would dizzy the arithmetick of memory; and yet but raw neither in reſpect of his quick ſail: But, in the verity of extolment, I take him to be a Soul of great article; and his infuſion of ſuch dearth and rareneſs, as, to make true diction of him, his Semblable is his mirrour; and, who elſe would trace him, his umbrage, nothing more.

Oſr. Your Lordſhip ſpeaks moſt infallibly of him.

Ham. The Concernancy, Sir?——Why do we wrap the Gentleman in our more rawer breath? [*To* Horatio.

Oſr. Sir,——

Hor. Is't not poſſible to underſtand in another tongue? you will do't, ſir, rarely.

Ham. What imports the nomination of this gentleman?

Oſr. Of *Laertes?*

Hora. His purſe is empty already: all's golden words are ſpent.

Ham. Of him, Sir.

Oſr. I know, you are not ignorant,——

Ham. I would, you did, Sir; yet, in faith, if you did, it would not much approve me.—Well, Sir.

Oſr. You are not ignorant of what excellence *Laertes* is.

Ham. I dare not confeſs that, leaſt I ſhould compare with him in excellence: but to know a man well, were to know himſelf.

Oſr. I mean, ſir, for his weapon: but in the Imputation laid on him by them in his Meed, he's unfellow'd.

Ham. What's his weapon?

Oſr. Rapier and dagger.

Ham. That's two of his weapons; but well.

Oſr. The King, Sir, has wag'd with him ſix *Barbary* horſes, againſt the which he has impon'd, as I take it, ſix *French* rapiers and poniards, with their aſſigns, as girdle, hangers, and ſo: three of the carriages, in faith, are very dear to fancy, very reſponſive to the hilts, moſt delicate

delicate carriages, and of very liberal conceit.

Ham. What call you the carriages?

Hor. I knew, you muſt be edified by the Margent, e'er you had done. [*aſide.*

Oſr. The carriages, Sir, are the hangers.

Ham. The phraſe would be more germane to the matter, if we could carry cannon by our ſides; I would, it might be hangers 'till then. But, on; ſix *Barbary* horſes, againſt ſix *French* ſwords, their aſſigns, and three liberal-conceited carriages; that's the *French* bett againſt the *Daniſh*; why is this impon'd, as you call it?

Oſr. The King, Sir, hath laid, that in a Dozen Paſſes between you and him, he ſhall not exceed you three hits; he hath laid on twelve for nine, and it would come to immediate tryal, if your lordſhip would vouchſafe the anſwer.

Ham. How if I anſwer, no?

Oſr. I mean, my lord, the oppoſition of your perſon in tryal.

Ham. Sir, I will walk here in the Hall; If it pleaſe his Majeſty, 'tis the breathing time of day with me; let the foils be brought, the gentleman willing, and the King hold his purpoſe, I will win for him if I can: if not, I'll gain nothing but my ſhame, and the odd hits.

Oſr. Shall I deliver you ſo?

Ham. To this effect, Sir, after what flouriſh your nature will.

Oſr. I commend my duty to your lordſhip. [*Exit.*

Ham. Yours, yours; he does well to commend it himſelf, there are no tongues elſe for's turn.

Hor. This lapwing runs away with the ſhell on his head.

Ham. He did ſo, ſir, with his dug before he ſuck'd it: thus has he (and many more of the ſame breed, that, I know, the droſſy age dotes on) only got the tune of the time, and outward habit of encounter, a kind of yeſty collection, which carries them through and through the moſt fond and winnowed opinions; and do but blow them to their tryals, the bubbles are out.

* comply. Fol: from whence W reads compliment with &c.

* fann'd W.

Enter a Lord.

Lord. My lord, his Majesty commended him to you by young *Osrick*, who brings back to him, that you attend him in the Hall; he sends to know if your pleasure hold to play with *Laertes*, or that you will take longer time?

Ham. I am constant to my purposes, they follow the King's pleasure; if his fitness speaks, mine is ready, now, or whensoever, provided I be so able as now.

Lord. The King, and Queen, and all are coming down.

Ham. In happy time.

Lord. The Queen desires you to use some gentle entertaintment to *Laertes*, before you fall to play.

Ham. She well instructs me. [*Exit Lord.*

Hor. You will lose this wager, my lord.

Ham. I do not think so; since he went into *France*, I have been in continual practice; I shall win at the odds. But thou wouldst not think how ill all's here about my heart—but it is no matter.

Hor. Nay, good my lord.

Ham. It is but foolery; but it is such a kind of gaingiving as would, perhaps, trouble a woman.

Hor. If your mind dislike any thing, obey it. I will forestal their repair hither, and say you are not fit.

Ham. Not a whit, we defy augury; there is a special providence in the fall of a sparrow. If it be now, 'tis not to come; if it be not to come, it will be now: if it be not now, yet it will come; the readiness is all. Since no man has aught of what he leaves, what is't to leave betimes.

Enter King, Queen, Laertes *and lords,* Osrick, *with other attendants with foils, and gantlets. A table, and flagons of wine on it.*

King. Come, *Hamlet*, come, and take this hand from me.

Ham. Give me your pardon, Sir; I've done you wrong;

But

But pardon't, as you are a gentleman.
This presence knows, and you must needs have heard,
How I am punish'd with a sore distraction.
What I have done,
That might your Nature, Honour, and Exception
Roughly awake, I here proclaim was madness:
Was't *Hamlet* wrong'd *Laertes?* never, *Hamlet.*
If *Hamlet* from himself be ta'en away,
And when he's not himself, does wrong *Laertes,*
Then *Hamlet* does it not; *Hamlet* denies it:
Who does it then? his madness. If't be so,
Hamlet is of the faction that is wrong'd;
His madness is poor *Hamlet*'s enemy.
Let my disclaiming from a purpos'd Evil,
Free me so far in your most generous thoughts,
That I have shot mine arrow o'er the house,
And hurt my brother.

Laer. I am satisfied in nature,
Whose motive, in this case, should stir me most
To my revenge: but in my terms of honour
I stand aloof, and will no reconcilement;
'Till by some elder masters of known honour
I have a voice, and president of peace,
To keep my name ungor'd. But till that time,
I do receive your offer'd love like love,
And will not wrong it.

Ham. I embrace it freely,
And will this brother's wager frankly play.
Give us the foils.

Laer. Come, one for me.

Ham. I'll be your foil, *Laertes*; in mine ignorance
Your skill shall like a star i'th' darkest night
Stick fiery off, indeed.

Laer. You mock me, Sir.

Ham. No, by this hand.

King. Give them the foils, young *Osrick.*
Hamlet, you know the wager.

Ham. Well, my lord;
Your Grace hath laid the odds o'th' weaker side.

King. I do not fear it, I have seen you both:

But

But ſince he's better'd, we have therefore odds.

Laer. This is too heavy, let me ſee another.

Ham. This likes me well; theſe foils have all a length?

[*Prepares to play.*

Oſr. Ay, my good lord.

King. Set me the ſtoops of wine upon that table:
If *Hamlet* gives the firſt, or ſecond, Hit,
Or quit in anſwer of the third exchange,
Let all the battlements their ordnance fire;
The King ſhall drink to *Hamlet*'s better breath:
And in the cup an Union ſhall he throw, (74)
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive Kings
In *Denmark*'s Crown have worn. Give me the cups;
And let the kettle to the trumpets ſpeak,
The trumpets to the canoneer without,
The cannons to the heav'ns, the heav'ns to earth:
Now the King drinks to *Hamlet*.——Come, begin,
And you the Judges bear a wary eye.

Ham. Come on, Sir.

Laer. Come, my lord. [*They play.*

Ham. One——

Laer. No——

(74) *And in the Cup an* Onyx *ſhall he throw,*
Richer than that which four ſucceſſive Kings
In Denmark's *Crown have worn.*] This is a various Reading in ſeveral of the old Copies; but *Union* ſeems to me to be the true word, for ſeveral reaſons. The *Onyx* is a ſpecies of lucid Stone, of which the Antients made both Columns and Pavements for Ornament, and in which they likewiſe cut *Seals*, &c. but, if I am not miſtaken, neither the *Onyx*, nor *Sardonyx*, are Jewels which ever found Place in an Imperial Crown. On the other hand, an *Union* is the fineſt ſort of Pearl, and has its Place in all Crowns and Coronets. *Multùm enim intereſt utrum* Unio *ſtatuatur in Cæno, an verò ſitus & inſertus in* Coronâ *reſplendeat:* ſays *Theodoret* upon St. *Matthew*. Beſides, let us conſider what the King ſays on *Hamlet*'s giving *Laertes* the firſt Hit.

Stay, give me Drink: Hamlet, *this* Pearl *is thine:*
Here's to thy Health.

The Terms upon which the King was to throw a Jewel into the Cup, were, if *Hamlet* gave *Laertes* the firſt Hit: which *Hamlet* does. Therefore, if an *Union* be a *Pearl*, and an *Onyx* a Gemm or Stone, quite differing in its Nature from *Pearls*; the King ſaying, that *Hamlet* has earn'd the *Pearl*, I think, amounts to a Demonſtration that it was an *Union*-Pearl, which he meant to throw into the Cup.

Ham.

Ham. Judgment.
Oſr. A hit, a very palpable hit.
Laer. Well——again——
King. Stay, give me Drink. *Hamlet*, this Pearl is thine,
Here's to thy health. Give him the cup.
[*Trumpets ſound, Shot goes off.*
Ham. I'll play this bout firſt, ſet it by a while.
[*They play.*
Come——another hit——what ſay you?
Laer. A touch, a touch, I do confeſs.
King. Our ſon ſhall win.
Queen. He's fat, and ſcant of breath.
Here, *Hamlet*, take my napkin, rub thy brows;
The Queen carouſes to thy fortune, *Hamlet.*
Ham. Good Madam,——
King. Gertrude, do not drink.
Queen. I will, my lord; I pray you, pardon me.
King. It is the poiſon'd cup, it is too late. [*aſide.*
Ham. I dare not drink yet, Madam, by and by.
Queen. Come, let me wipe thy face.
Laer. I'll hit him now.
King. I do not think't.
Laer. And yet it is almoſt againſt my conſcience. [*aſide.*
Ham. Come, for the third, *Laertes*, you but dally;
I pray you, paſs with your beſt violence;
I am afraid, you make a Wanton of me.
Laer. Say you ſo? come on. [*Play.*
Oſr. Nothing neither way.
Laer. Have at you now.
[Laertes *wounds* Hamlet; *then, in ſcuffling, they change rapiers, and* Hamlet *wounds* Laertes.
King. Part them, they are incens'd.
Ham. Nay, come again——
Oſr. Look to the Queen there, ho!
Hor. They bleed on both ſides. How is't, my lord?
Oſr. How is't, *Laertes?*
Laer. Why, as a woodcock to my own ſprindge, *Oſrick*;
I'm juſtly kill'd with mine own treachery.
Ham. How does the Queen?
King. She ſwoons to ſee them bleed.

Queen.

— that God reward and yield
them at their ~~a~~most need
Form of bidding prayer
Burnt Hist: Reform:

Queen. No, no, the drink, the drink——
Oh my dear *Hamlet*, the drink, the drink,——
I am poiſon'd—— [*Queen dies.*

Ham. Oh villainy! hoe! let the door be lock'd:
Treachery! ſeek it out——

Laer. It is here. *Hamlet*, thou art ſlain,
No medicine in the world can do thee good.
In thee there is not half an hour of life;
The treacherous inſtrument is in thy hand, (75)
Unbated and envenom'd: the foul practice
Hath turn'd itſelf on me. Lo, here I lye,
Never to riſe again; thy mother's poiſon'd;
I can no more——the King, the King's to blame.

Ham. The point envenom'd too?
Then venom to thy work. [*Stabs the King.*

All. Treaſon, treaſon.

King. O yet defend me, friends, I am but hurt.

Ham. Here, thou inceſtuous, murd'rous, damned *Dane*,
Drink off this potion: is the Union here?
Follow my mother. [*King dies.*

(75) *The treach'rous Inſtrument is in thy hand,*
Unbated *and envenom'd.*] The King in the fourth *Act*, in the Scene betwixt him and *Laertes*, ſays;

——— *So that with eaſe,*
Or with a little ſhuffling, you may chuſe
A Sword unbated, *and in a Paſs of Practiſe*
Requite him for your Father.

In which Paſſage the old *Folio*'s read,

A Sword unbaited——

which makes Nonſence of the Place, and deſtroys the Poet's Meaning. *Unbated* ſignifies, *unabated, unblunted*, not charg'd with a *Button* as *Foils* are. There are many Paſſages in our Author, where *bate* and *abate* ſignify to *blunt*.

But doth rebate *and* blunt *his natural* Edge
With Profits of the Mind. Meaſ. *for* Meaſ.

That Honour which ſhall bate *his Scythe's keen Edge.*
Love's Labour loſt.

For from his Metal *was his Party* ſteel'd,
Which once in him abated, *all the reſt*
Turn'd on themſelves like dull and heavy Lead. 2 Henry IV.

So, likewiſe, *Ben Jonſon* in his *Sad Shepherd*.

As far as her proud Scorning him could bate,
Or blunt *the* Edge *of any Lover's Temper.*

Laer.

Laer. He is juſtly ſerved.
It is a poiſon temper'd by himſelf.
Exchange forgiveneſs with me, noble *Hamlet*;
Mine and my father's death come not on thee,
Nor thine on me! [*Dies.*

Ham. Heav'n make the free of it! I follow thee.
I'm dead, *Horatio*; wretched Queen, adieu!
You that look pale, and tremble at this chance,
That are but mutes or audience to this act,
Had I but time, (as this fell Serjeant death
Is ſtrict in his arreſt) oh I could tell you——
But let it be——*Horatio*, I am dead;
Thou liv'ſt, report me and my cauſe aright
To the unſatisfied.

Hor. Never believe it.
I'm more an antique *Roman* than a *Dane*;
Here's yet ſome liquor left.

Ham. As th' art a man,
Give me the cup; let go; by heav'n, I'll have't.
Oh good *Horatio*, what a wounded name,
Things ſtanding thus unknown, ſhall live behind me?
If thou didſt ever hold me in thy heart,
Abſent thee from felicity a while,
And in this harſh world draw thy breath in pain,
To tell my tale. [*March afar off, and ſhout within.*
What warlike noiſe is this?

Enter Oſrick.

Oſr. Young *Fortinbras*, with Conqueſt come from *Poland*,
To the Ambaſſadors of *England* gives
This warlike volley.

Ham. O, I die, *Horatio*:
The potent poiſon quite o'er-grows my ſpirit;
I cannot live to hear the news from *England*.
But I do propheſie, th' election lights
On *Fortinbras*; he has my dying voice;
So tell him, with the occurrents more or leſs,
Which have ſollicited.——The reſt is ſilence. [*Dies.* [150

Hor.

Hor. Now cracks a noble heart; good night, ſweet Prince;
[9] And flights of angels ſing thee to thy Reſt!
Why does the Drum come hither?

Enter Fortinbras *and* Engliſh *Ambaſſadors, with drum, colours, and attendants.*

Fort. Where is this ſight?
Hor. What is it you would ſee?
If ought of woe or wonder, ceaſe your ſearch.
Fort. This quarry cries on havock. Oh proud death! (76)
What feaſt is tow'rd in thy infernal cell,
That thou ſo many Princes at a ſhot
So bloodily haſt ſtruck?
Amb. The ſight is diſmal,
And our affairs from *England* come too late:
The ears are ſenſeleſs, that ſhould give us hearing;
To tell him, his command'ment is fulfill'd,
That *Roſincrantz* and *Guildenſtern* are dead:
Where ſhould we have our thanks?
Hor. Not from his mouth,
Had it th' ability of life to thank you:
He never gave command'ment for their death. (77)
But ſince ſo full upon this bloody queſtion,

(76) ——————*Oh, proud Death!*
What Feaſt is tow'rd in thy eternal *Cell,*] This Epithet, I think, has no great Propriety here. I have choſe the Reading of the old *Quarto* Editions, *infernal.* This communicates an Image ſuitable to the Circumſtance of the Havock, which *Fortinbras* looks on and would repreſent in a light of Horror. Upon the Sight of ſo many dead Bodies, he exclaims againſt Death as an execrable, riotous, Deſtroyer; and as preparing to make a ſavage, and *helliſh* Feaſt.

(d) (77) *He never gave Commandment for their Death.*] We muſt either believe, the Poet had forgot himſelf with Regard to the Circumſtance of *Roſincrantz* and *Guildenſtern*'s Death; or we muſt underſtand him thus; that he, no otherways gave a Command for their Deaths, than in putting a Change upon the Tenour of the King's Commiſſion, and warding off the fatal Sentence from his own Head.

You

You from the *Polack* Wars, and you from *England*,
Are here arriv'd; give Order, that these bodies
High on a Stage be placed to the view,
And let me speak to th' yet unknowing world,
How these things came about. So shall you hear
Of cruel, bloody, and unnatural acts;
Of accidental judgments, casual slaughters;
Of deaths put on by cunning, and forc'd cause;
And, in this upshot, purposes mistook,
Fall'n on th' inventors heads. All this can I
Truly deliver.

Fort. Let us haste to hear it,
And call the Noblefs to the audience.
For me, with sorrow, I embrace my fortune;
I have some rights of memory in this Kingdom,
Which, now to claim my vantage doth invite me.

Hor. Of that I shall have also cause to speak,
And from his mouth whose voice will draw on more: (78)
But let this same be presently perform'd,
Even while men's minds are wild, lest more mischance
On plots and errors happen.

Fort. Let four captains
Bear *Hamlet*, like a Soldier, to the Stage;
For he was likely, had he been put on,
To have prov'd most royally. And for his passage,

(78) *And from his Mouth, whose Voice will draw* no *more.*] This is the Reading of the old *Quarto's*, but certainly a mistaken one. We say, *a Man will no more draw Breath*; but that a Man's *Voice will draw no more*, is, I believe, an Expression without any Authority. I chuse to espouse the Reading of the Elder *Folio*.

And from his Mouth, whose Voice will draw on *more.*

And this is the Poet's Meaning. *Hamlet*, just before his Death, had said;

But I do prophesie, th' Election lights
On Fortinbras: *He has my dying* Voice;
So tell him, *&c.*

Accordingly, *Horatio* here delivers that Message; and very justly infers, that *Hamlet*'s *Voice* will be seconded by others, and procure them in Favour of *Fortinbras*'s Succession.

The Soldiers' muſick, and the rites of war
Speak loudly for him—
Take up the body: ſuch a ſight as this
Becomes the field, but here ſhews much amiſs.
Go, bid the Soldiers ſhoot.

[*Exeunt, marching: after which, a peal of Ordnance are ſhot off.*

a. 292. — "not to speak it profanely" I suppose refers to what comes after of their being made by Nature's journey-men.

b. 311. — the body of Contraction — Contraction here means the Marriage contract.

c. 335. Laertes. Do you see this ye Gods! This is an oversight in our Poet, who seems to forget that Laertes is a Christian.

d. 366 Note 77.
Mr S. is strangely mistaken here, and through his own mistake charges one upon the Poet.
Not from his mouth ——
He never gave commandment for their death
his, and he, relate to the King, of whom the Embassador just before spoke, not to Ham: let as Mr S. imagined.

e 283 Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.
W. reads
Most free of question ——
Niggard of his reply.

f 305. And do such bitter business as the
Would quake to look on. —— day
Warb: says the Old Quarto reads,
— such business as the bitter day
from whence he corrects,
— as the better day.

g 308 — and retain the offense
W. reads effects

h. 360 since no man, of ought he leaves,
knows, &c Old Qu: W.

i 345 — their even christian.
This expression is used by Chaucer
in Jack Upland,
— it seemeth that they be horrible
giltie against God and ther even
christian. Urry's Ed: p. 593.
near the end.

OTHELLO,

THE

Moor of *VENICE.*

Dramatis Perſonæ.

DUKE of Venice.
Brabantio, *a noble* Venetian.
Gratiano, *Brother to* Brabantio.
Lodovico, *Kinſman to* Brabantio *and* Gratiano.
Othello, *the Moor*, *General for the* Venetians *in* Cyprus.
Caſſio, *his Lieutenant-General.*
Iago, *Standard-bearer to* Othello.
Rodorigo, *a fooliſh Gentleman*, *in love with* Deſdemona.
Montano, *the Moor's Predeceſſor in the Government of* Cyprus.
Clown, *Servant to the Moor.*
Herald.

Deſdemona, *Daughter to* Brabantio, *and Wife to* Othello.
Æmilia, *Wife to* Iago.
Bianca, *Curtezan*, *Miſtreſs to* Caſſio.

Officers, *Gentlemen*, *Meſſengers*, *Muſicians*, *Sailors*, *and Attendants.*

SCENE, *for the Firſt Act*, *in* Venice; *during the reſt of the Play*, *in* Cyprus.

OTHELLO, (1)

The Moor of VENICE.

ACT I.

SCENE, *a Street in VENICE.*

Enter Rodorigo *and* Iago.

RODORIGO.

NEver tell me, I take it much unkindly,
That thou, *Iago*, who haſt had my purſe,
As if the ſtrings were thine, ſhouldſt know of this.

Iago. But you'll not hear me.
If ever I did dream of ſuch a matter, abhor me.

Rod. Thou told'ſt me, thou didſt hold him in thy hate.

(1) *Othello.*] The Groundwork of this Play is built on a Novel of *Cinthio Giraldi*, (Dec. 3. Nov. 7.) who ſeems to have deſign'd his Tale a Document to young Ladies againſt diſproportion'd Marriages: *di non ſe accompagnare con huomo, cui la Natura & il cielo, & il modo della Vita diſgiunge da noi:* That they ſhould not link themſelves to ſuch, againſt whom Nature, Providence, and a different way of Living have interpos'd a Bar. Our Poet inculcates no ſuch Moral: but rather, that a Woman may fall in Love with the Virtues and ſhining Qualities of a Man; and therein overlook the Difference of Complexion and Colour. Mr. *Rymer* has run riot againſt the Conduct, Manners, Sentiments, and Diction, of this Play: but in ſuch a Strain, that one is mov'd rather to laugh at the Freedom

Iago. Deſpiſe me,
If I do not. Three Great ones of the city,
In perſonal ſuit to make me his lieutenant,
Off-cap'd to him: and, by the faith of man, (2)
I know my price, I'm worth no worſe a Place.
But he, as loving his own pride and purpoſes,
Evades them with a bombaſt circumſtance,
Horribly ſtuft with epithets of war;
And, in concluſion,
Non-ſuits my mediators. "Certes, ſays he,
"I have already choſe my officer."
And what was he?
Forſooth, a great arithmetician,

Freedom and Coarſeneſs of his Raillery, than provok'd to be downright angry at his Cenſures. To take a ſhort Sample of his Criticiſm;——— "*Shakeſpeare* in this Play calls 'em the ſuper-ſubtle *Venetians:* yet exa- "mine thoroughly the Tragedy, there is nothing in the noble *Deſdemo-* "*na*, that is not below any Country Chamber-maid with us. And the "Account, he gives of their Noblemen and Senate, can only be calcu- "lated for the Latitude of *Gotham*. The Character of the *Venetian* "State is to employ Strangers in their Wars: but ſhall a Poet thence "fancy, that they will ſet a *Negro* to be their General? or truſt a *Moor* "to defend them againſt the *Turk?* With us a *Black-a-moor* might riſe "to be a Trumpeter; but *Shakeſpeare* would not have him leſs than a "Lieutenant-General. With us a *Moor* might marry ſome little Drab, "or Smallcoal-Wench; *Shakeſpeare* would provide him the Daughter "and Heir of ſome great Lord, or Privy-Counſellour: and all the Town "ſhould reckon it a very ſuitable Match. Yet the *Engliſh* are not bred "up with that Hatred and Averſion to the *Moors*, as are the *Venetians* "who ſuffer by a perpetual Hoſtility from them. *Littora littoribus con-* "*traria*. Nothing is more odious in Nature than an improbable Lie: "and certainly never was any Play fraught like this of *Othello* with Im- "probabilities." *&c.*———

Thus this *Critick* goes on; but ſuch Reflexions require no ſerious Anſwer. This Tragedy will continue to have laſting Charms enough to make us blind to ſuch Abſurdities, as the Poet thought were not worth his Care.

(2) Oft capt *to him*:] Thus the oldeſt *Quarto*, and ſome modern Editions; but I have choſe to reſtore the Reading of the firſt and ſecond *Folio* Impreſſions, *Off-capt*; i. e. ſtood Cap in Hand, ſoliciting him. So, in *Anthony*; ——— *I have ever held my* Cap off *to thy Fortunes.* And in *Timon*;

And let his very Breath, whom thou'lt obſerve,
Blow off *thy* Cap.

One

One *Michael Caſſio*;—(" the *Florentine*'s (3)
" A fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair wife;"),——

 That

(3) *Forſooth, a great Arithmetician,*
One Michael Caſſio, *a* Florentine,
A Fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair Wife.] Thus has this Paſſage ignorantly been corrupted, (as Mr. *Warburton* likewiſe ſaw with me;) by falſe Pointing, and an Inadvertence to Matter of Fact, thro' the whole Courſe of the Editions. By the Bye, this Play was not publiſh'd even ſingly, that I can find, till ſix Years after the Author's Death: and by that Interval became more liable to Errors. I'll ſubjoin the Correction, and then the Reaſons for it.

And, in Concluſion,
Nonſuits my Mediators: " Certes, *ſays he,*
" *I have already choſe my Officer*;"——
And what was he?
Forſooth, a great Arithmetician,
One Michael Caſſio;—(" *the* Florentine's
" *A Fellow almoſt damn'd in a fair Wife*;"—)
That never, &c.

This Pointing ſets Circumſtances right, as I ſhall immediately explain; and it gives a Variety, in *Iago* reporting the Behaviour of *Othello*, to ſtart into theſe Breaks; now, to make *Othello* ſpeak;——then, to interrupt what *Othello* ſays with his own private Reflexions;——then, again, to proceed with *Othello*'s Speeches:—For this not only marks the Inquietude of *Iago*'s Mind upon the Subject in hand; but likewiſe ſhews the Actor in the Variation of Tone and Geſture, whilſt he (in a Breath, as 'twere) perſonates alternately *Othello* and himſelf. Beſides, to come to the Neceſſity of the Change made; *Iago*, not *Caſſio*, was the *Florentine*; *Iago*, not *Caſſio*, was the married Man; *Iago*'s Wife attends *Deſdemona* to *Cyprus*; *Caſſio* has a Miſtreſs there, a common Strumpet; and *Iago* tells him in the fourth Act,

She gives it out, that you ſhall marry her:

Which would be very abſurd, if *Caſſio* had been already married at *Venice*. Beſides, our Poet follows the Authority of his Novel in giving the villanous Enſign a fair Wife. " *Havea ſimilmente menata queſto* Malvagio " *la ſua* Moglie *in* Cipri, *la quale era* bella & honeſta *Giovane*." And it is very good Reaſon for rejecting *Iago*, becauſe he was a married Man, and might be thought too much govern'd by his Wife to be capable of this Charge. And this was a natural Objection in an unmarried General, as *Othello* was when he choſe his Officers. *Iago* therefore was the Fellow *almoſt damn'd in a fair Wife:* which is an Expreſſion obſcure enough to deſerve a ſhort Explanation. The Poet means, *Iago* had ſo beautiful a Wife, that ſhe was his *Heaven on Earth*; that he *idoliz'd* her; and forgot to think of Happineſs in an After-ſtate, as placing all his Views of Bliſs in the ſingle Enjoyment of her. In this ſenſe, *Beauty*, when it can ſo ſeduce and ingroſs a Man's Thoughts, may be ſaid *almoſt to damn* him.

Jeſſica,

That never ſet a ſquadron in the field,
Nor the diviſion of a battle knows
More than a ſpinſter; but the bookiſh theorick,
Wherein the toged counſ'lors can propoſe (4)

As

Jeſſica, ſpeaking of *Baſſanio*'s Happineſs in a Wife, ſays ſomething almoſt equal to this.

For having ſuch a Bleſſing *in his Lady,*
He finds the Joys *of* Heaven *here on Earth;*
And if on Earth he do not merit it,
In Reaſon he ſhould never come to Heav'n. [Merch. *of* Venice.

Beaumont and *Fletcher* likewiſe, in their *King and no King*, make *Tigranes* ſpeak of ſuch a Degree of Beauty ſufficient to *damn* Souls.

——*had She ſo tempting Fair,*
That She could wiſh it off for damning *Souls.*

i. e. either, for that it did damn Souls; or, for Fear it ſhould.

(4) *Wherein the* tongued Conſuls.] So the generality of the Impreſſions read; but the oldeſt *Quarto* has it, *toged*; (which gave the Hint for my Emendation;) the Senators, that aſſiſted the Duke in Council, in their proper *Gowns*.—*Iago*, a little lower, ſays to *Brabantio*,

Zounds, Sir, you're robb'd: for ſhame, put on your Gown;

Now I think, 'tis pretty certain, that *Iago* does not mean, "Slip on "your *Night-gown*, but your *Gown* of *Office*, your *Senatorial* Gown; "put on your Authority, and purſue the Thief who has ſtole your "Daughter." Beſides, there is not that Contraſt of Terms betwixt *tongued*, as there is betwixt *toged*, and *Soldierſhip*. This Reading is peculiarly proper here; and the ſame Oppoſition is almoſt for ever made by the *Roman* Writers. For Inſtance;

Cicero *in* Offic.

Cedant Arma Togæ,—

Idem *in* Piſonem.

—— *Sed quòd* Pacis *eſt Inſigne & Otii*, Toga: *contrà autèm* Arma, *Tumultûs atq;* Belli.

Vell. Paterculus *de* Scipione Æmiliano.

——*paterniſq;* Lucii Pauli *Virtutibus ſimillimus, omnibus* Belli *ac* Togæ *dotibus*, &c.

Caſſius Ciceroni.

Etenìm tua Toga *omnium* Armis *felicior.*

Ovid. *Metamor.* lib. xv.——

Cæſar *in urbe ſuâ Deus eſt*; *quem* Marte Togâq;
Præcipuum, &c.

Idem *in Epiſt.* ex Ponto, li. 2. Ep. 1.

——*Jàm nunc hæc à me, juvenum* bellôq; togâq;
Maxime. Juvenal. *Sat.* 10.

——*nocitura* Togâ, *nocitura petuntur*
Militiâ.

And in a great Number of Paſſages more, that might be quoted.

But

As masterly as he; meer prattle, without practice,
Is all his soldiership——he had th' election;
And I, of whom his eyes had seen the proof
At *Rhodes*, at *Cyprus*, and on other grounds
Christian and heath'n, must be belee'd and calm'd (5)*
By *Debitor*, and *Creditor*, this *Counter-caster*;
He, in good time, must his lieutenant be,
And I, (God bless the mark!) his Moor-ship's Ancient.

Rod. By heav'n, I rather would have been his hangman.

Iago. But there's no remedy, 'tis the curse of service;
Preferment goes by letter and affection,
And not by old gradation, where each second
Stood heir to th' first. Now, Sir, be judge your self,
If I in any just term am assign'd
To love the Moor.

Rod. I would not follow him then.

Iago. O Sir, content you;

But now let me proceed to explain, why I have ventured to substitute *Counsellors* in the Room of *Consuls*: and then, I hope, the Alteration will not appear arbitrary. The *Venetian* Nobility, 'tis well known, constitute the great *Council* of the Senate, and are a Part of the Administration; and summon'd to assist and counsel the *Doge*, who is Prince of the Senate; and, in that Regard, has only Precedency before the other Magistrates. So that, in this Respect, they may very properly be call'd *Counsellors*. Again, when the Officer comes from the Duke to *Brabantio*, in a subsequent Scene of this Act, he says,

The Duke's in Council, *and your Noble self,*
I'm sure, is sent for.

And when *Brabantio* comes into the Senate, the Duke says to him;

We lack'd your Counsel, *and your Help to Night.*

Now *Brabantio* was a Senator, but no *Consul*. Besides, tho' the Government of *Venice* was Democratic at first, under *Consuls* and *Tribunes*; that Form of Power has been totally abrogated, since *Doges* have been elected: And whatever *Consuls* of other States may be resident there, yet they have no more a Voice, or Place, in the publick *Councils*, or in what concerns Peace or War; than foreign Ambassadors can have in our Parliament.

(5)**Must be* led *and calm'd.*] There is no Consonance of Metaphor in these two Terms. I have chose to read with the first *Folio*, and several other of the old Editions. *Belee'd* is a Sea-Term as well as *calm'd*; and a Ship is said to be *belee'd*, when she lies close under the Wind, on the *Lee*-Shore; makes no Sail.

I follow him to ſerve my turn upon him.
We cannot all be maſters, nor all maſters
Cannot be truly follow'd. You ſhall mark
Many a duteous and knee-crooking knave,
That, doting on his own obſequious bondage,
Wears out his time, much like his maſter's aſs,
For nought but provender; and when he's old, caſheir'd;
Whip me ſuch honeſt knaves——Others there are,
Who, trimm'd in forms and viſages of duty,
Keep yet their hearts attending on themſelves;
And, throwing but ſhows of ſervice on their lords,
Well thrive by them; and when they've lin'd their coats,
Do themſelves homage. Theſe folks have ſome ſoul,
And ſuch a one do I profeſs my ſelf.
It is as ſure as you are *Rodorigo*,
Were I the Moor, I would not be *Iago*:
In following him, I follow but my ſelf.
Heav'n is my judge, not I, for love and duty;
But, ſeeming ſo, for my peculiar end:
For when my outward action doth demonſtrate
The native act and figure of my heart
In compliment extern, 'tis not long after
But I will wear my heart upon my ſleeve,
For daws to peck at; I'm not what I ſeem. [*am B.

Rod. What a full fortune does the thick-lips owe,
If he can carry her thus? *it B

Iago. Call up her father;
Rouſe him, make after him, poiſon his delight.
Proclaim him in the ſtreets, incenſe her kinſmen.
And tho' he in a fertile climate dwell,
Plague him with flies: tho' that his joy be joy,
Yet throw ſuch changes of vexation on't,
As it may loſe ſome colour.

Rod. Here is her father's houſe, I'll call aloud.

Iago. Do, with like timorous accent, and dire yell,
As when, by night and negligence, the fire
Is ſpied in populous cities.

Rod. What, ho! *Brabantio!* Signior *Brabantio!* ho.

Iago. Awake! what, ho! *Brabantio!* ho! thieves! thieves!

Look

Look to your houſe, your daughter, and your bags:
Thieves! thieves!

Brabantio *appears above, at a window.*

Bra. What is the reaſon of this terrible ſummons?
What is the matter there?
Rod. Signior, is all your family within?
Iago. Are all doors lock'd?
Bra. Why? wherefore aſk you this?
Iago. Zounds! Sir, you're robb'd: for ſhame, put on your Gown;
Your heart is burſt, you have loſt half your ſoul;
Ev'n now, ev'n very now, an old black ram
Is tupping your white ewe. Ariſe, ariſe,
Awake the ſnorting citizens with the bell,
Or elſe the Devil will make a grandſire of you.
Ariſe, I ſay.
Bra. What, have you loſt your wits?
Rod. Moſt reverend ſignior, do you know my voice?
Bra. Not I; what are you?
Rod. My name is *Rodorigo*.
Bra. The worſe welcome;
I've charg'd thee not to haunt about my doors:
In honeſt plainneſs thou haſt heard me ſay,
My daughter's not for thee. And now in madneſs,
Being full of ſupper and diſtemp'ring draughts,
Upon malicious bravery doſt thou come * knaven F.
To ſtart my quiet.
Rod. Sir, Sir, Sir——
Bra. But thou muſt needs be ſure,
My ſpirit and my place have in their power
To make this bitter to thee.
Rod. Patience, good Sir.
Bra. What tell'ſt thou me of robbing? this is *Venice*:
My houſe is not a grange.
Rod. Moſt grave *Brabantio*,
In ſimple and pure ſoul, I come to you.
Iago. Zounds! Sir, you are one of thoſe that will not ſerve God, if the Devil bid you. Becauſe we come to do you ſervice, you think we are ruffians; you'll have your daughter

daughter cover'd with a *Barbary* horſe, you'll have your nephews neigh to you; you'll have courſers for couſins, and gennets for germans.

Bra. What prophane wretch art thou?

Iago. I am one, Sir, that comes to tell you, your daughter and the Moor are now making the beaſt with two backs.

Bra. Thou art a villain.

Iago. You are a ſenator.

Bra. This thou ſhalt anſwer. I know thee, *Rodorigo.*

Rod. Sir, I will anſwer any thing. But I beſeech you,
If't be your pleaſure and moſt wiſe conſent,
(As partly, I find, it is,) that your fair daughter,
At this odd even and dull watch o'th' night,
Tranſported with no worſe nor better guard,
But with a knave of hire, a *Gundalier*, *^ common F.
To the groſs claſps of a laſcivious Moor:
If this be known to you, and your allowance,
We then have done you bold and ſawcy wrongs.
But if you know not this, my manners tell me,
We have your wrong rebuke. Do not believe,
That from the ſenſe of all civility
I thus would play, and trifle with your reverence.
Your daughter, if you have not giv'n her leave,
I ſay again, hath made a groſs revolt;
Tying her duty, beauty, wit and fortunes
To an extravagant and wheeling ſtranger,
Of here and every where; ſtraight ſatisfie your ſelf.
If ſhe be in her chamber, or your houſe,
Let looſe on me the juſtice of the State
For *thus deluding you. *this deluſion Q.

Bra. Strike on the tinder, ho!
Give me a taper;——call up all my people;——
This accident is not unlike my Dream,
Belief of it oppreſſes me already.
Light, I ſay, light!

Iago. Farewel; for I muſt leave you.
It ſeems not meet, nor wholſome to my place,
To be produc'd (as if I ſtay, I ſhall)
Againſt the Moor. For I do know, the State,
However

The lines marked thus ... are not in the Quarto.

However this may gall him with ſome check,
Cannot with ſafety caſt him. For he's embark'd
With ſuch loud reaſon to the *Cyprus'* wars,
Which ev'n now ſtand in act, that, for their ſouls,
Another of his fadom they have none, *not, Q.
To lead their buſineſs. In which regard,
Tho' I do hate him as I do hell's pains,
Yet, for neceſſity of preſent life,
I muſt ſhew out a flag and ſign of love:
(Which is, indeed, but ſign.) That you may ſurely find him,
Lead to the *Sagittary* the raiſed ſearch;
And there will I be with him. So, farewel. [*Exit.*

Enter Brabantio, *and ſervants with torches.*

Bra. It is too true an evil. Gone ſhe is;
And what's to come of my deſpiſed time,
Is nought but bitterneſs. Now, *Rodorigo*,
Where didſt thou ſee her? oh unhappy girl!
With the Moor, ſaiſt thou? who would be a father?
How didſt thou know 'twas ſhe; oh, ſhe deceives me
Paſt thought—What ſaid ſhe to you? get more tapers—
Raiſe all my kindred——are they married, think you?

Rod. Truly, I think, they are.

Bra. Oh heaven! how gat ſhe out?
Oh treaſon of my blood!
Fathers, from hence truſt not your daughters minds
By what you ſee them act. Are there not charms,
By which the property of youth and maidhood
May be abus'd? have you not read, *Rodorigo*,
Of ſome ſuch thing?

Rod. Yes, Sir, I have, indeed.

Bra. Call up my brother: oh, would you had had her;
Some one way, ſome another——Do you know
Where we may apprehend her, and the Moor?

Rod. I think, I can diſcover him, if you pleaſe
To get good guard, and go along with me.

Bra. Pray you, lead on. At every houſe I'll call,
I may command at moſt; get weapons, hoa!
And raiſe ſome ſpecial officers of might:
On, good *Rodorigo*, I'll deſerve your pains. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE

SCENE *changes to another* STREET, *before the* Sagittary.

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Attendants with Torches.*

Iago. Tho' in the trade of war I have ſlain men,
Yet do I hold it very ſtuff o'th' conſcience
To do no contriv'd murder: I lack iniquity
Sometimes to do me ſervice.——Nine or ten times
I thought to've jerk'd him here under the ribs.
Oth. It's better as it is.
Iago. Nay, but he prated,
And ſpoke ſuch ſcurvy and provoking terms
Againſt your honour;
That, with the little godlineſs I have,
I did full hard forbear him. But I pray, Sir,
Are you faſt married? for, be ſure of this,
That the Magnifico is much belov'd,
And hath in his effect a voice potential (6)
As double as the Duke's: he will divorce you,
Or put upon you what reſtraint or grievance
The law (with all his might t' enforce it on)
Will give him cable.
Oth. Let him do his ſpight:
My ſervices, which I have done the Signory,
Shall out-tongue his complaints. 'Tis yet to know,
(Which, when I know that Boaſting is an honour,
I ſhall promulgate) I fetch my Life and Being (7)
From

(6) *And hath in his effect a Voice potential,*
As double *as the Duke's.*] *Rymer* ſeems to have had his Eye on this Paſſage amongſt others, when he talks ſo much of the Impropriety and Barbarity in the Style of this Play. But it is, in Truth, a very elegant *Greciſm.* As *double*, ſignifies, as *large*, as *extenſive*. So the *Greeks* us'd ἁπλοῦς, for, *latus, grandis*, as well as, *duplex:* and, in the ſame Manner and Conſtructions, the *Latines* ſometimes us'd their *duplex.*
Mr. *Warburton.*

(7) ——— *I fetch my Life and Being*
From Men of royal Siege; and my Demerits
May ſpeak unbonnetted *to as proud a Fortune*
As this that I have reach'd.] Thus all the Copies read this Paſſage.
But

From men of royal ſiege; and my demerits
May ſpeak, and bonnetted, to as proud a fortune
As this that I have reach'd. For know, *Iago*,
But that I love the gentle *Deſdemona*,
I would not my unhouſed free condition
Put into circumſcription and confine,
For the ſea's worth. But look! what lights come yonder?

Enter Caſſio, *with torches.*

Iago. Thoſe are the raiſed father, and his friends:
You were beſt go in.
Oth. Not I: I muſt be found.
My parts, my title, and my perfect Soul
Shall manifeſt me rightly. Is it they?
Iago. By *Janus*, I think, no. [140]
Oth. The Servants of the Duke, and my lieutenant:
The goodneſs of the night upon you, friends!
What is the news?
Caſ. The Duke does greet you, General;
And he requires your haſte, poſt-haſte, appearance,
Even on the inſtant.

But, to ſpeak *unbonnetted*, is to ſpeak *with the Cap off*, which is directly oppoſite to the Poet's Meaning. So, in King *Lear*;

This Night, in which the cub-drawn Bear would couch,
The Lion, and the belly-pinched Wolf,
Keep their Furr dry, unbonnetted *he runs,*
And bids what will take all.

Othello means to ſay, that his Birth and Services ſet him upon ſuch a Rank, that he may ſpeak to a Senator of *Venice* with his Hat *on*; i. e. without ſhewing any Marks of Deference, or Inequality. I, therefore, am inclin'd to think, *Shakeſpeare* wrote;

May ſpeak, and bonnetted, *&c.*

Or, if any like better the Change of the Negative *un*, in the corrupted Reading, into the Epitatic *im*, we may thus reform it:

May ſpeak imbonnetted, *&c.*

I propos'd the Correction of this Paſſage in my SHAKESPEARE *reſtored*; upon which, Mr. *Pope*, in his laſt Edition, has found out an other Expedient, and would read,

May ſpeak unbonnetting, *&c.*

i. e. as he ſays, *without pulling off the Bonnett*. But the Senſe thus is equivocal and obſcure: and *unbonnetting* more naturally ſignifies, *pulling off the Bonnett*, than the contrary.

Oth.

Oth. What is the matter, think you?

Caſ. Something from *Cyprus*, as I may divine:
It is a buſineſs of ſome heat. The Gallies
Have ſent a dozen ſequent meſſengers
This very night, at one anothers heels:
And many of the Counſ'lers, rais'd and met, (8)
Are at the Duke's already. You have been hotly call'd for;
When, being not at your lodging to be found,
The Senate ſent above three ſeveral queſts, [about. F.
To ſearch you out.

Oth. 'Tis well I am found by you:
I will but ſpend a word here in the houſe,
And go with you. [*Exit* Othello.

Caſ. Ancient, what makes he here?

Iago. Faith, he to night hath boarded a land-carrack;
If it prove lawful prize, he's made for ever.

Caſ. I do not underſtand.

Iago. He's married.

Caſ. To whom?

Iago. Marry to——Come, Captain, will you go?

Enter Othello.

Oth. Have with you.

Caſ. Here comes another troop to ſeek for you.

Enter Brabantio, Rodorigo, *with officers and torches.*

Iago. It is *Brabantio:* General, be advis'd;
He comes to bad intent.

Oth. Holla! ſtand there.

Rod. Seignior, it is the Moor.

Bra. Down with him, thief! [*They draw on both ſides.*

Iago. You, *Rodorigo!* come, Sir, I am for you——

Oth. Keep up your bright ſwords, for the dew will ruſt 'em.

(8) *And many of the* Conſuls, *rais'd and met,*
Are at the Duke's already.] Thus all the Editions concur in reading; but there is no ſuch Character as a *Conſul* appears in any Part of the Play. I change it to, *Counſellors*; i. e. the Grandees that conſtitute the great *Council* at *Venice*. The Reaſon I have already given, above, in the Cloſe of the 5th Note,

Good

Good Signior, you ſhall more command with years,
Than with your weapons.

Bra. O thou foul thief! where haſt thou ſtow'd my daughter?
Damn'd as thou art, thou haſt enchanted her;
For I'll refer me to all things of ſenſe,
If ſhe in chains of magick were not bound,
Whether a maid, ſo tender, fair, and happy,
So oppoſite to marriage, that ſhe ſhunn'd (9)
The wealthy curled darlings of our nation,
Would ever have, t'incur a general mock,
Run from her guardage to the ſooty boſom

(9) ——*that ſhe ſhunn'd*
The wealthy curled *Darlings of our Nation.*] Tho' I have not diſturb'd the Text here, I ought to ſubjoin a very probable Conjecture which Mr. *Warburton* propos'd to me.

The wealthy culled *Darlings of our Nation.*

i. e. pick'd, ſelect, choſen, from the common Suitors. For the Epithet *curled*, as he obſerves, was no Mark of Diſtinction or Difference between a *Venetian* and a *Moor*; which latter People are remarkably *curl'd* by Nature. And tho' *culled* now, when our Ears are nicer than our Underſtandings, may not ſo frequently find a Place in the *Drama*; the ſame Objection did not lie to the Sound of it in *Shakeſpeare*'s Days.

Of all Complexions the cull'd *Sov'reignty.* Love's Labour loſt.
Call for our chiefeſt Men of Diſcipline
To cull *the Plots of beſt Advantages.* *King* John.
Then, in a Moment, Fortune ſhall cull *forth*
Out of one Side her happy Minion. ib.
Before I drew this gallant Head of War,
And cull'd *theſe fiery Spirits from the World*
To out-look Conqueſt. ib.
For who is He, whoſe Chin is but enrich'd
With one appearing Hair, that will not follow
Theſe cull'd *and choice-drawn Cavaliers to* France? Henry V.
Now ye familiar Spirits, that are cull'd
Out of the pow'rful Regions under Earth. 1 Henry VI.
And here's a Lord, come Knights from Eaſt to Weſt,
And cull *their Flow'r,* Ajax *ſhall cope the beſt.* Troil. *and* Creſſ.
No, Madam; we have cull'd *ſuch Neceſſaries*
As are behovefull for our State to morrow. Rom. *and* Jul.
In tatter'd Weeds, with overwhelming Brows,
Culling *of Simples.* ibid.
&c. &c. &c.

Of ſuch a thing as thou, to fear, not to delight?
Judge me the world, if 'tis not groſs in ſenſe, (10)
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foul charms,
Abus'd her delicate youth with drugs or minerals,

(10) *Judge me the World, if 'tis not groſs in Senſe,*
That thou haſt practis'd on her with foul Charms,
Abus'd her delicate Youth with Drugs, or Minerals,
That weaken Motion.] *Brabantio* is here accuſing *Othello* of having us'd ſome foul Play, and intoxicated *Deſdemona* by Drugs and Potions to win her over to his Love. But why, *Drugs* to weaken *Motion?* How then could ſhe have run away with him voluntarily from her Father's Houſe? Had ſhe been averſe to chuſing *Othello*, tho' he had given her Medicines that took away the Uſe of her Limbs, might ſhe not ſtill have retain'd her Senſes, and oppos'd the Marriage? Her Father, 'tis evident, from ſeveral of his Speeches, is poſitive that ſhe muſt have been *abuſed* in her *rational* Faculties; or ſhe could not have made ſo prepoſterous a Choice, as to wed with a *Moor*, a *Black*, and refuſe the fineſt young Gentlemen in *Venice*. What then have we to do with her *Motion* being weaken'd? If I underſtand any thing of the Poet's Meaning here, I cannot but think, he muſt have wrote;

Abus'd her delicate Youth with Drugs, or Minerals,
That weaken Notion.

i. e. her *Apprehenſion*, right *Conception* and *Idea* of Things, *Underſtanding*, *Judgment*, &c. 'Tis uſual with us to ſay, *we have no* Notion *of a Thing*, when we would mean, we don't very clearly underſtand it. The *Roman* Claſſicks uſed the Word in the ſame Manner; and *Cicero* has thus defin'd it for us. NOTIONEM *appello, quod* Græci *τὴν ἔννοιαν τὴν προλήψιν. Dei* notionem *nullum Animal eſt quod habeat præter hominem. Idem* 1. de, Legibus. *Cujus rei rationem* notionemq; *eodem Volumine tradidit.* Plin. *lib.* 17. *cap.* 28, *&c.* Nor is our Author infrequent in the Uſage of this Term.

Does Lear *walk thus? ſpeak thus? Where are his Eyes?*
Either his Notion *weakens, his Diſcernings*
Are lethargied, &c. *King* Lear.

——— *Your Judgments, my grave Lords,*
Muſt give this Cur the Lye; and his own Notion,
Who wears my Stripes, &c. Coriolanus.

——— *And all things elſe, that might*
To half a Soul, and to a Notion *craz'd*
Say, thus did Banquo. Macbeth

And, in *Cymbeline*, he has expreſs'd the ſame Idea by an equivalent Term.

The Drug he gave me, which he ſaid was precious
And cordial to me, have I not found it
Murth'rous *to th'* Senſes?

I made this Emendation in the Appendix to my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd* and Mr. *Pope* has adopted it in his laſt Edition.

Tha

That weaken Notion.——I'll hav't diſputed on ;
'Tis probable, and palpable to thinking.
I therefore apprehend and do attach thee
For an abuſer of the world, a practicer
Of arts inhibited and out of warrant ;
Lay hold upon him ; if he do reſiſt,
Subdue him at his peril.

Oth. Hold your hands,
Both you of my inclining, and the reſt.
Were it my cue to fight, I ſhould have known it
Without a prompter. Where will you I go
To anſwer this your charge ?

Bra. To priſon, 'till fit time
Of law, and courſe of direct Seſſion
Call thee to anſwer.

Oth. What if I do obey ?
How may the Duke be therewith ſatisfied,
Whoſe meſſengers are here about my ſide,
Upon ſome preſent buſineſs of the State,
To bring me to him ?

Offi. True, moſt worthy ſignior,
The Duke's in Council ; and your noble ſelf,
I'm ſure, is ſent for.

Bra. How ! the Duke in Council ?
In this time of the night ? bring him away ;
Mine's not an idle cauſe. The Duke himſelf,
Or any of my Brothers of the State,
Cannot but feel this wrong, as 'twere their own ;
For if ſuch actions may have paſſage free, (11)
Bond-ſlaves and Pageants ſhall our Stateſmen be. [*Exeunt.*

(11) *For if ſuch Actions may have Paſſage free,*
Bondſlaves and Pagans *ſhall our Stateſmen be.*] I have long had a Suſpicion of *Pagans* here. Would *Brabantio* infer, if his private Injury were not redreſs'd, the Senate ſhould no longer pretend to call themſelves *Chriſtians ?* But *Pagans* are as ſtrict and moral, we find, all the World over, as the moſt regular *Chriſtians,* in the Preſervation of private Property. The Difference of *Faith* is not at all concern'd, but mere humane *Policy,* in aſcertaining the Right of *meum* and *tuum.* I have ventur'd to imagine, that our Author wrote,

Bondſlaves and Pageants *ſhall our Stateſmen be.*

i. e.

SCENE *changes to the Senate House.*

Duke and Senators, set at a table with lights, and attendants.

Duke. There is no composition in these news,
That gives them credit.
1 *Sen.* Indeed, they're disproportion'd;
My letters say, a hundred and seven Gallies.
Duke. And mine, a hundred and forty.
2 *Sen.* And mine, two hundred;
But though they jump not on a just account,
(As in these cases, where they aim reports, *the. F*
'Tis oft with diff'rence;) yet do they all confirm
A *Turkish* Fleet, and bearing up to *Cyprus.*
Duke. Nay, it is possible enough to judgment;
I do not so secure me in the error,
But the main article I do approve,
In fearful sense.
Sailors within.] What hoa! what hoa! what hoa!

Enter Sailor.

Offi. A messenger from the Gallies.
Duke. Now!——what's the business?
Sail. The *Turkish* preparation makes for *Rhodes,*
So was I bid report here to the State.
Duke. How say you by this change?
1 *Sen.* This cannot be,
By no assay of reason. 'Tis a pageant,

i.e. if we'll let such injurious Actions go unpunish'd, our Statesmen must be *Slaves, Cyphers* in *Office,* and have no Pow'r of redressing; be Things of meer Show, and gaudy Appearance only.

So, in *Meas.* for *Meas.*

Mine were the very Cypher *of a Function,*
To fine the Faults, whose Fine stands in Record,
And let go by the Actor.

And, so, in King *Henry* VIII.

——*if we stand still, in fear*
Our Motion will be mock'd or carped at,
We should take root here where we sit:
Or sit State-Statues *only.*

To

To keep us in falſe gaze ; when we conſider
Th' importancy of *Cyprus* to the *Turk*,
And let our ſelves again but underſtand,
That as it more concerns the *Turk* than *Rhodes*,
So may he with more facile queſtion bear it; (12)
For that it ſtands not in ſuch warlike brace,
But altogether lacks th' abilities
That *Rhodes* is dreſs'd in. If we make thought of this,
We muſt not think the *Turk* is ſo unſkilful,
To leave that lateſt, which concerns him firſt ;
Neglecting an attempt of eaſe and gain,
To wake, and wage, a danger profitleſs.

Duke. Nay, in all confidence he's not for *Rhodes*.

Offi. Here is more news.

Enter a Meſſenger.

Meſ. The *Ottomites*, (reverend and gracious,)
Steering with due courſe toward the Iſle of *Rhodes*,
Have there injoin'd them with an after fleet——

1 *Sen.* Ay, ſo I thought ; how many, as you gueſs?

Meſ. Of thirty ſail ; and now they do re-ſtem
Their backward courſe, bearing with frank appearance
Their Purpoſes toward *Cyprus*. Signior *Montano*,
Your truſty and moſt valiant Servitor,
With his free duty, recommends you thus,
And prays you to believe him.

Duke. 'Tis certain then for *Cyprus* : *Marcus Luccicos*,
Is he not here in town ?

1 *Sen.* He's now in *Florence*.

(12) *So may he with more* fertile *Queſtion bear it* ;] This is Mr. *Pope*'s Reading ; but upon what Authorities, I am yet to learn. All the old Impreſſions, *Quarto*'s and *Folio*'s, I know, have it ;

So may he with more facile *Queſtion bear it.*

i. e. He may with a more eaſy Struggle, with leſs Strength, carry *Cyprus* ; and the Poet ſubjoins this Reaſon for it, becauſe *Cyprus* was not near ſo well fortified, nor in the Condition to oppoſe, as *Rhodes* was. I ought to mention, to the Praiſe of my Friend Mr. *Warburton*'s Sagacity, that tho' he had none of the old Editions to collate or refer to, he ſent me word by Letter, that the Context abſolutely requir'd *facile Queſtion*.

Duke. Write from us, to him, poſt, poſt-haſte, diſpatch.
1 *Sen.* Here comes *Brabantio*, and the valiant Moor.

To them, enter Brabantio, Othello, Caſſio, Iago, Rodorigo, *and Officers.*

Duke. Valiant *Othello*, we muſt ſtraight employ you,
Againſt the general enemy *Ottoman.*
I did not ſee you; welcome, gentle ſignior; [*To* Braban.
We lack'd your counſel, and your help to night.
Bra. So did I yours; good your Grace, pardon me;
Neither my place, nor ought I heard of buſineſs,
Hath rais'd me from my bed; nor doth the general
Take hold on me: For my particular grief
Is of ſo flood-gate and o'er-bearing nature,
That it ingluts and ſwallows other ſorrows,
And yet is ſtill it ſelf.
Duke. Why? what's the matter?
Bra. My daughter! oh my daughter!——
Sen. Dead?———
Bra. To me;
She is abus'd, ſtolen from me, and corrupted
By ſpells and medicines, bought of mountebanks;
For nature ſo prepoſterouſly to err,
(Being not deficient, blind, or lame of ſenſe,)
Sans Witchcraft could not——
Duke. Who-e'er he be, that in this foul proceeding
Hath thus beguil'd your daughter of her ſelf,
And you of her, the bloody book of law
You ſhall your ſelf read in the bitter letter,
After your own ſenſe; yea, though our proper Son
Stood in your action.
Bra. Humbly I thank your Grace.
Here is the man, this Moor, whom now, it ſeems,
Your ſpecial mandate, for the State-affairs,
Hath hither brought.
All. We're very ſorry for't.
Duke. What in your own part can you ſay to this?
[*To* Othel.
Bra. Nothing, but this is ſo.
Oth. Moſt potent, grave, and reverend ſigniors,

My

My very noble and approv'd good maſters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is moſt true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent; no more. Rude am I in my ſpeech,
And little bleſs'd with the ſoft phraſe of peace; *set. 2*
For ſince theſe arms of mine had ſeven years Pith,
'Till now, ſome nine moons waſted, they have us'd
Their deareſt action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I ſpeak,
More than pertains to feats of broils and battel;
And therefore little ſhall I grace my cauſe,
In ſpeaking for my ſelf. Yet, by your patience,
I will a round unvarniſh'd tale deliver,
Of my whole courſe of love; what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magick,
(For ſuch proceeding I am charg'd withal,)
I won his daughter with.

Bra. A maiden, never bold;
Of ſpirit ſo ſtill and quiet, that her motion
Bluſh'd at it ſelf; and ſhe, in ſpight of nature,
Of years, of country, credit, every thing,
To fall in love with what ſhe fear'd to look on——
It is a judgment maim'd, and moſt imperfect, (13)
That will confeſs, Affection ſo could err

(13) *It is a Judgment maim'd and moſt imperfect*
That will confeſs, Perfection *ſo could err*
Againſt all Rules of Nature.] *Perfection erring,* ſeems a Contradiction *in Terminis,* as the Schoolmen call it. Beſides, *Brabantio* does not blazon his Daughter out for a Thing of abſolute Perfection; he only ſays, ſhe was indued with ſuch an extreme innate Modeſty, that for her *to fall in Love* ſo prepoſterouſly, no ſound Judgment could allow, but it muſt be by magical Practice upon her. I have ventur'd to imagine that our Author wrote;

That will confeſs, Affection *ſo could err,* &c.

This is entirely conſonant to what *Brabantio* would ſay of her; and one of the Senators, immediately after, in his Examination of the *Moor,* thus addreſſes himſelf to him;

——*But,* Othello, *ſpeak;*
Did you by indirect and forced Courſes
Subdue and poyſon this young Maid's Affections, *&c.*

Againſt all rules of nature ; and muſt be driven
To find out practices of cunning hell,
Why this ſhould be. I therefore vouch again,
That with ſome mixtures powerful o'er the blood,
Or with ſome dram, conjur'd to this effect,
He wrought upon her.

Duke. To vouch this, is no proof,
Without more certain and more overt teſt,
Than theſe thin habits and poor likelyhoods
Of modern Seeming do prefer againſt him.

1 *Sen.* But, *Othello*, ſpeak ;
Did you by indirect and forced courſes
Subdue and poiſon this young maid's affections ?
Or came it by requeſt, and ſuch fair queſtion
As ſoul to ſoul affordeth ?

Oth. I beſeech you,
Send for the lady to the *Sagittary*,
And let her ſpeak of me before her father ;
If you do find me foul in her report,
The Truſt, the Office, I do hold of you,
Not only take away, but let your Sentence
Even fall upon my life.

Duke. Fetch *Deſdemona* hither. [*Exeunt two or three.*

Oth. Ancient, conduct them, you beſt know the place.
[*Exit* Iago.

And 'till ſhe come, as truly as to heav'n
I do confeſs the vices of my blood,
So juſtly to your grave ears I'll preſent
How I did thrive in this fair lady's love,
And ſhe in mine.

Duke. Say it, *Othello.*

Oth. Her father lov'd me, oft invited me ;
Still queſtion'd me the ſtory of my life,
From year to year ; the battels, ſieges, fortunes,
That I have paſt.
I ran it through, e'en from my boyiſh days,
To th' very moment that he bad me tell it :
Wherein I ſpoke of moſt diſaſtrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
Of hair-breadth ſcapes in th' imminent deadly breach ;

Of

Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history:
Wherein of antres vast, and desarts idle, (14)
Rough quarries, rocks and hills, whose heads touch heav'n,
It was my hint to speak; such was the process; (15)

(14) *Wherein of Antres vast and Desarts* idle, &c.] Thus it is in all the old Editions: But Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to change the Epithet. *Desarts* idle; *in the former Editions*; (says he,) *doubtless, a Corruption from* wilde.——But he must pardon me, if I do not concur in thinking this so *doubtless*. I don't know whether Mr. *Pope* has observ'd it, but I know that *Shakespeare*, especially in Descriptions, is fond of using the more uncommon Word, in a poetick Latitude. And *idle*, in several other Passages, he employs in these Acceptations, *wild, useless, uncultivated*, &c.

Crown'd with rank Fumitar, and Furrow Weeds,
With Hardocks, Hemlock, Nettles, Cuckow-flow'rs,
Darnel, and all the idle *Weeds that grow*
In our sustaining Corn. *King* Lear.

i. e. wild and useless.

——— *The murm'ring Surge,*
That on th' unnumber'd idle *Pebbles chafes,*
Cannot be heard so high. Ibid.

i. e. useless, worthless, *nullius Pretii:* for Pebbles, constantly wash'd and chaf'd by the Surge, can't be call'd *idle*, i. e. to lie still, in a state of Rest.

The even Mead, that erst brought sweetly forth
The freckled Cowslip, Burnet, and green Clover,
Wanting the Scythe, all uncorrected, rank,
Conceives by Idleness. Henry V.

i. e. by *Wildness*, occasion'd from its lying *uncultivated*. And exactly with the same Liberty, if I am not mistaken, has VIRGIL twice used the Word *ignavus*:

——*Hyems* ignava *Colono.* Georg. I. v. 299.
Et nemora evertit multos ignava *per annos.* Georg. II. v. 208.

(15) ——— *Such was the Process:*
And of the Canibals *that each other eat,*
The Anthropophagi; *and Men whose Heads*
Do grow beneath their Shoulders.] This Passage Mr. *Pope* has thought fit to throw out of the Text, as containing incredible Matter, I presume: but why, if he had any Equality in his *critical* Judgment, did he not as well castrate the *Tempest* of these Lines?

And of the *Canibals* that each other eat,
The *Anthropophagi* ; and men whoſe heads
Do grow beneath their ſhoulders. All theſe to hear
Would *Deſdemona* ſeriouſly incline ;
But ſtill the houſe-affairs would draw her thence,
Which ever as ſhe could with haſte diſpatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my diſcourſe : which I obſerving,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earneſt heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate ;
Whereof by parcels ſhe had ſomething heard,
But not diſtinctively : I did conſent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did ſpeak of ſome diſtreſsful ſtroke
That my youth ſuffer'd. My ſtory being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of ſighs :
She ſwore, " In faith, 'twas ſtrange, 'twas paſſing ſtrange,
" 'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful"——
She wiſh'd, ſhe had not heard it ;——yet ſhe wiſh'd,
That heav'n had made her ſuch a man :—ſhe thank'd me,
And bad me, if I had a friend that lov'd her,
I ſhould but teach him how to tell my ſtory,
And that would woo her. On this hint I ſpake,

She

Who would believe, that there were Mountaineers
Dewlapt like Bulls, whoſe Throats had hanging at 'em
Wallets of Fleſh ? Or that there were ſuch Men,
Whoſe Heads ſtood in their Breaſts ?

I have obſerv'd ſeveral times, in the Courſe of theſe Notes, our Author's particular Deference for Sir *Walter Raleigh* ; and both theſe Paſſages ſeem to me intended complimentally to him. Sir *Walter*, in his *Travels*, has given the following Account, which I ſhall ſubjoin as briefly as I may. " Next unto *Arvi*, there are two Rivers *Atoica* and *Caora* ; and on that " Branch which is call'd *Caora*, are a Nation of a People whoſe *Heads* " appear not *above* their *Shoulders* : which, tho it may be thought a " meer *Fable*, yet, for mine own part, I am reſolv'd *it is true* ; becauſe " every Child in the Provinces of *Arromaia* and *Canuri* affirm the ſame. " They are call'd *Ewaipanomaws*, they are reported to have their *Eyes* " in their *Shoulders*, and their *Mouths* in the middle of their *Breaſts*. It " was not my Chance to hear of them, till I was come away ; and if I " had but ſpoken one word of it while I was there, I might have brought

" one

She lov'd me for the dangers I had paſt,
And I lov'd her, that ſhe did pity them:
This only is the witchcraft I have us'd.
Here comes the lady, let her witneſs it.

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, *and Attendants.*

Duke. I think, this tale would win my daughter too—
Good *Brabantio*,

" one of them with me, to put the *Matter out of Doubt.* Such a Na-
" tion was written of by *Mandeville*, whoſe Reports were holden for
" *Fables* for many years: and yet ſince the *Eaſt-Indies* were diſcover'd,
" we find his Relations *true* of ſuch things as heretofore were held *incredi-*
" *ble.* Whether it be true, or no, the Matter is not great; for mine
" own part, I ſaw them not; but *I am reſolv'd, that ſo many People did not*
" *all combine, or forethink to make the Report.* To the Weſt of *Caroli*
" are diverſe Nations of *Canibals*, and of thoſe *Ewaipanomaws* without
" Heads."

Sir *Walter Raleigh* made this Voyage to *Guiana* in 1595. Mr. *Lawrence Keymiſh*, (ſometime his Lieutenant) who went thither the next Year, and who dedicates his Relation to Sir *Walter*, mentions the ſame People; and, ſpeaking of a Perſon who gave him conſiderable Informations, he adds, " *He certified me of the* headleſs Men, *and that their* Mouths *in their*
" Breaſts *are exceeding* wide." Sir *Walter*, at the time that his Travels were publiſh'd, is ſtyled Captain of her Majeſty's Guard, Lord Warden of the *Stannaries*, and Lieutenant General of the County of *Cornwal.* If we conſider the Reputation, as the ingenious *Martin Folkes* Eſq; obſerv'd to me, any thing from ſuch a Perſon, and at that time in ſuch *Poſts*, muſt come into the World with, we ſhall be of Opinion that a Paſſage in *Shakeſpeare* need not be *degraded* for the Mention of a Story, which, however ſtrange, was countenanc'd with ſuch an Authority. *Shakeſpeare*, on the other hand, has ſhewn a fine Addreſs to Sir *Walter*, in ſacrificing ſo much Credulity to ſuch a *Relation.* Beſides, both the Paſſages in our Author have this further Uſe; that they do in ſome Meaſure fix the Chronology of his writing *Othello*, as well as the *Tempeſt:* for as neither of them could be wrote before the Year 1597; ſo the Mention of theſe Circumſtances ſhould perſuade us, they appear'd before theſe *Travels* became ſtale to the publick, and their Authority was too narrowly ſcrutiniz'd.

We may be able to account, perhaps, in a few Lines, for the Myſtery of theſe ſuppos'd *headleſs People*; and with that I will cloſe this long Note. OLEARIUS, ſpeaking of the Manner of Cloathing of the *Samojeds*, a People of Northern *Muſcovy*, ſays; " Their Garments are
" made like thoſe that are call'd *Coſaques*, open only at the Necks.
" When the Cold is extraordinary, they put their *Coſaques*, over their
" Heads, and let the Sleeves hang down; their Faces being not to be
" ſeen, but at the Cleft which is at the Neck. *Whence* Some *have taken*
" *Occaſion to write, that in theſe Northern Countries, there are People* with-
" out Heads, having their Faces in their Breaſts."

Take up this mangled matter at the beſt.
Men do their broken weapons rather uſe,
Than their bare hands.
Bra. I pray you, hear her ſpeak;
If ſhe confeſs that ſhe was half the wooer,
Deſtruction on my head, if my bad blame
Light on the man! Come hither, gentle miſtreſs,
Do you perceive in all this noble company,
Where you moſt owe obedience?
Def. My noble father,
I do perceive here a divided duty;
To you I'm bound for life and education:
My life and education both do learn me
How to reſpect you. You're the lord of duty;
I'm hitherto your daughter. But here's my husband;
And ſo much duty as my mother ſhew'd
To you, preferring you before her father;
So much I challenge, that I may profeſs
Due to the Moor, my lord.
Bra. God be with you: I have done.
Pleaſe it your Grace, on to the State-affairs;
I had rather to adopt a child than get it.
Come hither, Moor:
I here do give thee That with all my heart,
Which, but thou haſt already, with all my heart
I would keep from thee. For your ſake, jewel,
I'm glad at ſoul I have no other child;
For thy eſcape would teach me tyranny,
To hang clogs on them. I have done, my lord.
Duke. Let me ſpeak like your ſelf; and lay a Sentence,
Which, as a griſe, or ſtep, may help theſe lovers
Into your favour——
When remedies are paſt, the griefs are ended
By ſeeing the worſt, which late on hopes depended.
To mourn a miſchief that is paſt and gone,
Is the next way to draw new Miſchief on.
What cannot be preſerv'd when Fortune takes,
Patience her injury a mockery makes.
The robb'd, that ſmiles, ſteals ſomething from the thief;
He robs himſelf, that ſpends a bootleſs grief.

Bra.

Bra. So, let the *Turk* of *Cyprus* us beguile,
We loſe it not, ſo long as we can ſmile;
He bears the ſentence well, that nothing bears
But the free comfort which from thence he hears;
But he bears both the ſentence, and the ſorrow,
That, to pay grief, muſt of poor patience borrow.
Theſe ſentences to ſugar, or to gall,
Being ſtrong on both ſides, are equivocal.
But words are words; I never yet did hear, (16)*
That the bruis'd heart was pieced through the ear.—
Beſeech you, now to the affairs o'th' State.

Duke. The *Turk* with a moſt mighty preparation makes for *Cyprus: Othello*, the fortitude of the place is beſt known to you. And though we have there a ſubſtitute of moſt allowed ſufficiency; yet opinion, a ſovereign miſtreſs of effects, throws a more ſafe voice on you; you muſt therefore be content to ſlubber the gloſs of your new fortunes, with this more ſtubborn and boiſterous expedition.

Oth. The tyrant cuſtom, moſt grave ſenators,
Hath made the flinty and ſteel couch of war
My thrice-driven bed of down. I do agnize
A natural and prompt alacrity,

(16)* *But Words are Words; I never yet did hear,*
That the bruis'd Heart was pierced *thro' the Ear.*] One ſuperfluous Letter has for theſe hundred Years quite ſubverted the Senſe of this Paſſage; and none of the Editors have ever attended to the Reaſoning of the Context, by which they might have diſcover'd the Error. The *Duke* has by ſage Sentences been exhorting *Brabantio* to Patience, and to forget the Grief of his Daughter's ſtoln Marriage; to which *Brabantio* is made very pertinently to reply, to this Effect: "My Lord, I appre-"hend very well the Wiſdom of your Advice; but tho you would *com-*"*fort* me, Words are but Words; and the Heart, already *bruis'd*, was "never *pierc'd*, or *wounded*, thro the *Ear*."——Well! If we want Arguments for a Senator, let him be educated at the Feet of our ſagacious Editors. It is obvious, I believe, to my better Readers, that the Text muſt be reſtor'd, as Mr. *Warburton* acutely obſerv'd to me.

That the bruis'd Heart was pieced *tho' the Ear.*

i. e. That the Wounds of Sorrow were ever cur'd, or a Man made *heart-whole* meerly by Words of Conſolation. I ought to take Notice, this very Emendation was likewiſe communicated to me by an ingenious, unknown, Correſpondent, who ſubſcribes himſelf only *L. H.*

I find

I find it hardneſs; and do undertake in
This preſent war againſt the *Ottomites*.
Moſt humbly therefore bending to your State,
I crave fit diſpoſition for my wife,
Due reference of place and exhibition,
With ſuch accommodation and beſort
As levels with her breeding.

Duke. Why, at her father's.

Bra. I will not have it ſo.

Oth. Nor I.

Def. Nor would I there reſide,
To put my father in impatient thoughts
By being in his eye. Moſt gracious Duke,
To my unfolding lend your gracious ear,
And let me find a charter in your voice
T' aſſiſt my ſimpleneſs.

Duke. What would you, *Deſdemona?*

Def. That I did love the Moor to live with him,
My down-right violence and ſtorm of fortunes
May trumpet to the world. My heart's ſubdu'd
Ev'n to the very quality of my lord;
I ſaw *Othello*'s viſage in his mind,
And to his honours and his valiant parts
Did I my ſoul and fortunes conſecrate.
So that, dear lords, if I be left behind
A moth of peace, and he go to the war,
The rites, for which I love him, are bereft me:
And I a heavy interim ſhall ſupport,
By his dear abſence. Let me go with him.

Oth. Your voices, lords; beſeech you, let her will
Have a free way. I therefore beg it not, (17)

To

(17) ——— *I therefore beg it not*
To pleaſe the Palate of my Appetite,
Nor to comply with Heat the young affects,
In my defunct *and proper Satisfaction;*
But to be free and bounteous to her Mind.] As this has been all along hitherto printed and ſtop'd, it ſeems to me a Period of as ſtubborn Nonſenſe, as the Editors have obtruded upon poor *Shakeſpeare* throughout his whole Works. What a prepoſterous Creature is this *Othello* made, to fall in Love with, and marry, a fine young Lady, when *Appetite* and *Heat*, and

To pleaſe the palate of my appetite;
Nor to comply with heat, the young Affects,
In my diſtinct and proper Satisfaction;
But to be free and bounteous to her mind.
And heav'n defend your good ſouls, that you think,
I will your ſerious and great buſineſs ſcant,
For ſhe is with me.—No, when light-wing'd toys
Of feather'd *Cupid* foil with wanton dulneſs
My ſpeculative and offic'd inſtruments,
That my diſports corrupt and taint my buſineſs;
Let houſewives make a ſkillet of my helm,
And all indign and baſe adverſities
Make head againſt my eſtimation.

Duke. Be it as you ſhall privately determine,
Or for her ſtay or going; th' affair cries haſte;
And ſpeed muſt anſwer. You muſt hence to night.

Def. To night, my lord?

Duke. This night.

Oth. With all my heart.

Duke. At nine i'th' morning here we'll meet again.

ſeale F
active Q.

and *proper Satisfaction* are *dead* and *defunct* in him! (For, *defunct* ſignifies nothing elſe, that I know of, either primitively or metaphorically:) But if we may take *Othello*'s own Word in the Affair, when he ſpeaks for himſelf, he was not reduc'd to this fatal unperforming State.

——— *or, for I am declin'd*
Into the Vale of Years; yet That's not much.

Again, Why ſhould our Poet ſay, (for ſo he ſays, as the Paſſage has been pointed;) that the young *affect* Heat? Youth, certainly, *has* it, and has no Occaſion or Pretence of *affecting* it, whatever ſuperannuated Lovers may have. And, again, after *defunct*, would he add ſo abſurd a collateral Epithet as proper? But, I think, I may venture to affirm, that *affects* was not deſign'd here as a Verb; and that *defunct* was not deſign'd here at all. I have, by a ſlight Change, reſcued the Poet's Text from Abſurdity; and this I take to be the Tenour of what he would ſay; "I do not "beg her Company with me, merely to pleaſe myſelf; nor to indulge "the Heat and *Affects* (i. e. Affections) of a new-married Man, in my "own diſtinct and proper Satisfaction; but to comply with her in her "Requeſt, and Deſire, of accompanying me." *Affects*, for *Affections*, our Author in ſeveral other Paſſages uſes.

For ev'ry Man with his Affects *is born.* Love's Labour Loſt.
As 'twere to baniſh their Affects *with him.* Richard II.
Th' Affects *of Sorrow for his valiant Sons.* Titus Andronicus.
&c. &c.

Othello,

Othello, leave ſome officer behind,
And he ſhall our commiſſion bring to you;
And ſuch things elſe of quality and reſpect
As doth import you.

Oth. Pleaſe your Grace, my Antient;
(A man he is of honeſty and truſt,)
To his conveyance I aſſign my wife,
With what elſe needful your good Grace ſhall think
To be ſent after me.

Duke. Let it be ſo;
Good night to every one. And, noble Signior,
If virtue no delighted beauty lack,
Your ſon-in-law is far more fair than black.

Sen. Adieu, brave Moor, uſe *Deſdemona* well.

Bra. Look to her, Moor, if thou haſt eyes to ſee,
She has deceiv'd her father, and may thee.

[*Exit* Duke, *with Senators.*

Oth. My life upon her faith. —— Honeſt *Iago*,
My *Deſdemona* muſt I leave to thee;
I pr'ythee, let thy wife attend on her;
And bring her after in the beſt advantage.
Come, *Deſdemona*, I have but an hour
Of love, of worldly matter and direction
To ſpeak with thee. We muſt obey the time. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Rodorigo *and* Iago.

Rod. Iago——

Iago. What ſayeſt thou, noble heart?

Rod. What will I do, thinkeſt thou?

Iago. Why, go to bed and ſleep.

Rod. I will incontinently drown myſelf.

Iago. Well, if thou doſt, I ſhall never love thee after. Why, thou ſilly gentleman!

Rod. It is ſillineſs to live, when to live is a torment; and then have we a preſcription to dye, when death is our phyſician.

Iago. O villainous! I have look'd upon the world for four times ſeven years, and ſince I could diſtinguiſh betwixt a benefit and an injury, I never found man that knew how to love himſelf. Ere I would ſay, I would drown

drown my self for the love of a *Guinney*-hen, I would change my humanity with a baboon.

Rod. What should I do? I confess, it is my shame to be so fond, but it is not in my virtue to amend it.

Iago. Virtue? a fig: 'tis in our selves that we are thus or thus. Our bodies are our gardens, to the which our wills are gardiners. So that if we will plant nettles, or sow lettuce; set hyssop, and weed up thyme; supply it with one gender of herbs, or distract it with many; either have it steril with idleness, or manured with industry; why, the power and corrigible authority of this lies in our will. (18) If the beam of our lives had not one scale of reason to poise another of sensuality, the blood and baseness of our natures would conduct us to most prepostorous conclusions. But we have reason, to cool our raging motions, our carnal stings, our unbitted lusts; whereof I take this, that you call love, to be a sect, or syen.

(18) *If the* Balance *of our Lives had not one Scale of Reason to poise another of Sensuality.*] i. e. If the *Scale* of our Lives had not one *Scale*, &c. which must certainly be wrong. Some of the old *Quarto*'s have it thus, but the two elder *Folio*'s read,

If the Braine *of our Lives had not one Scale*, &c.

This is corrupt; and I make no doubt but *Shakespeare* wrote, as I have reform'd the Text,

If the Beame *of our Lives*, &c.

And my Reason is this; that he generally distinguishes betwixt the *Beam* and *Balance*, using the latter to signify the Scales; and the former, the Steel-bar to which they are hung, and which poises them. I'll subjoin a few Instances of his Usage of both Terms.

In your Lord's Scale *is nothing but himself,*
And some few Vanities that make him light,
But in the Balance *of great* Bolingbroke, *&c.* Richard II.

I have in equal Balance *justly weigh'd*, &c. 2 Henry IV.

Weigh'd *between Loathness and Obedience, at*
Which end the Beam *should bow.* Tempest.

We, poizing *us in her defective* Scale,
Shall weigh thee to the Beam. All's well, *&c.*

We, poize *the Cause in Justice' equal* Scale,
Whose Beam *stands sure.* 2 Henry VI.

—— *thy Madness shall be paid with Weight,*
Till our Scale *turn the* Beam. Hamlet.

In like manner, the *French* always use *les Balances* to signify the *Scales*; *le Fleau*, the *Beam* of the *Balance*.

Rod.

Rod. It cannot be.

Iago. It is meerly a luſt of the blood, and a permiſſion of the will. Come, be a man: drown thy ſelf? drown cats and blind puppies. I have profeſt me thy friend, and I confeſs me knit to thy deſerving with cables of perdurable toughneſs. I could never better ſteed thee than now. Put mony in thy purſe; follow thou theſe wars; [107] defeat thy favour with an uſurped beard; I ſay, put mony in thy purſe. It cannot be, that *Deſdemona* ſhould long continue her love to the Moor—put mony in thy purſe—nor he his to her. It was a violent commencement in her, and thou ſhalt ſee an anſwerable ſequeſtration,—put but mony in thy purſe.——Theſe Moors are changeable in their wills;——fill thy purſe with mony. (19) The food, that to him now is as luſcious as locuſts, ſhall ſhortly be as bitter as coloquintida. When ſhe is ſated with his body, ſhe will find the errors of her choice.——She muſt have change, ſhe muſt: therefore put mony in thy purſe——If thou wilt needs damn thy ſelf, do it a more delicate way than drowning. Make all the money thou canſt. If ſanctimony and a frail vow, betwixt an erring *Barbarian* and a ſuperſubtle *Venetian*, be not too hard for my wits, and all the tribe of hell, thou ſhalt enjoy her; therefore make mony. A pox of drowning thy ſelf! it is clean out of the way. Seek thou rather to be hang'd in compaſſing thy joy, than to be drown'd and go without her.

(19) *The Food, that to him now is as luſcious as* Locuſts, *ſhall ſhortly be as bitter as Coloquintida.*] Mr. *Warburton* has ſuſpected this Paſſage, and attempted an Emendation; which I ought to ſubjoin, with his Reaſoning upon it. "Tho ſome kind of *Locuſts* have been ſometimes eaten, I think, "they cannot be given as an Inſtance of very delicious Food. Beſides, "how comes *Locuſts*, a kind of *Inſect*, to be oppos'd to *Coloquintida*, a "medicinal Drugg? Be aſſur'd, the true Reading is not *Locuſts*, but "*Loches*, a very pleaſant Confection, introduced into Medicine by the "*Arabian* Phyſicians; and ſo is very fitly oppos'd both to the Bitterneſs, "and the Uſe of *Coloquintida*."——I have not, however, diſturb'd the Text for two Reaſons; becauſe all the printed Copies agree in one Reading without any Variation: and becauſe I am not ſure, that by *Locuſts* the Poet means the *Inſect*, but the Fruit of the *Locuſt* Tree; which is ſweet and luſcious in the ſame degree, as *Coloquintida*, the Fruit of the wild *Gourd*, is acerb and bitter.

Rod.

Rod. Wilt thou be faſt to my hopes, if I depend on the iſſue?

Iago. Thou art ſure of me.——Go, make mony.——I have told thee often, and I re-tell thee again and again, I hate the Moor. My cauſe is hearted; thine hath no leſs reaſon. Let us be conjunctive in our revenge againſt him. If thou canſt cuckold him, thou doſt thy ſelf a pleaſure, and me a ſport. There are many events in the womb of time, which will be delivered. Traverſe, go, provide thy mony. We will have more of this to morrow. Adieu.

Rod. Where ſhall we meet i'th' morning?

Iago. At my lodging.

Rod. I'll be with thee betimes.

Iago. Go to, farewel. Do you hear, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. What ſay you?

Iago. No more of drowning, do you hear.

Rod. I am chang'd; I'll go ſell all my land. [*Exit.*

Manet Iago.

Iago. Go to, farewel, put mony enough in your purſe—
Thus do I ever make my fool my purſe;
For I mine own gain'd knowledge ſhould profane,
If I ſhould time expend with ſuch a ſnipe,
But for my ſport and profit. I hate the Moor,
And it is thought abroad, that 'twixt my ſheets
He has done my office I know not, if't be true——
But I, for meer ſuſpicion in that kind,
Will do, as if for ſurety. He holds me well——
The better ſhall my purpoſe work on him;
Caſſio's a proper man: let me ſee now;——
To get his Place, and to plume up my Will,
A double knavery——How? how?——let's ſee——
After ſome time, t'abuſe *Othello*'s ear,
That he is too familiar with his wife—
He hath a perſon, and a ſmooth diſpoſe,
To be ſuſpected; fram'd to make women falſe.
The Moor is of a free and open nature,
That thinks men honeſt that but ſeem to be ſo,
And will as tenderly be led by th' noſe,
As aſſes are:

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I hav't—it is ingendred—Hell and Night
Muſt bring this monſtrous birth to the world's light.

[*Exit.*

ACT II.

SCENE, *The Capital City of* Cyprus.

Enter Montano *Governor of* Cyprus, *and Gentlemen.*

MONTANO.

WHAT from the cape can you diſcern at ſea?

1 *Gent.* Nothing at all, it is a high-wrought flood;
I cannot 'twixt the heaven and the main
Deſcry a ſail.

Mont. Methinks, the wind hath ſpoke aloud at land;
A fuller blaſt ne'er ſhook our battlements;
If it hath ruffian'd ſo upon the ſea,
What ribs of oak, when mountains melt on them, (20)
Can hold the morties? what ſhall we hear of this?

2 *Gent.*

(20) *What ribs of Oak, when* the huge *Mountains melt,*
Can hold the morties?] This is an arbitrary Change of Mr. *Pope*'s, without any Authority or Reaſon, but the ſmoothing the Verſification. But, I am afraid, this great Critick was dreaming of *Mountains at Land*; and theſe, he thought, could not well melt on *Ribs of Oak* (i. e. Ships) *at Sea*. But our Poet happens to mean, Waves as big as Mountains; and theſe are often known to melt on Ships: nor is any Metaphor more common in Poetry. So, again, afterwards, in this very *Play*;

And let the lab'ring Bark climb Hills *of* Seas
Olympus-*high*:
——— *and anon behold*
The ſtrong-ribb'd Bark thro' liquid Mountains *cuts.*

Troil. *and* Creſſ.

Like

2 *Gent.* A ſegregation of the *Turkiſh* fleet;
For do but ſtand upon the foaming ſhore,
The chiding billows ſeem to pelt the clouds;
The wind-ſhak'd ſurge, with high and monſtrous main,
Seems to caſt water on the burning Bear,
And quench the guards of th' ever fired pole; *fixed F.*
I never did like moleſtation view
On the enchafed flood.

Mont. If that the *Turkiſh* fleet
Be not inſhelter'd and embay'd, they're drown'd;
It is impoſſible to bear it out.

Enter a third Gentleman.

3 *Gent.* News, lords, our wars are done:
The deſperate tempeſt hath ſo bang'd the *Turks*,
That their deſignment halts. A noble ſhip of *Venice* (21)
Hath ſeen a grievous wrack and ſufferance
On moſt part of the fleet.

Mont. How! is this true?

Like as we ſee the wrathful Sea *from far,*
In a great Mountain *heap'd, with hideous Noiſe,*
With thouſand billows beat againſt the Ships: Locrine.

And, ſo, *Beaumont* and *Fletcher* in their *Elder Brother*;
The Merchant, when he ploughs the angry Sea up,
And ſees the mountain Billows *falling on him:*

In all which Paſſages our Poets have but imitated their Predeceſſors the *Claſſics.*

Πορφύρεον δ' ἄρα κῦμα πεισάθη ὄρεϊ ἶσον,
Κυρ]ωθέν,—— *Hom. Odyſſ.* λ. 242.
Κύμα]ά τε τορφόεν]α, πελώρια, ἶσα ὄρεσσιν.
Odyſſ. γ. 290.
——ἠλιβάτοισι δ' ἐοικότα κύμα]' ὄρεσσιν
Ἄλλοθεν ἄλλα φέρον]ο· *Qu. Calaber.* l. xiv.
Curvata in montis *faciem circumſtetit* unda. Virg. *Geor.* iv.
—— *inſequitur cumulo præruptus* aquæ mons. Idem. *Æn.* I.
Cum Mare ſurrexit, cumuluſq; immanis aquarum
In montis *ſpeciem curvari, & creſcere viſus.* Ovid. *Metam.* l. xv.
Me miſerum, quanti montes *volvuntur* aquarum! Id. *Triſt.* l. 1. *El.* 2.

(21) —— Another *Ship of* Venice
Hath ſeen a grievous Wreck, &c.] But no Ship, before this, has arriv'd,

3 *Gent.* The Ship is here put in, (22)
A *Veroneſſa*; *Michael Caſſio*,
Lieutenant of the warlike Moor *Othello*, to B
Is come on ſhore; the Moor himſelf's at ſea,
And is in full commiſſion here for *Cyprus*.
Mont. I'm glad on't; 'tis a worthy Governor.
3 *Gent.* But this ſame *Caſſio*, though he ſpeak of comfort,
Touching the *Turkiſh* loſs, yet he looks ſadly,
And prays the Moor be ſafe; for they were parted
With foul and violent tempeſt.
Mont. Pray heav'ns, he be:
For I have ſerv'd him, and the man commands
Like a full ſoldier. Let's to the ſea-ſide,
As well to ſee the veſſel that's come in,
As to throw out our eyes for brave *Othello*,
Even till we make the main and th' aerial blue
An indiſtinct regard.
Gent. Come, let's do ſo;
For every minute is expectancy
Of more arrivance.

Enter Caſſio.

Caſ. Thanks to the valiant of this warlike iſle,
That ſo approve the Moor: oh, let the heav'ns

riv'd, or brought any Account of the *Turkiſh* Fleet's Diſtreſs: How then can This be call'd *another* Ship? Oh, but the eldeſt *Quarto* has call'd it ſo; and, if there be a various Reading, Mr. *Pope* is pretty good at taking the wrong one. The two Elder *Folio's* and the *Quarto* in 1630 read, as I have reſtor'd to the Text;

——*A* noble *Ship of* Venice.

(22) ——*The Ship is here put in*;
A Veroneſſo, *Michael Caſſio*, &c.] But *Michael Caſſio* was no *Veroneſe*; we find, from other Paſſages in the *Play*, he was of *Rome*. I read with the beſt Copies, only altering the Pointing;

The Ship is here put in,
A Veroneſſa;

i. e. A Veſſel properly belonging to the State of *Verona*, but in the Service of *Venice*: and *Verona*, I believe, does, by the *Adige*, ſend down Ships to the *Adriatick*.

Give

Give him defence againſt the elements,
For I have loſt him on a dangerous ſea.
Mont. Is he well ſhipp'd?
Caſ. His bark is ſtoutly timber'd, and his pilot
Of very expert and approv'd allowance;
Therefore my hopes, not ſurfeited to death,
Stand in bold cure.
Within.] A ſail, a ſail, a ſail!
Caſ. What noiſe?
Gent. The town is empty; on the brow o'th' ſea
Stand ranks of people, and they cry, a ſail.
Caſ. My hopes do ſhape him for the Governor.
Gent. They do diſcharge their ſhot of courteſie:
Our friends, at leaſt.
Caſ. I pray you, Sir, go forth,
And give us truth who 'tis that is arriv'd.
Gent. I ſhall. [*Exit.*
Mont. But, good lieutenant, is your General wiv'd?
Caſ. Moſt fortunately, he hath atchiev'd a maid
That paragons deſcription and wild fame:
One that excels the quirks of blazoning pens,
And in th' eſſential veſture of creation
Do's bear all excellency——

Enter Gentleman.

How now? who has put in?
Gent. 'Tis one *Iago*, Ancient to the General.
Caſ. H'as had moſt favourable and happy ſpeed;
Tempeſts themſelves, high ſeas, and howling winds;
The gutter'd rocks, and congregated ſands,
(Traitors enſteep'd to clog the guiltleſs keel;)
As having ſenſe of beauty, do omit
Their mortal natures, letting ſafe go by
The divine *Deſdemona*.
Mont. What is ſhe?
Caſ. She that I ſpake of, our great Captain's captain,
Left in the conduct of the bold *Iago*;
Whoſe footing here anticipates our thoughts,
A ſe'nnight's ſpeed. Great *Jove*, *Othello* guard!

And ſwell his ſail with thine own powerful breath,
That he may bleſs this bay with his tall ſhip,
Make love's quick pants in *Deſdemona*'s arms,
Give renew'd fire to our extinguiſh'd ſpirits,
And bring all *Cyprus* comfort—

Enter Deſdemona, Iago, Rodorigo, *and* Æmilia.

O behold!
The riches of the ſhip is come on ſhore:
You men of *Cyprus*, let her have your knees.
Hail to thee, lady! and the grace of heav'n,
Before, behind thee, and on every hand
Enwheel thee round.
Deſ. I thank you, valiant *Caſſio*,
What tidings can you tell me of my lord?
Caſ. He is not yet arriv'd, nor know I aught
But that he's well, and will be ſhortly here.
Deſ. O, but I fear——how loſt you company?
Caſ. The great contention of the ſea and ſkies
Parted our fellowſhip. But, hark, a ſail!
Within,] A ſail, a ſail!
Gent. They give this greeting to the Cittadel:
This likewiſe is a friend.
Caſ. See for the news:
Good Ancient, you are welcome. Welcome, miſtreſs.
[*To* Æmilia.
Let it not gall your patience, good *Iago*,
That I extend my manners. 'Tis my breeding,
That gives me this bold ſhew of courteſie.
Iago. Sir, would ſhe give you ſo much of her lips,
As of her tongue ſhe oft beſtows on me,
You'd have enough.
Deſ. Alas! ſhe has no ſpeech.
Iago. In faith, too much;
I find it ſtill, when I have liſt to ſleep;
Marry, before your ladyſhip, I grant,
She puts her tongue a little in her heart,
And chides with thinking.
Æmil. You have little cauſe to ſay ſo.

Iago.

Iago. Come on, come on; you're pictures out of doors,
Bells in your parlors, wild-cats in your kitchens,
Saints in your injuries, devils being offended,
Players in your housewifery, and housewives in your beds!

Des. O, fie upon thee, slanderer!

Iago. Nay, it is true, or else I am a *Turk*;
You rise to play, and go to bed to work.

Æmil. You shall not write my praise.

Iago. No, let me not.

Des. What wouldst thou write of me, if thou shouldst praise me?

Iago. Oh gentle lady, do not put me to't,
For I am nothing, if not critical.

Des. Come, one assay. There's one gone to the harbour——

Iago. Ay, Madam.

Des. I am not merry; but I do beguile
The thing I am, by seeming otherwise;——
Come, how wouldst thou praise me?

Iago. I am about it; but, indeed, my invention comes from my pate, as birdlime does from freeze, it plucks out brains and all. But my muse labours, and thus she is delivered.

If she be fair and wise, fairness and wit,
The one's for use, the other useth it.

Des. Well prais'd; how if she be black and witty?

Iago. *If she be black, and thereto have a wit,*
She'll find a white that shall her blackness fit.

Des. Worse and worse.

Æmil. How if fair and foolish?

Iago. *She never yet was foolish, that was fair;*
For even her folly helpt her to an heir.

Des. These are old fond paradoxes, to make fools laugh i'th' alehouse. What miserable praise hast thou for her that's foul and foolish?

Iago. *There's none so foul and foolish thereunto,*
But does foul pranks, which fair and wise ones do.

Def. Oh heavy ignorance! thou praiſeſt the worſt beſt. But what praiſe couldſt thou beſtow on a deſerving woman indeed? (23) one, that in the authority of her merit, did juſtly put down the vouch of very malice it ſelf?

Iago. *She that was ever fair, and never proud,*
Had tongue at will, and yet was never loud;
Never lackt gold, and yet went never gay,
Fled from her wiſh, and yet ſaid, now I may;
She that when anger'd, her revenge being nigh,
Bad her wrong ſtay, and her diſpleaſure fly;
She that in wiſdom never was ſo frail
To change the cod's head for the ſalmon's tail;
She that could think, and ne'er diſcloſe her mind,
See ſuitors following, and not look behind;
She was a wight, (if ever ſuch wight were)——

Def. To do what?

Iago. *To ſuckle fools, and chronicle ſmall beer.*

Def. Oh moſt lame and impotent concluſion! do not

(23) *One, that in the Authority of her Merit, did juſtly put* on *the Vouch of very Malice it ſelf.*] Tho' all the printed Copies agree in this Reading, I cannot help ſuſpecting it. If the Text ſhould be genuine, I confeſs, it is above my Underſtanding. In what Senſe can Merit be ſaid to put *on* the Vouch of Malice? I ſhould rather think, Merit was ſo ſafe in it ſelf, as to repel and put off all that Malice and Envy could advance and affirm to its Prejudice; was upon its Guard againſt every Attack of Calumny, and defied it. I have ventur'd to reform the Text to this Conſtruction, by a very ſlight Change that makes it intelligible. To the ſame purpoſe the *Duke* ſays, in *Meaſure for Meaſure.*

——*Lord* Angelo *is preciſe,*
Stands at a Guard *with* Envy.

So, Queen *Catherine*, ſpeaking of her ſelf and the Clearneſs of her Life and Conduct,

My Lords, I care not (ſo much I am happy
Above a Number,) if my Actions
Were try'd by ev'ry Tongue, ev'ry eye ſaw them,
Envy *and* baſe Opinion *ſet* againſt *them;*
I know my Life ſo even. K. Hen. VIII.

And much to the Tenour of our Poet's Sentiment, as I have corrected it, AUSONIUS ſpeaks of *Chaſtity.*

Quæ caſta eſt? De quâ mentiri Fama veretur.

learn

learn of him, *Æmilia*, tho' he be thy husband. (24) How say you, *Cassio*, is he not a profane and liberal censurer?

Cas. He speaks home, Madam; you may relish him more in the soldier, than in the scholar.

Iago. [*Aside.*] He takes her by the palm; ay, well said——whisper——With as little a web as this, will I ensnare as great a fly as *Cassio*. Ay, smile upon her, do—I will gyve thee in thine own courtship. You say true, 'tis so, indeed——. If such tricks as these strip you out of your lieutenancy, it had been better you had not kiss'd your three fingers so oft, which now again you are most apt to play the Sir in. Very good—well kiss'd and excellent courtesie——'tis so, indeed—Yet again——your fingers to your lips? would, they were clister-pipes for your sake. [*Trumpet.*

The Moor,——I know his trumpet.

Cas. 'Tis truly so.

Des. Let's meet him, and receive him.

Cas. Lo, where he comes!

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. Oh my fair warrior!

Des. My dear *Othello!*

Oth. It gives me wonder, great as my content,
To see you here before me. O my soul's joy!
If after every tempest come such calms,
May the winds blow 'till they have waken'd death:
And let the labouring bark climb hills of seas
Olympus high; and duck again as low
As hell's from heav'n! If *'I were now to die, *'it Q.
'Twere now to be most happy; for, I fear, F.
My soul hath her content so absolute,
That not another comfort like to this
Succeeds in unknown fate.

(24) *How say you*, Cassio? *Is he not a most profane and liberal* Counsellor?] But in what Respect was *Iago* a *Counsellor?* He caps Sentences, indeed; but they are not by way of *Advice*, but *Description:* what he says, is, Reflexions on Character and Conduct in Life. For this Reason, I am very apt to think, our Author wrote *Censurer*.

Des.

Des. The heav'ns forbid,
But that our loves and comforts ſhould encreaſe,
Ev'n as our days do grow!

Oth. Amen to that, ſweet Powers!
I cannot ſpeak enough of this content,
It ſtops me here: it is too much of joy.
And this, and this, the greateſt diſcords be
[*Kiſſing her.*
That e'er our hearts ſhall make!

Iago. Oh, you are well-tun'd now; but I'll let down the pegs that make this muſick, as honeſt as I am. [*Aſide.*

Oth. Come, let's to the caſtle.
Now, friends, our wars are done; the *Turks* are drown'd.
How do our old acquaintance of this iſle?
Honey, you ſhall be well deſir'd in *Cyprus*,
I've found great love amongſt them. Oh my Sweet,
I prattle out of faſhion, and I dote
In mine own comfort. Pr'ythee, good *Iago*,
Go to the bay, and diſembark my coffers:
Bring thou the maſter to the cittadel,
He is a good one, and his worthineſs
Does challenge much reſpect. Come, *Deſdemona*,
Once more well met at *Cyprus*.
[*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

Manent Iago *and* Rodorigo.

Iago. Do you meet me preſently at the harbour. Come *thither, if thou be'ſt valiant; (as, they ſay, baſe men, being in love, have then a nobility in their natures, more than is native to them)—liſt me; the lieutenant to night watches on the Court of Guard. Firſt, I muſt tell thee, this *Deſdemona* is directly in love with him.

Rod. With him? why, 'tis not poſſible?

Iago. Lay thy fingers thus; and let thy ſoul be inſtructed. Mark me with what violence ſhe firſt lov'd the Moor, but for bragging, and telling her fantaſtical lies. And will ſhe love him ſtill for prating? let not thy diſcreet heart think it. Her eye muſt be fed. And what delight

*hither; Q

delight ſhall ſhe have to look on the Devil? (25) When the blood is made dull with the act of ſport, there ſhould be again to inflame it, and to give Satiety a freſh appetite, lovelineſs in favour, ſympathy in years, manners, and beauties; all which the Moor is defective in. Now, for want of theſe requir'd conveniences, her delicate tenderneſs will find it ſelf abus'd, begin to heave the gorge, diſreliſh and abhor the Moor; very nature will inſtruct her in it, and compel her to ſome ſecond choice. Now, Sir, this granted, (as it is a moſt pregnant and unforc'd poſition) who ſtands ſo eminent in the degree of this fortune, as *Caſſio* does? a knave very voluble; no further conſcionable, than in putting on the meer form of civil and humane Seeming, for the better compaſſing of his ſalt and moſt hidden looſe affection; a ſlippery and ſubtile knave, a finder of occaſions, that has an eye can ſtamp and counterfeit advantages, tho' true advantage never preſent it ſelf. A deviliſh knave! beſides, the knave is handſom, young, and hath all thoſe requiſites in him, that folly and green minds look after. A peſtilent compleat knave! and the woman hath found him already.

Rod. I cannot believe that of her, ſhe's full of moſt bleſs'd condition.

Iago. Bleſs'd figs' end! the wine ſhe drinks is made of grapes. If ſhe had been bleſs'd, ſhe would never have lov'd the Moor: bleſs'd pudding! didſt thou not ſee her paddle with the palm of his hand? didſt not mark that?

(25) *When the Blood is made dull with the Act of Sport, there ſhould be* a Game *to inflame it, and to give Satiety a freſh Appetite; lovelineſs in Favour, Sympathy in Years, Manners, and Beauties.*] This, 'tis true, is the Reading of the Generality of the Copies: but, methinks, 'tis a very peculiar Experiment, when the Blood and Spirits are dull'd and exhauſted with Sport, to raiſe and recruit them by Sport: for *Sport* and *Game* are but two Words for the ſame thing. I have retriev'd the Pointing and Reading of the elder *Quarto*, which certainly gives us the Poet's Senſe; that, when the Blood is dull'd with the Exerciſe of Pleaſure, there ſhould be proper Incentives on each ſide to raiſe it again, as the Charms of Beauty, Equality of Years, and Agreement of Manners and Diſpoſition: which were wanting in *Othello* to rekindle *Deſdemona*'s Paſſion.

Rod.

Rod. Yes, that I did; but that was but courteſie.

Iago. Letchery, by this hand; an index, and obſcure prologue to the hiſtory of luſt, and foul thoughts. They met ſo near with their lips, that their breaths embrac'd together. Villanous thoughts, *Rodorigo!* when theſe mutualities ſo marſhal the way, hard at hand comes the maſter and main exerciſe, th' incorporate concluſion: piſh——But, Sir, be you rul'd by me. I have brought you from *Venice.* Watch you to night; for the command, I'll lay't upon you. *Caſſio* knows you not: I'll not be far from you. Do you find ſome occaſion to anger *Caſſio*, either by ſpeaking too loud, or tainting his diſcipline, or from what other courſe you pleaſe, which the time ſhall more favourably miniſter.

Rod. Well.

Iago. Sir, he's raſh, and very ſudden in choler: and, happily, may ſtrike at you. Provoke him, that he may; for even out of that will I cauſe thoſe of *Cyprus* to mutiny: whoſe qualification ſhall come into no true taſte again, but by diſplanting of *Caſſio.* So ſhall you have a ſhorter journey to your deſires, by the means I ſhall then have to prefer them: And the impediments moſt profitably removed, without which there was no expectation of our proſperity.

Rod. I will do this, if you can bring it to any opportunity.

Iago. I warrant thee. Meet me by and by at the cittadel. I muſt fetch his neceſſaries aſhore. Farewel.

Rod. Adieu. [*Exit.*

Manet Iago.

Iago. That *Caſſio* loves her, I do well believe:
That ſhe loves him, 'tis apt, and of great credit.
The Moor, howbeit that I endure him not,
Is of a conſtant, loving, noble nature;
And, I dare think, he'll prove to *Deſdemona*
A moſt dear Huſband. Now I love her too,
Not out of abſolute luſt, (though, peradventure,
I ſtand accountant for as great a ſin;)

But

But partly led to diet my revenge,
For that I do ſuſpect, the luſty Moor
Hath leapt into my ſeat. The thought whereof
Doth, like a poiſonous mineral, gnaw my inwards;
And nothing can, or ſhall, content my ſoul,
Till I am even'd with him, wife for wife:
Or failing ſo, yet that I put the Moor
At leaſt into a jealouſie ſo ſtrong,
That judgment cannot cure. Which thing to do, (26)
If this poor brach of *Venice*, whom I trace *cherish W.*
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on, *[crush Du]*
I'll have our *Michael Caſſio* on the hip,
Abuſe him to the Moor in the right garb;
(For I fear *Caſſio* with my night-cap too,)
Make the Moor thank me, love me, and reward me,
For making him egregiouſly an aſs;
And practiſing upon his peace and quiet,
Even to madneſs. 'Tis here——but yet confus'd;
Knavery's plain face is never ſeen, till us'd. [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the* STREET.

Enter Herald with a Proclamation.

Her. IT is *Othello*'s pleaſure, our noble and valiant General, that upon certain tidings now arriv'd, importing the meer perdition of the *Turkiſh* fleet, every

(26) ——*Which thing to do,*
If this poor Traſh *of* Venice, *whom I trace*
For his quick hunting, ſtand the putting on.] A trifling, inſignificant Fellow may, in ſome Reſpects, very well be call'd *Traſh*; but what Conſonance of Metaphor is there betwixt *Traſh*, and *quick hunting*, and *ſtanding the putting on?* The Alluſion to the *Chaſe* SHAKESPEARE ſeems to be fond of applying to *Rodorigo*, who ſays of himſelf towards the Concluſion of this *Act*;

I follow her in the Chaſe, *not like a* Hound *that* hunts, *but one that fills up the* Cry.

I have a great Suſpicion, therefore, that the Poet wrote;

If this poor Brach *of* Venice,

which, we know, is a degenerate Species of *Hound*, and a Term generally us'd in Contempt: and this compleats and perfects the metaphorical Alluſion, and makes it much more Satirical. Mr. *Warburton.*

man

man put himſelf into triumph: ſome to dance, ſome to make bonefires, each man to what ſport and revels his mind leads him. For, beſides this beneficial news, it is the celebration of his nuptials. So much was his pleaſure, ſhould be proclaimed. All offices are open, and there is full liberty of feaſting, from this preſent hour of five, 'till the bell have told eleven. Bleſs the iſle of *Cyprus*, and our noble General *Othello!* [*Exit.*

SCENE, *the* CASTLE.

Enter Othello, Deſdemona, Caſſio, *and Attendants.*

Oth. GOOD *Michael*, look you to the guard to night.
Let's teach our ſelves that honourable ſtop,
Not to out-ſport diſcretion.
Caſ. Iago hath direction what to do:
But, notwithſtanding, with my perſonal eye
Will I look to't.
Oth. Iago is moſt honeſt:
Michael, good night. To morrow, with your earlieſt,
Let me have ſpeech with you. Come, my dear love,
The purchaſe made, the fruits are to enſue;
That profit's yet to come 'tween me and you.
Good night.
[*Exeunt* Othello *and* Deſdemona.

Enter Iago.

Caſ. Welcome, *Iago*; we muſt to the Watch.
Iago. Not this hour, lieutenant: 'tis not yet ten o'th' clock. Our General caſt us thus early for the love of his *Deſdemona:* whom let us not therefore blame; he hath not yet made wanton the night with her: and ſhe is ſport for *Jove.*
Caſ. She's a moſt exquiſite lady.
Iago. And, I'll warrant her, full of game.
Caſ. Indeed, ſhe's a moſt freſh and delicate creature.

Iago.

Iago. What an eye she has? methinks, it sounds a parley to provocation.

Cas. An inviting eye; and yet, methinks, right modest.

Iago. And when she speaks, is it not an alarum to love?

Cas. She is, indeed, perfection.

Iago. Well, happiness to their sheets: come, lieutenant, I have a stoop of wine, and here without are a brace of *Cyprus* gallants, that would fain have a measure to the health of the black *Othello.*

Cas. Not to night, good *Iago*: I have very poor and unhappy brains for drinking. I could well wish, courtesie would invent some other custom of entertainment.

Iago. Oh, they are our friends: but one cup, I'll drink for you.

Cas. I have drunk but one cup to night, and that was craftily qualified too: and, behold, what innovation it makes here. I am unfortunate in the infirmity, and dare not task my weakness with any more.

Iago. What, man? 'tis a night of revels, the gallants desire it.

Cas. Where are they?

Iago. Here at the door; I pray you, call them in.

Cas. I'll do't, but it dislikes me. [*Exit* Cassio.

Iago. If I can fasten but one cup upon him,
With that which he hath drunk to night already,
He'll be as full of quarrel and offence,
As my young mistress' dog.——
Now, my sick fool, *Rodorigo*,
Whom love hath turn'd almost the wrong side out,
To *Desdemona* hath to night carouz'd
Potations pottle deep; and he's to watch.
Three lads of *Cyprus*, noble swelling spirits,
(That hold their honours in a wary distance,
The very elements of this warlike isle,)
Have I to night flusher'd with flowing cups,
And they watch too. Now, 'mongst this flock of drunkards,
Am I to put our *Cassio* in some action
That may offend the isle. But here they come.

If

If conſequence do but approve my Deem, (27)
My boat ſails freely, both with wind and ſtream.

Enter Caſſio, Montano, *and Gentlemen.*

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, they have given me a rouſe already.

Mont. Good faith, a little one: not paſt a pint, as I am a ſoldier.

Iago. Some wine, ho! [Iago *ſings.*

And let me the canakin clink, clink,
And let me the canakin clink.
A ſoldier's a man; oh, man's life's but a ſpan;
Why, then let a ſoldier drink.

Some wine, boys.

Caſ. 'Fore heav'n, an excellent ſong.

Iago. I learn'd it in *England:* where, indeed, they are moſt potent in potting. Your *Dane*, your *German*, and your ſwag-belly'd *Hollander*,——Drink, ho!——are nothing to your *Engliſh.*

Caſ. Is your *Engliſhman* ſo exquiſite in his drinking?

Iago. Why, he drinks you with facility your *Dane* dead drunk. He ſweats not to overthrow your *Almain.* He gives your *Hollander* a vomit, ere the next pottle can be fill'd.

Caſ. To the health of our General.

Mont. I am for it, lieutenant, and I'll do you juſtice.

Iago. Oh ſweet *England.*

King Stephen *was an a worthy peer,*
His breeches coſt him but a crown;
He held them ſix pence all too dear,
With that he call'd the tailor lown.

(27) *If Conſequence do but approve my* Dream.] All the printed Copies concur in this Reading, but, I think, it does not come up to the Poet's Intention; I rather imagine that he wrote,

If Conſequence do but approve my Deem.

i. e. my Opinion, the Judgment I have form'd of what muſt happen. So, in *Troil.* and *Creſſida*;

Creſ. *I true? how now? what wicked* Deem *is this?*

He was a wight of high renown,
And thou art but of low degree:
'Tis pride that pulls the country down,
Then take thine auld cloak about thee.

Some wine, ho!

Caſ. Why, this is a more exquiſite ſong than the other.

Iago. Will you hear't again?

Caſ. No, for I hold him to be unworthy of his place, that does thoſe things. Well——Heaven's above all; and there be ſouls that muſt be ſaved, and there be ſouls muſt not be ſaved.

Iago. It's true, good lieutenant.

Caſ. For mine own part, (no offence to the General, nor any man of quality;) I hope to be ſaved.

Iago. And ſo do I too, lieutenant.

Caſ. Ay, but, by your leave, not before me. The Lieutenant is to be ſaved before the Ancient. Let's have no more of this; let's to our affairs. Forgive our ſins—gentlemen, let's look to our buſineſs. Do not think, gentlemen, I am drunk: this is my Ancient; this is my right hand, and this is my left. I am not drunk now; I can ſtand well enough, and I ſpeak well enough.

Gent. Excellent well.

Caſ. Why, very well then: you muſt not think then that I am drunk. [*Exit.*

Manent Iago *and* Montano.

Mont. To the platform, maſters, come, let's ſet the Watch.

Iago. You ſee this fellow, that is gone before;
He is a ſoldier, fit to ſtand by *Cæſar*,
And give direction. And do but ſee his vice;
'Tis to his virtues a juſt equinox,
The one as long as th' other. 'Tis pity of him;
I fear, the Truſt *Othello* puts him in,
On ſome odd time of his infirmity,
Will ſhake this iſland.

Mon. But is he often thus?

Iago. 'Tis evermore the prologue to his ſleep.

He'll watch the horologue a double ſet,
If drink rock not his cradle.

Mont. It were well,
The General were put in mind of it:
Perhaps, he ſees it not; or his good nature
Prizes the virtue that appears in *Caſſio*,
And looks not on his evils: is not this true?

Enter Rodorigo.

Iago. How now, *Rodorigo!*
I pray you, after the lieutenant, go. [*Exit* Rod.

Mont. And 'tis great pity, that the noble Moor
Should hazard ſuch a Place as his own Second,
With one of an ingraft infirmity;
It were an honeſt action to ſay ſo
Unto the Moor.

Iago. Not I, for this fair iſland;
I do love *Caſſio* well, and would do much
To cure him of this evil. Hark, what noiſe?
[*Within*, help! help!

Re-enter Caſſio, *purſuing* Rodorigo.

Caſ. You rogue! you raſcal!——

Mont. What's the matter, lieutenant?

Caſ. A knave teach me my duty! I'll beat the knave into a twiggen bottle.

Rod. Beat me——

Caſ. Doſt thou prate, rogue?

Mont. Nay, good lieutenant; [*Staying him.*
I pray you, Sir, hold your hand.

Caſ. Let me go, Sir, or I'll knock you o'er the mazzard.

Mont. Come, come, you're drunk.

Caſ. Drunk?—— [*They fight.*

Iago. Away, I ſay, go out and cry a mutiny.
[*Exit* Rodorigo.

Nay, good lieutenant——Alas, gentlemen——
Help, ho!——Lieutenant—Sir—*Montano*—
Help, maſters! here's a goodly watch, indeed——
Who's

Who's that, who rings the bell——diablo, ho!
[*Bell rings.*
The town will riſe. Fie, fie, lieutenant! hold:
You will be ſham'd for ever.

Enter Othello, *and Attendants.*

Oth. What is the matter here?
Mont. I bleed ſtill, I am hurt, but not to th' death.
Oth. Hold, for your lives.
Iago. Hold, ho! lieutenant——Sir——*Montano*——
Gentlemen——
Have you forgot all place of ſenſe and duty? (a)
The General ſpeaks to you—hold, hold, for ſhame——
Oth. Why, how now, ho? from whence ariſeth this?
Are we turn'd *Turks?* and to our ſelves do That,
Which heaven hath forbid the *Ottomites?*
For chriſtian ſhame, put by this barbarous brawl;
He, that ſtirs next to carve for his own rage,
Holds his ſoul light: he dies upon his motion.
Silence that dreadful bell; it frights the iſle
From her propriety. What is the matter?
Honeſt *Iago*, that looks dead with grieving,
Speak, who began this? on thy love, I charge thee.
Iago. I do not know; friends all, but now, even now
In quarter, and in terms like bride and groom
Diveſting them for bed; and then, but now——
(As if ſome planet had unwitted men,)
Swords out, and tilting one at other's breaſts,
In oppoſition bloody. I can't ſpeak
Any beginning to this peeviſh odds,
And, would, in action glorious I had loſt
Thoſe legs that brought me to a part of it!
Oth. How comes it, *Michael*, you are thus forgot?
Caſ. I pray you, pardon me, I cannot ſpeak.
Oth. Worthy *Montano*, you were wont be civil:
The gravity and ſtillneſs of your youth
The world hath noted: And your name is great
In mouths of wiſeſt cenſure. What's the matter,
That you unlace your reputation thus,

And ſpend your rich opinion, for the name
Of a night-brawler? give me anſwer to it.
Mont. Worthy *Othello*, I am hurt to danger;
Your officer, *Iago*, can inform you,
While I ſpare ſpeech, which ſomething now offends me,
Of all that I do know; nor know I ought
By me that's ſaid or done amiſs this night,
[1568] Unleſs ſelf-charity be ſometimes a vice,
And to defend our ſelves it be a ſin,
When violence aſſails us.
Oth. Now, by heav'n,
My blood begins my ſafer guides to rule,
And paſſion, having my beſt judgment *choler'd,
Aſſays to lead the way. If I once ſtir,
Or do but lift this arm, the beſt of you
Shall ſink in my rebuke. Give me to know
How this foul rout began; who ſet it on;
And he, that is approv'd in this offence,
Tho' he had twinn'd with me both at a birth,
Shall loſe me.——What, in a town of war,
Yet wild, the people's hearts brim-full of fear,
To manage private and domeſtick quarrel?
In night, and on the Court of Guard and Safety? (28)
'Tis monſtrous. Say, *Iago*, who began't?
Mont. If partially affin'd, or leagu'd in office,
Thou doſt deliver more or leſs than truth,
Thou art no ſoldier.

(28) *In night, and on the Court* and *Guard* of *Safety?*] This is ſpoken by *Othello*; but *Guard* of *Safety*, tho' coupled with a Word of Synonomous Conſtruction, was never Soldier's Language. I have ventur'd to make the *Conjunction*, and *Sign* of the *Genitive Caſe* change Places: and ſo the Phraſe in Uſe is reſtor'd, tho' againſt the Authority of the printed Copies.

In Night, and on the Court of *Guard* and *Safety?*
So, before;
The Lieutenant to night watches on the Court *of* Guard.
And, again;
Good Michael, *look you to the* Guard *to Night.*
And ſo in *Anto.* and *Cleop.*
Let's bear him to the Court *of* Guard; *he is of Note.*

* *collied* F.

Iago. Touch me not so near:
I'd rather have this tongue cut from my mouth,
Than it should do offence to *Michael Cassio:*
Yet I persuade my self, to speak the truth
Shall nothing wrong him. Thus 'tis, General:
Montano and my self being in speech,
There comes a fellow crying out for help,
And *Cassio* following with determin'd sword,
To execute upon him. Sir, this gentleman
Steps in to *Cassio*, and intreats his pause;
My self the crying fellow did pursue,
Left by his clamour (as it so fell out)
The town might fall in fright. He, swift of foot,
Out-ran my purpose: I return'd, the rather
For that I heard the clink and fall of swords,
And *Cassio* high in oath; which 'till to night
I ne'er might say before. When I came back,
(For this was brief) I found them close together
At blow and thrust; even as again they were,
When you your self did part them.
More of this matter cannot I report.
But men are men; the best sometimes forget;
Tho' *Cassio* did some little wrong to him,
As men in rage strike those that wish them best,
Yet, surely, *Cassio*, I believe, receiv'd
From him, that fled, some strange indignity,
Which patience could not pass.
Oth. I know, *Iago*,
Thy honesty and love doth mince this matter,
Making it light to *Cassio*. *Cassio*, I love thee,
But never more be officer of mine.——

Enter Desdemona *attended.*

Look, if my gentle love be not rais'd up:
I'll make thee an example.
Des. What's the matter?
Oth. All is well, Sweeting, come, away to bed.
Sir, for your hurts, my self will be your surgeon.
Lead him off:
Iago, look with care about the town,

And silence those whom this vile brawl distracted.
Come, *Desdemona*, 'tis the soldier's life,
To have their balmy slumbers wak'd with strife. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Iago *and* Cassio.

Iago. What, are you hurt, lieutenant?

Cas. Past all Surgery.

Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!

Cas. Reputation, reputation, reputation! oh I have lost my reputation! I have lost the immortal part of my self, and what remains is bestial. My reputation! *Iago*, my reputation——

Iago. As I am an honest man, I had thought, you had received some bodily wound; there is more sense in That than in Reputation. Reputation is an idle, and most false imposition; oft got without merit, and lost without deserving. You have lost no reputation at all, unless you repute your self such a loser. What, man,——there are ways to recover the General again. You are but now cast in his mood, a punishment more in policy than in malice; even so as one would beat his offenceless dog, to affright an imperious lion. Sue to him again, and he's yours.

Cas. I will rather sue to be despis'd, than to deceive so good a commander, with so slight, so drunken, and so indiscreet an officer. Drunk, and speak? Parrot, and squabble? swagger? swear? and discourse fustian with ones own shadow? oh thou invisible spirit of wine! if thou hast no name to be known by, let us call thee devil.

Iago. What was he that you follow'd with your sword? what had he done to you?

Cas. I know not.

Iago. Is't possible?

Cas. I remember a mass of things, but nothing distinctly: a quarrel, but nothing wherefore. Oh, that men should put an enemy in their mouths, to steal away their brains! that we should with joy, pleasance, revel, and applause, transform our selves into beasts.

Iago. Why, but you are now well enough: how came you thus recover'd?

Caſ. It has pleas'd the devil, drunkenneſs, to give place to the devil, wrath; one unperfectneſs ſhews me another, to make me frankly deſpiſe my ſelf.

Iago. Come, you are too ſevere a moraler. As the time, the place, and the condition of this country ſtands, I could heartily wiſh this had not befallen: but ſince it is as it is, mend it for your own good.

Caſ. I will aſk him for my Place again; he ſhall tell me, I am a drunkard!—— had I as many mouths as *Hydra*, ſuch an anſwer would ſtop them all. To be now a ſenſible man, by and by a fool, and preſently a beaſt!— Every inordinate cup is unbleſs'd, and the ingredient is a devil.

Iago. Come, come, good wine is a good familiar creature, if it be well us'd: exclaim no more againſt it. And, good lieutenant, I think, you think, I love you.

Caſ. I have well approv'd it, Sir. I drunk!

Iago. You, or any man living, may be drunk at ſome time, man. I tell you what you ſhall do: our General's wife is now the General. I may ſay ſo, in this reſpect, for that he hath devoted and given up himſelf to the contemplation, mark, and denotement of her parts and graces (29). Confeſs your ſelf freely to her: importune her help, to put you in your Place again. She is of ſo free, ſo kind, ſo apt, ſo bleſſed a diſpoſition, ſhe holds it a vice in her goodneſs not to do more than ſhe is requeſted.

(29) *For that he hath devoted, and given up himſelf to the Contemplation, Mark, and* Devotement *of her Parts and Graces.*] I remember, it is ſaid of *Antony*, in the Beginning of *his* Tragedy, that He, who uſed to fix his Eyes altogether on the dreadful Ranges of War,

——————*now bends, now turns,*
The Office and Devotion *of their View*
Upon a Strumpet's Front.

This is finely expreſs'd; but I cannot perſwade my ſelf that our Poet would ever have ſaid, any one *devoted* himſelf to the *Devotement* of any thing. All the Copies agree; but the Miſtake certainly aroſe from a ſingle Letter being turn'd upſide-down at Preſs. I read;

—— *to the Contemplation, Mark, and* Denotement *of her Parts and Graces.*

The three Words are, indeed, in ſome degree *tautological*; but the Practiſe is allow'd to add an *Energy* to the thing it would expreſs.

This broken joint, between you and her husband, intreat her to splinter. And, my fortunes against any lay worth naming, this crack of your love shall grow stronger than it was before.

Cas. You advise me well.

Iago. I protest, in the sincerity of love, and honest kindness.

Cas. I think it freely; and betimes in the morning I will beseech the virtuous *Desdemona* to undertake for me: I am desperate of my fortunes, if they check me here.

Iago. You are in the right: good night, lieutenant, I must to the Watch.

Cas. Good night, honest *Iago.* [*Exit* Cassio.

Manet Iago.

Iago. And what's he then, that says, I play the villain?
When this advice is free I give, and honest,
Likely to thinking, and, indeed, the course
To win the Moor again. For 'tis most easie
Th' inclining *Desdemona* to subdue
In any honest suit: she's fram'd as fruitful
As the free elements. And then for her
To win the Moor, were't to renounce his baptism,
All seals and symbols of redeemed sin,
His soul is so enfetter'd to her love
That she may make, unmake, do what she list,
Even as her appetite shall play the God
With his weak function. Am I then a villain,
To counsel *Cassio* to this parallel course,
Directly to his Good? Divinity of Hell!
When Devils will their blackest sins put on,
They do suggest at first with heav'nly Shews,
As I do now.——For while this honest fool
Plies *Desdemona* to repair his fortune,
And she for him pleads strongly to the Moor;
I'll pour this pestilence into his ear,
That she repeals him for her body's lust:
And by how much she strives to do him good,
She shall undo her credit with the Moor.
So will I turn her virtue into Pitch;

And

And out of her own goodneſs make the net,
That ſhall enmeſh them all. How now, *Rodorigo!* [120]

Enter Rodorigo.

Rod. I do follow here in the chace, not like a hound that hunts, but one that fills up the cry. My mony is almoſt ſpent; I have been to night exceedingly well cudgelled; and, I think, the iſſue will be, I ſhall have ſo much experience for my pains; and ſo with no mony at all, and a little more wit, return again to *Venice.*

Iago. How poor are they, that have not patience?
What wound did ever heal but by degrees?
Thou know'ſt, we work by wit, and not by witchcraft;
And wit depends on dilatory time:
Does't not go well? *Caſſio* hath beaten thee,
And thou by that ſmall hurt haſt caſhier'd *Caſſio.*
Tho' other things grow fair againſt the Sun,
Yet fruits, that bloſſom firſt, will firſt be ripe:
Content thy ſelf a while. In troth, 'tis morning;
Pleaſure and action make the hours ſeem ſhort.
Retire thee; go where thou art billetted:
Away, I ſay; thou ſhalt know more hereafter:
Nay, get thee gone. [*Exit* Rodorigo.
Two things are to be done; (30)
My Wife muſt move for *Caſſio* to her miſtreſs:
I'll ſet her on:——
My ſelf, the while, to draw the Moor apart,

(30) *Two Things are to be done;*
My Wife muſt move for Caſſio *to her Miſtreſs:*
I'll ſet her on to draw the Moor apart.] Mr. *Pope* has falſified the Text, becauſe it wanted a little Help: ſo that, in the firſt place, we don't ſee what were the two things to be done: and, then, it was *Iago*, not his Wife, that was to draw the *Moor* apart. The old Books read;

——*Two things are to be done;*
My Wife muſt move for Caſſio *to her Miſtreſs,*
I'll ſet her on my ſelf, a while, *to draw the Moor apart.*

This unreaſonable long *Alexandrine* was certainly a Blunder of the Editors: a ſlight Tranſpoſition and Change will regulate it, as the Poet intended.

My Wife muſt move for Caſſio *to her Miſtreſs:*
I'll ſet her on:——
My ſelf, the while, *to draw the Moor apart,*
And bring him jump, &c.

And

And bring him jump, when he may *Caſſio* find
Solliciting his Wife: ay, that's the way:
Dull not, Device, by coldneſs and delay. [*Exit.*

ACT III.

SCENE, *before* Othello's *Palace.*

Enter Caſſio, *with Muſicians.*

CASSIO.

MASTERS, play here, I will content your pains,
Something that's brief; and bid, good morrow, General.

[*Muſick plays; and enter* Clown *from the Houſe.*

Clown. Why, maſters, have your inſtruments been in *Naples*, that they ſpeak i'th' noſe thus?

Muſ. How, Sir, how?

Clown. Are theſe, I pray you, wind-inſtruments?

Muſ. Ay, marry are they, Sir.

Clown. Oh, thereby hangs a tail.

Muſ. Whereby hangs a tale, Sir?

Clown. Marry, Sir, by many a wind-inſtrument that I know. But, Maſters, here's money for you: and the General ſo likes your muſick, that he deſires you for loves ſake to make no more noiſe with it.

Muſ. Well, Sir, we will not.

Clown. If you have any muſick that may not be heard, to't again: But, as they ſay, to hear muſick, the General does not greatly care.

Muſ. We have none ſuch, Sir.

Clown. Then put up your pipes in your bag, for I'll away. Go, vaniſh into air, away. [*Exeunt* Muſ.

Caſ.

Caſ. Doſt thou hear, mine honeſt friend? (31)

Clown. No, I hear not your honeſt friend; I hear you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, keep up thy quillets, there's a poor piece of gold for thee: if the gentlewoman, that attends the General's wife, be ſtirring, tell her, there's one *Caſſio* entreats of her a little favour of ſpeech. Wilt thou do this?

Clown. She is ſtirring, Sir; if ſhe will ſtir hither, I ſhall ſeem to notifie unto her. [*Exit* Clown.

Caſ. Do, my good friend.

To him, enter Iago.

In happy time, *Iago.*

Iago. You have not been a-bed then?

Caſ. Why, no; the day had broke, before we parted.
I have made bold to ſend in to your wife;
My ſuit is, that ſhe will to *Deſdemona*
Procure me ſome acceſs.

Iago. I'll ſend her preſently;
And I'll deviſe a mean to draw the Moor
Out of the way, that your converſe and buſineſs
May be more free. [*Exit.*

Caſ. I humbly thank you for't. I never knew
A *Florentine* more kind and honeſt.

To him, enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Good morrow, good lieutenant, I am ſorry
For your diſpleaſure; but all will, ſure, be well.
The General and his wife are talking of it:
And ſhe ſpeaks for you ſtoutly. The Moor replies,

(31) Caſ. *Doſt thou hear* me, *mine honeſt Friend?*
Clown. *No, I hear not your honeſt Friend; I hear you.*] Tho' the *Clown* has his Deſign of playing at croſs-purpoſes here, he has no Deſign to make ſuch an abſurd anſwer. But, for this, the Inattention of our Editors is only accountable: 'Tis plain, to make the low Joak intelligible, we muſt expunge [*me*] out of *Caſſio*'s Speech; as both Mr. *Warburton* and Dr. *Thomas Bentley* obſerv'd to me: and their Obſervation happens to have the Sanction of the elder *Quarto*.

That

That he, you hurt, is of great fame in *Cyprus*,
And great affinity; and that in wisdom
He might not but refuse you. But he protests, he loves you;
And needs no other suitor, but his likings,
To bring you in again.
Cas. Yet I beseech you,
If you think fit, or that it may be done,
Give me advantage of some brief discourse
With *Desdemona* alone.
Æmil. Pray you, come in;
I will bestow you where you shall have time
To speak your bosom freely.
Cas. I'm much bound to you. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Iago, *and Gentlemen.*

Oth. These letters give, *Iago*, to the pilot,
And by him do my duties to the Senate;
That done, I will be walking on the Works;
Repair there to me.
Iago. My good lord, I'll do't.
Oth. This fortification, gentlemen, shall we see't?
Gent. We'll wait upon your lordship. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Desdemona, Cassio, *and* Æmilia.

Des. BE thou assur'd, good *Cassio*, I will do
All my abilities in thy behalf.
Æmil. Good Madam, do: I know, it grieves my husband
As if the cause were his.
Des. Oh, that's an honest fellow; doubt not, *Cassio*,
But I will have my lord and you again
As friendly as you were.
Cas. Most bounteous Madam,
Whatever shall become of *Michael Cassio*,

He's

He's never any thing but your true ſervant.
Def. I know't, I thank you; you do love my lord,
You've known him long; and, be you well aſſur'd,
He ſhall in ſtrangeneſs ſtand no farther off
Than in a politick diſtance.
Caſ. Ay, but, lady,
That policy may either laſt ſo long,
Or feed upon ſuch nice and wateriſh diet,
Or breed it ſelf ſo out of circumſtances,
That I being abſent, and my Place ſupply'd,
My General will forget my love and ſervice.
Def. Do not doubt that; before *Æmilia* here,
I give thee warrant of thy Place. Aſſure thee,
If I do vow a friendſhip, I'll perform it
To the laſt article. My lord ſhall never reſt;
I'll watch him tame, and talk him out of patience;
His bed ſhall ſeem a ſchool, his board a ſhrift;
I'll intermingle every thing he do's
With *Caſſio*'s ſuit: therefore be merry, *Caſſio*;
For thy ſollicitor ſhall rather die,
Than give thy cauſe away.

Enter Othello, *and* Iago, *at diſtance.*

Æmil. Madam, here comes my lord.
Caſ. Madam, I'll take my leave.
Def. Why, ſtay, and hear me ſpeak.
Caſ. Madam, not now; I'm very ill at eaſe,
Unfit for mine own purpoſes.
Def. Well, do your diſcretion. [*Exit* Caſſio.
Iago. Hah! I like not that.——
Oth. What doſt thou ſay?
Iago. Nothing, my lord; or if——I know not what.
Oth. Was not that *Caſſio*, parted from my wife?
Iago. *Caſſio*, my lord?——no, ſure, I cannot think it,
That he would ſteal away ſo guilty-like,
Seeing you coming.
Oth. I believe, 'twas he.
Def. How now, my lord?
I have been talking with a ſuitor here,

A man that languiſhes in your diſpleaſure.
Oth. Who is't you mean?
Deſ. Why, your lieutenant *Caſſio.* Good my lord,
If I have any grace, or power to move you,
His preſent reconciliation take.
For if he be not one that truly loves you,
That errs in ignorance, and not in cunning,
I have no judgment in an honeſt face.
I pre'thee, call him back.
Oth. Went he hence now?
Deſ. I, ſooth, ſo humbled,
That he hath left part of his grief with me,
To ſuffer with him. Good love, call him back.
Oth. Not now, ſweet *Deſdemona*; ſome other time.
Deſ. But ſhall't be ſhortly?
Oth. The ſooner, Sweet, for you.
Deſ. Shall't be to night at ſupper?
Oth. Not to night.
Deſ. To morrow dinner then?
Oth. I ſhall not dine at home:
I meet the Captains at the citadel.
Deſ. Why then to morrow night, or *Tueſday* morn,
Or *Tueſday* noon, or night, or *Wedneſday* morn,
I pr'ythee, name the time; but let it not
Exceed three days; in faith, he's penitent:
And yet his treſpaſs, in our common reaſon,
(Save that, they ſay, the wars muſt make examples
Out of their beſt,) is not almoſt a fault
T'incur a private check. When ſhall he come?
Tell me, *Othello.* I wonder in my ſoul,
What you would aſk me, that I would deny,
Or ſtand ſo mutt'ring on? what? *Michael Caſſio*!——
That came a wooing with you, and many a time,
When I have ſpoke of you diſpraiſingly,
Hath ta'en your part, to have ſo much to do
To bring him in? truſt me, I could do much——
Oth. Pr'ythee, no more; let him come when he will,
I will deny thee nothing.
Deſ. Why, this is not a boon:
'Tis as I ſhould entreat you wear your gloves,

Or

*cloaths. W.

Or feed on nouriſhing meats, or keep you warm;
Or ſue to you, to do peculiar profit
To your own perſon. Nay, when I have ſuit,
Wherein I mean to touch your love indeed,
It ſhall be full of poize and difficulty,
And fearful to be granted.

Oth. I will deny thee nothing.
Whereon I do beſeech thee, grant me this,
To leave me but a little to my ſelf.

Deſ. Shall I deny you? no: farewel, my lord.

Oth. Farewel, my *Deſdemona*, I'll come ſtrait.

Deſ. *Æmilia*, come; be, as your fancies teach you:
Whate'er you be, I am obedient. [*Exeunt.*

Manent Othello, *and* Iago.

Oth. Excellent Wench!—Perdition catch my ſoul, (32)
But I do love thee; and when I love thee not,
Chaos is come again.

Iago. My noble lord,——

Oth. What doſt thou ſay, *Iago?*

Iago. Did *Michal Caſſio*, when you woo'd my lady,
Know of your love?

(32) *Excellent* Wretch! *Perdition catch my Soul,*
But I do love thee; &c.] Tho' all the printed Copies concur in this Reading, I think, it is very reaſonably to be ſuſpected. *Othello* is exclaiming here with Admiration and rapturous Fondneſs: but *Wretch* can ſcarce be admitted to be uſed, unleſs in Compaſſion or Contempt. I make no queſtion, but the Poet wrote;

Excellent Wench!——*Perdition catch my ſoul*, &c.

It is to be obſerv'd, that, in SHAKESPEARE's time, *Wench*, *Laſs*, and *Girl* were not uſed in that low and vulgar Acceptation as they are at this time of day; but very frequently with Dignity. To appeal to a few Inſtances.

——*Oh ill-ſtarr'd* Wench!
Pale as thy Smock! Othello.

Agrip. ——*Royal* Wench!
She made great Cæſar *lay his Sword to bed*; &c. Anto. *and* Cleop.
Now boaſt thee, Death, in thy Poſſeſſion lies
A Laſs *unparagon'd.* ibid.

——*What*, Girl! *tho gray*
Do ſomething mingle with our younger brown, &c. ibid.

Oth.

Oth. He did, from firſt to laſt: why doſt thou aſk?
Iago. But for a ſatisfaction of my thought,
No farther harm.
Oth. Why of thy thought, *Iago?*
Iago. I did not think, he'd been acquainted with it.
Oth. Oh, yes, and went between us very oft.
Iago. Indeed!
Oth. Indeed! ay, indeed. Diſcern'ſt thou ought in that?
Is he not honeſt?
Iago. Honeſt, my lord?
Oth. Honeſt? ay, honeſt.
Iago. My lord, for ought I know.
Oth. What doeſt thou think?
Iago. Think, my lord!——
Oth. Think, my lord! why, by heaven, thou echo'ſt me;
As if there were ſome monſter in thy thought,
Too hideous to be ſhewn. Thou doſt mean ſomething:
I heard thee ſay but now, *thou lik'dſt not that*,——
When *Caſſio* left my Wife. What did'ſt not like?
And when I told thee, he was of my counſel,
In my whole courſe of wooing; thou cry'dſt, *indeed?*
And didſt contract and purſe thy brow together,
As if thou then hadſt ſhut up in thy brain
Some horrible conceit: if thou doſt love me,
Shew me thy thought.
Iago. My lord, you know, I love you.
Oth. I think, thou doſt:
And for I know, thou art full of love and honeſty,
And weigh'ſt thy words before thou giv'ſt them breath,
Therefore theſe ſtops of thine fright me the more:
For ſuch things, in a falſe diſloyal knave,
Are tricks of cuſtom; but, in a man that's juſt,
They're cold dilations working from the heart, (33)
That paſſion cannot rule.

Iago.

(33) ——*but, in a Man that's juſt,*
They're cloſe denotements *working from the heart,*
That Paſſion cannot rule.] I cannot ſee, why this Reading ſhould be preſer'd into the Text; and another degraded, which makes the Sentiment admirably fine.

They're

Iago. For *Michael Caſſio*,
I dare be ſworn, I think, that he is honeſt.
Oth. I think ſo too.
Iago. Men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Or, thoſe that be not, would they might ſeem none!
Oth. Certain, men ſhould be what they ſeem.
Iago. Why, then, I think, *Caſſio*'s an honeſt man.
Oth. Nay, yet there's more in this;
I pray thee, ſpeak to me as to thy thinkings,
As thou doſt ruminate; and give thy worſt of thoughts
The worſt of words.
Iago. Good my lord, pardon me.
Tho' I am bound to every act of duty,
I am not bound to that, all ſlaves are free to;
Utter my thoughts!——Why, ſay, they're vile and falſe;
As where's that Palace, whereinto foul things
Sometimes intrude not? who has a breaſt ſo pure,
But ſome uncleanly apprehenſions
Keep leets and law-days, and in ſeſſions ſit [30]
With meditations lawful?
Oth. Thou doſt conſpire againſt thy friend, *Iago*,
If thou but think'ſt him wrong'd, and mak'ſt his ear
A ſtranger to thy thoughts.
Iago. I do beſeech you,
Though I perchance, am vicious in my Gueſs,——
(As, I confeſs, it is my nature's plague
To ſpie into abuſe; and oft my jealouſie
Shapes faults that are not;) I intreat you then,
From one that ſo imperfectly conceits,
Your wiſdom would not build your ſelf a trouble
Out of my ſcattering and unſure obſervance:
It were not for your quiet, nor your good,
Nor for my manhood, honeſty, and wiſdom,

They're cold Dilations *working from the Heart,*
That Paſſion cannot rule.

" Theſe Stops and Breaks, which thou mak'ſt, (ſays *Othello*) are cold
" Dilations, or the cold *keeping back* a Secret, which Men of phlegma-
" tick Conſtitutions, whoſe Hearts are not ruled or govern'd by their
" Paſſions, we find, can do; while more ſanguine Tempers reveal them-
" ſelves at once, and without Reſerve. Mr. *Warburton.*

To let you know my thoughts.

Oth. What doſt thou mean?

Iago. Good name in man and woman, dear my lord,
Is the immediate jewel of their ſouls.
Who ſteals my purſe, ſteals traſh; 'tis ſomething, nothing; (34)
'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been ſlave to thouſands;
But he, that filches from me my good name,
Robs me of That, which not enriches him,
And makes me poor indeed.

Oth. I'll know thy thoughts——

Iago. You cannot, if my heart were in your hand;
Nor ſhall not, whilſt 'tis in my cuſtody.

Oth. Ha!

Iago. Oh, beware, my lord, of jealouſie;
It is a green-ey'd monſter, which doth mock
The meat it feeds on. That cuckold lives in bliſs,
Who, certain of his fate, loves not his wronger;
But, oh, what damned minutes tells he o'er,
Who doats, yet doubts; ſuſpects, yet ſtrongly loves!

Oth. Oh miſery!

Iago. Poor, and content, is rich, and rich enough;
But riches endleſs, is as poor as winter,
To him that ever fears he ſhall be poor.
Good heaven! the ſouls of all my tribe defend

(34) *Who ſteals my Purſe, ſteals Traſh; 'tis ſomething, nothing; 'Twas mine, 'tis his; and has been Slave to thouſands.*]

Of Riches, and other temporal Poſſeſſions, being uncertain, and often changing their Maſters, we meet with ſeveral Paſſages in the Claſſics, which might have given our Author a Hint for this Sentiment.

Nunc ager Umbreni *ſub Nomine, nuper* Ofelli
Dictus, erit nulli proprius; *ſed cedet in uſum*
Nunc mihi, *nunc* alii. Horat. *Serm.* lib. ii. 2.

This *Lucian* ſeems to have imitated in an Epigram.

Ἀγρὸς Ἀχαιμενίδȣ γενόμεν ποτὲ, νῦν δὲ Μενίππȣ,
Καὶ πάλιν ἐξ ἑτέρȣ βήσομαι εἰς ἕτερον.
Καὶ γὰρ ἐκεῖνος ἔχειν μέ ποτ' ᾤετο, καὶ πάλιν ὗτος
Οἴεται, εἰμὶ δ' ὅλως ȣδένος ἀλλὰ τύχης.
Nil proprium ducas, quod mutarier poteſt. Publ. Syrus.
Οὐκ οἶδ' ὅτῳ πέποιθας ἀργυρείῳ, πάτερ.
Ὁ καιρὸς ὁ τυχὼν τοῖς μὲν ȣ κεκτημένοις
Ἔδωκε, τῶν κεκτημένων δ' ἀφείλετο. Apollodorus.
Χρήματα δ' ἀνθρώπων ἄλλοτε ἄλλος ἔχει. Solon.

From

From jealouſie!

Oth. Why? why is this?
Think'ſt thou, I'd make a life of jealouſie?
To follow ſtill the changes of the moon
With freſh ſuſpicions? No; to be once in doubt,
Is once to be reſolv'd. Exchange me for a goat,
When I ſhall turn the buſineſs of my ſoul
To ſuch exufflicate and blown ſurmiſes,
Matching thy inference. 'Tis not to make me jealous,
To ſay, my wife is fair, feeds well, loves company,
Is free of ſpeech, ſings, plays, and dances well;
Where virtue is, theſe are moſt virtuous. [2]
Nor from mine own weak merits will I draw
The ſmalleſt fear, or doubt of her revolt;
For ſhe had eyes, and choſe me. No, *Iago*,
I'll ſee before I doubt; when I doubt, prove;
And, on the proof, there is no more but this,
Away at once with love, or jealouſie.

Iago. I'm glad of this; for now I ſhall have reaſon
To ſhew the love and duty that I bear you
With franker ſpirit. Therefore, as I'm bound,
Receive it from me. I ſpeak not yet of proof.
Look to your wife, obſerve her well with *Caſſio*;
Wear your eye, thus; not jealous, nor ſecure;
I would not have your free and noble nature
Out of ſelf-bounty be abus'd; look to't.
I know our country diſpoſition well;
In *Venice* they do let heav'n ſee the pranks,
They dare not ſhew their huſbands; their beſt conſcience
Is not to leave't undone, but keep't unknown.

Oth. Doſt thou ſay ſo?

Iago. She did deceive her father, marrying you;
And when ſhe ſeem'd to ſhake, and fear your looks,
She lov'd them moſt.

Oth. And ſo ſhe did.

Iago. Go to then;
She, that, ſo young, could give out ſuch a Seeming
To ſeal her father's eyes up, cloſe as oak——
He thought, 'twas witchcraft—but I'm much to blame:
I humbly do beſeech you of your pardon,

For too much loving you.

Oth. I'm bound to you for ever.

Iago. I ſee, this hath a little daſh'd your ſpirits.

Oth. Not a jot, not a jot.

Iago. Truſt me, I fear, it has:
I hope, you will conſider, what is ſpoke
Comes from my love. But, I do ſee, you're mov'd——
I am to pray you, not to ſtrain my ſpeech
To groſſer iſſues, nor to larger reach,
Than to ſuſpicion.

Oth. I will not.

Iago. Should you do ſo, my lord, (35)
My ſpeech would fall into ſuch vile Succeſs,
Which my thoughts aim not at. *Caſſio*'s my worthy friend.
My lord, I ſee, you're mov'd——

Oth. No, not much mov'd——
I do not think, but *Deſdemona*'s honeſt.

Iago. Long live ſhe ſo! and long live you to think ſo!

Oth. And yet, how nature erring from it ſelf——

Iago. Ay, there's the point;—as (to be bold with you)
Not to affect many propoſed matches
Of her own clime, complexion and degree,
Whereto we ſee in all things Nature tends:
Foh! one may ſmell, in ſuch, a will moſt rank,
Foul diſproportions, thoughts unnatural.
But, pardon me, I do not in poſition
Diſtinctly ſpeak of her; tho' I may fear,
Her will, recoiling to her better judgment,
May fall to match you with her country forms,
And, haply, ſo repent.

(35) *Should you do ſo, my Lord,*
My Speech would fall into ſuch vile exceſs,
Which my thoughts aim not at.] This is Mr. *Pope*'s Reading, and, I am afraid, as erroneous as it is unauthoriz'd. For, ſuppoſe, *Othello* were to believe all that *Iago* told him on Suſpicion, how would *Iago*'s Speech fall into the worſe Exceſs thereupon? All the old Copies, that I have ſeen, read, *Succeſs:* and this is certainly the Author's Meaning. "If you ſhould believe all I have ſaid, my Speech would ſucceed worſe, "have more vile Conſequences in your Reſentment againſt your Wife, "than I had any Aim, or Purpoſe, to excite."

Oth. Farewel, farewel;
If more thou doſt perceive, let me know more:
Set on thy wife t'obſerve. Leave me, *Iago.*
Iago. My lord, I take my leave. [*Going.*
Oth. Why did I marry?——
This honeſt creature, doubtleſs,
Sees and knows more, much more, than he unfolds.
Iago. My lord, I would, I might entreat your Honour
To ſcan this thing no farther; leave it to time:
Altho' 'tis fit that *Caſſio* have his Place,
For, ſure, he fills it up with great ability,
Yet if you pleaſe to hold him off a while,
You ſhall by that perceive him, and his means;
Note, if your lady ſtrain his entertainment
With any ſtrong, or vehement importunity;
Much will be ſeen in That. In the mean time,
Let me be thought too buſie in my fears,
(As worthy cauſe I have to fear, I am;)
And hold her free, I do beſeech your Honour.
Oth. Fear not my government.
Iago. I once more take my leave. [*Exit.*

Manet Othello.

Oth. This fellow's of exceeding honeſty,
And knows all qualities, with a learned ſpirit,
Of human dealings. If I prove her haggard,
Tho' that her jeſſes were my dear heart-ſtrings,
I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the wind
To prey at fortune. Haply, for I'm black,
And have not thoſe ſoft parts of converſation
That chamberers have; or, for I am declin'd
Into the vale of years, yet that's not much——
She's gone, I am abus'd, and my relief
Muſt be to loath her. Oh the curſe of marriage!
That we can call theſe delicate creatures ours,
And not their appetites! I had rather be a toad,
And live upon the vapour of a dungeon,
Than keep a corner in the thing I love,
For others uſe. Yet 'tis the plague of Great ones;
Prerogativ'd are they leſs than the baſe;

'Tis deſtiny unſhunnable, like death.
Even then, this forked plague is fated to us,
When we do quicken. *Deſdemona* comes!

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

If ſhe be falſe, oh, then heav'n mocks it ſelf:
I'll not believe't.

Deſ. How now, my dear *Othello?*
Your dinner, and the generous Iſlanders,
By you invited, do attend your preſence.

Oth. I am to blame.

Deſ. Why do you ſpeak ſo faintly?
Are you not well?

Oth. I have a pain upon my forehead here.

Deſ. Why, that's with watching, 'twill away again;
Let me but bind it hard, within this hour
It will be well.

Oth. Your napkin is too little;
[*She drops her handkerchief.*
Let it alone: come, I'll go in with you.

Deſ. I am very ſorry, that you are not well. [*Exeunt.*

Manet Æmilia.

Æmil. I am glad, I have found this napkin;
This was her firſt remembrance from the Moor;
My wayward huſband hath a hundred times
Woo'd me to ſteal it. But ſhe ſo loves the token,
(For he conjur'd her, ſhe ſhould ever keep it)
That ſhe reſerves it evermore about her,
To kiſs and talk to. I'll have the work ta'en out,
And give't *Iago*; what he'll do with it,
Heav'n knows, not I:
I nothing, but to pleaſe his fantaſie.

Enter Iago.

Iago. How now? what do you here alone?

Æmil. Do not you chide; I have a thing for you.

Iago.

Iago. You have a thing for me?
It is a common thing——
Æmil. Ha?
Iago. To have a fooliſh wife.
Æmil. Oh, is that all? what will you give me now
For that ſame handkerchief?
Iago. What handkerchief?
Æmil. What handkerchief?——
Why, That the Moor firſt gave to *Deſdemona*;
That which ſo often you did bid me ſteal.
Iago. Haſt ſtolen it from her?
Æmil. No; but ſhe let it drop by negligence;
And, to th' advantage, I, being here, took't up:
Look, here 'tis.
Iago. A good wench, give it me.
Æmil. What will you do with't, you have been ſo earneſt
To have me filch it?
Iago. Why, what is that to you? [*Snatching it.*
Æmil. If't be not for ſome purpoſe of import,
Give't me again. Poor lady! ſhe'll run mad,
When ſhe ſhall lack it.
Iago. Be not you known on't: A
I have uſe for it. Go, leave me—— [*Exit* Æmil.
I will in *Caſſio*'s lodging loſe this napkin,
And let him find it. Trifles light as air
Are, to the jealous, confirmations ſtrong
As proofs of holy Writ. This may do ſomething.
The Moor already changes with my poiſons:
Dang'rous conceits are in their nature poiſons, (36)
Which at the firſt are ſcarce found to diſtaſte;
But, with a little act upon the blood,
Burn like the mines of ſulphur.——I did ſay ſo.

(36) *Dang'rous Conceits are in their Nature poiſons,*] I cannot poſſibly account for Mr. *Pope*'s Oſtentation of Induſtry upon this Paſſage. *This Line,* ſays he, *reſtor'd from the firſt Edition, compleats the Senſe.* But, pray, let us obſerve the Accuracy of this wonderful *Reſtorer*. The Line, 'tis true, is in the *firſt* Edition; but 'tis likewiſe in the *firſt* and *ſecond* Impreſſions in *Folio*; 'tis in the *Quarto*, of 1630; and 'tis in the Editions put out by Mr. *Rowe*; how then is it *reſtor'd?* Huic *mandes, ſi quid rectè curatum velis.*

Enter Othello.

[61] Look, where he comes! Not Poppy, nor Mandragora,
Nor all the drowſie Sirups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that ſweet Sleep,
Which thou hadſt yeſterday.
Oth. Ha! falſe to me!
Iago. Why, how now, General? no more of that.
Oth. Avant! be gone! thou'ſt ſet me on the rack:
I ſwear, 'tis better to be much abus'd,
Than but to know a little.
Iago. How, my lord?
Oth. What ſenſe had I of her ſtol'n hours of luſt?
I ſaw't not, thought it not, it harm'd not me;
I ſlept the next night well; was free, and merry;
I found not *Caſſio*'s kiſſes on her lips:
He, that is robb'd, not wanting what is ſtol'n,
Let him not know't, and he's not robb'd at all.
Iago. I am ſorry to hear this.
Oth. I had been happy, if the general Camp,
(Pioneers and all,) had taſted her ſweet body,
So I had nothing known. Oh now, for ever
Farewel the tranquil mind! Farewel content!
Farewel the plumed troops, and the big war,
That make ambition virtue! oh, farewel!
Farewel the neighing ſteed, and the ſhrill trump,
[20. Int. The ſpirit-ſtirring drum, th' ear-piercing fife,
160 Can] The royal banner, and all quality,
Pride, pomp, and circumſtance of glorious war!
And, oh, you mortal engines, whoſe rude throats
Th' immortal *Jove*'s dread clamours counterfeit,
Farewel! *Othello*'s Occupation's gone!
Iago. Is't poſſible, my lord?
Oth. Villain, be ſure, thou prove my love a whore;
Be ſure of it: give me the ocular proof,
[*Catching hold on him.*
Or by the worth of mine eternal ſoul,
Thou hadſt been better have been born a dog,
Than anſwer my wak'd wrath.

Iago. Is't come to this?
Oth. Make me to ſee't; or, at the leaſt, ſo prove it,
That the probation bear no hinge, nor loop,
To hang a doubt on: or, woe upon thy life!
Iago. My noble lord——
Oth. If thou doſt ſlander her, and torture me,
Never pray more; abandon all remorſe;
On horrors head, horrors accumulate;
Do deeds to make heav'n weep, all earth amaz'd;
For nothing canſt thou to damnation add,
Greater than that.
Iago. Oh grace! oh heav'n defend me!
Are you a man? have you a ſoul? or ſenſe?
God be w' you; take mine office. O wretched fool,
That liv'ſt to make thine honeſty a vice!
Oh monſtrous world! take note, take note, oh world,
To be direct and honeſt, is not ſafe.
I thank you for this profit, and from hence
I'll love no friend, ſith love breeds ſuch offence.
Oth. Nay, ſtay——thou ſhould'ſt be honeſt——
Iago. I ſhould be wiſe, for honeſty's a fool,
And loſes what it works for.
Oth. By the world,
I think, my wife is honeſt; and think, ſhe is not;
I think, that thou art juſt; and think, thou art not;
I'll have ſome proof. Her name, that was as freſh
As *Dian*'s viſage, is now begrim'd and black
As my own face. If there be cords, or knives,
Poiſon, or fire, or ſuffocating ſtreams,
I'll not endure't——Would, I were ſatisfied!
Iago. I ſee, Sir, you are eaten up with paſſion;
I do repent me that I put it to you.
You would be ſatisfied?
Oth. Would? nay, and will.
Iago. And may; but how? how ſatisfied, my lord?
Would you be ſuperviſor, groſly gape on?
Behold her tupp'd?
Oth. Death and damnation! oh!
Iago. It were a tedious difficulty, I think,
To bring 'em to that proſpect: damn them then,

If

If ever mortal Eyes do see them bolster,
More than their own. What then? how then?
What shall I say? where's satisfaction?
It is impossible you should see this,
Were they as prime as goats, as hot as monkeys,
As salt as wolves in pride, and fools as gross
As ignorance made drunk. But yet, I say,
If imputation and strong circumstances,
Which lead directly to the door of truth,
Will give you satisfaction, you might have't.

Oth. Give me a living reason she's disloyal.

Iago. I do not like the office;
But sith I'm entred in this cause so far,
Prick'd to't by foolish honesty and love,
I will go on. I lay with *Cassio* lately,
And, being troubled with a raging tooth,
I could not sleep.——
There are a kind of men, so loose of soul,
That in their sleeps will mutter their affairs;
One of this kind is *Cassio*:
In sleep I heard him say, "Sweet *Desdemona*,
"Let us be wary, let us hide our loves!"
And then, Sir, would he gripe, and wring my hand;
Cry——"oh sweet creature!" and then kiss me hard,
As if he pluckt up kisses by the roots,
That grew upon my lips; then lay his leg
Over my thigh, and sigh and kiss, and then
Cry, "curse fate! that gave thee to the Moor."

Oth. Oh monstrous! monstrous!

Iago. Nay, this was but his dream.

Oth. But this denoted a fore-gone conclusion;
'Tis a shrewd doubt, tho' it be but a dream.

Iago. And this may help to thicken other proofs,
That do demonstrate thinly.

Oth. I'll tear her all to pieces.

Iago. Nay, but be wise; yet we see nothing done;
She may be honest yet.——Tell me but this,
Have you not sometimes seen a handkerchief,
Spotted with strawberries in your wife's hand?

Oth. I gave her such a one; 'twas my first gift.

Iago.

Iago. I know not that; but ſuch a handkerchief,
(I'm ſure, it was your wife's,) did I to day
See *Caſſio* wipe his beard with.
Oth. If it be that——
Iago. If it be that, or any, if 'twas hers,
It ſpeaks againſt her with the other proofs.
Oth. Oh, that the ſlave had forty thouſand lives!
One is too poor, too weak for my Revenge.
Now do I ſee, 'tis true.——Look here, *Iago*,
All my fond love thus do I blow to heav'n:
'Tis gone;——
Ariſe, black vengeance, from the hollow hell!
Yield up, oh love, thy crown and hearted throne
To tyrannous hate! ſwell, boſom, with thy fraught,
For 'tis of aſpicks tongues. [135]
Iago. Yet be content.
Oth. Oh blood, blood, blood——
Iago. Patience, I ſay; your mind, perhaps, may change.
Oth. Never, *Iago.* * Like to the *Pontick* Sea, (c)
Whoſe icy current and compulſive courſe,
Ne'er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the *Propontick*, and the *Helleſpont:*
Even ſo my bloody thoughts with violent pace
Shall ne'er look back, ne'er ebb to humble love,
Till that a capable and wide revenge
Swallow them up——Now, by yond marble heav'n,
In the due rev'rence of a ſacred vow [*He kneels.*
I here engage my words——
Iago. Do not riſe yet: [Iago *kneels.*
Witneſs, you ever-burning lights above!
You elements, that clip us round about!
Witneſs, that here *Iago* doth give up
The execution of his wit, hands, heart,
To wrong'd *Othello*'s ſervice. Let him command, (37)
Nor,

(37) —— *Let him command,*
And to obey ſhall be in me Remorſe,
What bloody Buſineſs ever.] Thus all the old Copies, to the manifeſt Depravation of the Poet's Senſe. Mr. *Pope* has attempted an Emendation, but with his old Luck and Dexterity.

Not

[118] Nor, to obey, ſhall be in me Remorſe,
What bloody buſineſs ever.

Oth. I greet thy love,
Not with vain thanks, but with acceptance bounteous,
And will upon the inſtant put thee to't:
Within theſe three days let me hear thee ſay,
That *Caſſio*'s not alive.

Iago. My friend is dead; (38)
'Tis done at your requeſt. But, let her live.

Oth. Damn her, lewd Minx! oh, damn her, damn her!
Come, go with me apart; I will withdraw
To furniſh me with ſome ſwift means of death
For the fair Devil. Now art thou my Lieutenant.—

Iago. I am your own for ever. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE, *another Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Clown.*

Deſ. DO you know, ſirrah, where Lieutenant *Caſſio* lyes?

Not *to obey ſhall be in me Remorſe*, &c.
I read, with the Change only of a ſingle Letter;
Nor, *to obey*, *ſhall be in me Remorſe*, &c.
i. e. Let your Commands be ever ſo bloody, Remorſe and Compaſſion ſhall not reſtrain me from obeying them. Much to the ſame Tenour Lady *Macbeth* ſays;

Stop up th' Acceſs and Paſſage to Remorſe,
That no compunctious *Viſitings of* Nature
Shake *my* fell Purpoſe.

38. Iago. *My Friend is dead.*] i. e. I am ſo firmly reſolv'd to obey your Commands, that you may conclude *Caſſio* already dead. *Ben Jonſon*, I remember, in a like Circumſtance, in his *Catiline*, has finely expreſs'd the Impetuoſity of *Cethegus*'s Character; the Dialogue is about making away with *Cicero*.

——— *He* ſhall die;
Shall *was too ſlowly ſaid*: ——— *He's* dying; *That*
Is yet too ſlow: ——— *He*'s dead.

But this, by the Bye, is a Copy from *Seneca* the Tragedian, in his *Hercules Furens*.

Lycus Creonti debitas pœnas dabit:
Lentum eſt, dabit: dat: *hoc quoq; eſt lentum*, dedit.

Clown.

Clown. I dare not ſay, he lies any where.

Deſ. Why, man?

Clown. He's a ſoldier; and for me to ſay, a ſoldier lies, 'tis ſtabbing.

Deſ. Go to; where lodges he?

Clown. To tell you where he lodges, is to tell you where I lie.

Deſ. Can any thing be made of this?

Clown. I know not where he lodges; and for me to deviſe a lodging, and ſay, he lyes here, or he lyes there, were to lie in mine own throat.

Deſ. Can you enquire him out? and be edified by report?

Clown. I will catechize the world for him; that is, make queſtions, and bid them anſwer. (39)

Deſ. Seek him, bid him come hither; tell him, I have mov'd my lord on his behalf, and hope, all will be well.

Clown. To do this is within the compaſs of man's wit, and therefore I will attempt the doing of it. [*Exit Clown.*

Deſ. Where ſhould I loſe that handkerchief, *Æmilia?*

Æmil. I know not, Madam.

Deſ. Believe me, I had rather have loſt my purſe
Full of Cruzadoes. And but my noble Moor
Is true of mind, and made of no ſuch baſeneſs
As jealous creatures are, it were enough
To put him to ill thinking.

Æmil. Is he not jealous?

Deſ. Who, he? I think, the Sun, where he was born,
Drew all ſuch humours from him.

Æmil. Look, where he comes.

Deſ. I will not leave him now, till *Caſſio* be
Call'd to him. How is it with you, my lord?

(39) Clown. *I will catechize the World for him;*
That is, make Queſtions, and by *them anſwer.*]

This *Clown* is a Fool to ſome purpoſe. He was to go ſeek for One; he ſays, he will ask for him, and by his own Queſtions make Anſwer. Without doubt, we ſhould read;

——— *and* bid *them anſwer.*

i. e. the World; thoſe, whom he queſtions. Mr. *Warburton.*

Enter

Enter Othello.

Oth. Well, my good lady. Oh, hardneſs to diſſemble!
How do you, *Deſdemona?*

Deſ. Well, my Lord.

Oth. Give me your hand; this hand is moiſt, my Lady.

Deſ. It yet hath felt no age, nor known no ſorrow.

Oth. This argues fruitfulneſs, and liberal heart:
Hot, hot, and moiſt——this hand of yours requires
A ſequeſter from liberty; faſting and prayer,
Much caſtigation, exerciſe devout;
For here's a young and ſweating devil here,
That commonly rebels: 'tis a good hand,
A frank one.

Deſ. You may, indeed, ſay ſo;
For 'twas that hand, that gave away my heart.

Oth. A liberal hand. The hearts, of old, gave hands; (40)
But our new heraldry is hands, not hearts.

Deſ. I cannot ſpeak of this; come, now your promiſe.

Oth. What promiſe, chuck?

(40) ——*The Hearts of old gave Hands;*
But our new Heraldry is Hands not Hearts.]

The Senſe of the Sentence here is very clear; but, notwithſtanding, I have a Suſpicion, that a Point of Hiſtory is obliquely alluded to. Soon after King *James* the *Firſt* came to the Crown, in order to raiſe a Sum, he created the new Dignity of *Baronets*: each Man was to pay ſo much for his Title. Amongſt their other Prerogatives of Honour, they had this, *viz.* an Addition to their paternal Arms of a HAND, *gules*, in an Eſcutcheon *argent*. And we are not to doubt, but this was the new Heraldry hinted at by our Author: and the Satire is moſt exquiſite, plainly inſinuating that ſome, then created, had *Hands*, indeed; but no *Hearts*: that is, *Money* to pay for the *Creation*, but no *Virtue* to purchaſe the *Honour*. But the fineſt part of the Poet's Addreſs in this Alluſion, is, the Compliment he paid by it to his old Miſtreſs, *Elizabeth*. For *James*'s Pretence for raiſing this Sum, by the new Creation, was the Reduction of *Ulſter*, and other Provinces in *Ireland*; the Memory of which he would perpetuate by this Addition to the Arms, which is the Arms of *Ulſter*. Now the Methods uſed by *Elizabeth* in the Conqueſt of that Kingdom were ſo different from this, (the Dignities, ſhe confer'd, being on thoſe who had employ'd their *Steel*, not their Gold in that Service;) that nothing could more add to her Glory than being compared to her *Succeſſor* in this Point of View. Mr. *Warburton*.

Deſ.

Def. I've ſent to bid *Caſſio* come ſpeak with you.
Oth. I have a ſalt and ſorry Rheum offends me ;
Lend me thy handkerchief.
Def. Here, my Lord.
Oth. That, which I gave you.
Def. I have it not about me.
Oth. Not ?——
Def. No, indeed, my Lord.
Oth. That's a fault. That handkerchief (41)
Did an *Ægyptian* to my mother give ;
She was a Charmer, and could almoſt read
The thoughts of people. She told her, while ſhe kept it,
'Twould make her amiable, ſubdue my father
Intirely to her love ; but if ſhe loſt it,
Or made a gift of it, my father's eye
Should hold her loathed, and his ſpirits hunt
After new fancies. She, dying, gave it me ;

And

(41) —— *That Handkerchief*
Did an Ægyptian *to my Mother give* ;] Becauſe this Epiſode of the *Handkerchief* has been attack'd by Snarlers and Buffoon-Criticks, I am tempted to ſubjoin an Obſervation or two in Juſtification of our Author's Conduct. The Poet ſeems to have been aware of the Levity of ſuch Judges, as ſhould account the giving away an Hankerchief too ſlight a Ground for Jealouſy. He therefore obviates this, upon the very Moment of the Handkerchief being loſt, by making *Iago* ſay ;

Trifles, light as Air,
Are, to the Jealous, Confirmations ſtrong
As Proofs of holy Writ.

Beſides this, let us ſee how finely the Poet has made his Handkerchief of Significancy and Importance. *Cinthio Giraldi*, from whom he has borrowed the Incident, only ſays, that it was the *Moor*'s Gift, upon his Wedding, to *Deſdemona* ; that it was moſt curiouſly wrought after the *Mooriſh* Faſhion, and very dear both to him and his Wife ; *il quel Pannicello era lavorato alla* Moreſca *ſottiliſſimamente, et era cariſſimo alla Donna & parimente al Moro.* But our Author, who wrote in a ſuperſtitious Age, (when *Philtres* were in Vogue for procuring Love, and *Amulets* for preſerving it ;) makes his Handkerchief deriv'd from an *Inchantreſs* ; *Magick* and *Myſtery* are in its *Materials* and *Workmanſhip* ; its *Qualities* and *Attributes* are ſolemnly laid down ; and the Gift recommended to be cheriſh'd by its Owners on the moſt inducing Terms imaginable, *viz.* the making the Party amiable to her Husband, and the keeping his Affections ſteady. Such Circumſtances, if I know any thing of the Matter, are the very Soul and Eſſence of *Poetry* : *Fancy* here exerts its great

creating

And bid me, when my fate would have me wiv'd,
To give it her. I did ſo; and take heed on't;——
Make it a darling, like your precious eye;
To loſe't, or giv't away, were ſuch perdition,
As nothing elſe could match.

Def. Is't poſſible?

Oth. 'Tis true; there's magick in the web of it;
A *Sybill*, that had numbred in the world
[32] The Sun to courſe two hundred compaſſes,
In her prophetick fury ſow'd the Work:
The worms were hallowed, that did breed the ſilk;
And it was dy'd in Mummey, which the ſkillful
Conſerv'd of Maidens hearts.

Def. Indeed! is't true!

Oth. Moſt veritable, therefore look to't well.

Def. Then would to heav'n, that I had never ſeen't!

Oth. Ha? wherefore?

Def. Why do you ſpeak ſo ſtartingly, and raſh?

Oth. Is't loſt? is't gone? ſpeak, is it out o'th' way?

Def. Bleſs us!——

Oth. Say you?

Def. It is not loſt; but what, and if it were?

Oth. Ha!

Def. I ſay, it is not loſt.

Oth. Fetch't, let me ſee't.

Def. Why, ſo I can, Sir; but I will not now:

creating Power, and adds a Dignity, that ſurprizes, to its Subject. After this, let us hear the coarſe Pleaſantries of Mr. *Rymer*. "So much "ado, ſo much Streſs, ſo much Paſſion, and Repetition, about an Hand-"kerchief! Why was not this call'd the *Tragedy of the Handkerchief?* "What can be more abſurd, than (as *Quintilian* expreſſes it,) *in parvis* "*litibus has Tragœdias movere?* We have heard of *Fortunatus*'s *Purſe*, "and of the *inviſible Cloak*, long ago worn thread-bare, and ſtow'd up "in the Wardrobe of obſolete *Romances*: One might think, that were "a fitter Place for this Handkerchief, than that it, at this time of day, "be worn on the Stage, to raiſe every where all this Clutter and Tur-"moil. Had it been *Deſdemona*'s Garter, the ſagacious *Moor* might "have ſmelt a Rat: but the Handkerchief is ſo remote a Trifle, no "Booby, on this ſide *Mauritania*, could make any Conſequence from "it."——Whether this be from the Spirit of a *true Critic*, or from the Licence of a *Railer*, I may be too much prejudiced to determine: ſo leave it to every indifferent Judgment.

This

This is a trick to put me from my ſuit,
Pray you, let *Caſſio* be receiv'd again.
Oth. Fetch me the handkerchief——my mind miſgives——
Deſ. Come, you'll ne'er meet a more ſufficient man.
Oth. The handkerchief——
Deſ. A man, that, all his time,
Hath founded his good fortunes on your love;
Shar'd dangers with you.
Oth. The handkerchief——
Deſ. Inſooth, you are to blame.
Oth. Away!—— [*Exit* Othello.

Manent Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Æmil. Is not this man jealous?
Deſ. I ne'er ſaw this before.
Sure, there's ſome wonder in this handkerchief:
I'm moſt unhappy in the loſs of it.
Æmil. 'Tis not a year, or two, ſhews us a man:
They are all but ſtomachs, and we all but food;
They eat us hungerly, and, when they're full,
They belch us. Look you! *Caſſio*, and my husband.

Enter Iago *and* Caſſio.

Iago. There is no other way, 'tis ſhe muſt do't;
And lo, the happineſs! go and importune her.
Deſ. How now, good *Caſſio*, what's the news with you?
Caſ. Madam, my former ſuit. I do beſeech you,
That by your virtuous means I may again
Exiſt, and be a member of his love;
Whom I, with all the office of my heart,
Intirely honour. I would not be delay'd;
If my offence be of ſuch mortal kind,
That not my ſervice paſt, nor preſent ſorrows,
Nor purpos'd merit in futurity,
Can ranſom me into his love again;
But to know ſo, muſt be my benefit.
So ſhall I cloath me in a forc'd content,

And ſhut myſelf up in ſome other courſe, (42)
To fortune's alms.

Deſ. Alas! thrice-gentle *Caſſio*,
My advocation is not now in tune;
My lord is not my lord; nor ſhould I know him,
Were he in favour, as in humour, alter'd.
So help me every ſpirit ſanctified,
As I have ſpoken for you all my beſt;
And ſtood within the blank of his diſpleaſure,
For my free ſpeech! You muſt a-while be patient;
What I can do, I will: and more I will
Than for myſelf I dare. Let That ſuffice you.

Iago. Is my lord angry?

Æmil. He went hence but now;
And, certainly, in ſtrange unquietneſs.

Iago. Can he be angry? I have ſeen the Cannon,
When it hath blown his ranks into the air,
And, like the Devil, from his very arm
Puft his own brother; and can he be angry?
Something of moment then; I will go meet him;
There's matter in't indeed, if he be angry. [*Exit.*

Manent Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and* Caſſio.

Deſ. I pr'ythee, do ſo.—Something, ſure, of State,
Either from *Venice*, or ſome unhatch'd practice,

(42) *And ſhut myſelf up in ſome other Courſe,*
To Fortune's Arms.] i.e. *to be embraced by Fortune:* which was a greater Happineſs than *Caſſio* yet dreamt of. I don't know whether we are to diſpute here with Mr. *Pope*'s Eyes, or his Underſtanding, for departing from all the old Copies, which read as they ſhould do;

And ſhut myſelf up in ſome other Courſe,
To Fortune's Alms.

i. e. To Chance, and Caſualty. So before, in this Play;

I'd whiſtle her off, and let her down the Wind
To prey at Fortune.

i. e. at Random. And ſo, in King *Lear*;

——— *Let your ſtudy*
Be to content your Lord, who hath receiv'd you
At Fortune's Alms.

i. e. a Beggar; ſtript of the Indulgence of Fortune.

Made here demonſtrable in *Cyprus* to him,
Hath puddled his clear ſpirit; and, in ſuch caſes,
Mens natures wrangle with inferior things,
Tho' great ones are their object. 'Tis ev'n ſo.
For let our finger ake, and it endues
Our other healthful members with a ſenſe
Of pain. Nay, we muſt think, Men are not Gods;
Nor of them look for ſuch obſervance always,
As fits the bridal. Beſhrew me much, *Æmilia*,
I was (unhandſome warrior, as I am,) wrangler h'
Arraigning his unkindneſs with my ſoul;
But now I find, I had ſuborn'd the witneſs,
And he's indited falſely.

Æmil. Pray heav'n, it be
State-matter, as you think; and no conception,
Nor jealous toy concerning you.

Deſ. Alas-the-day, I never gave him cauſe.

Æmil. But jealous ſouls will not be anſwer'd ſo;
They are not ever jealous for a cauſe;
But jealous, for they're jealous. It's a monſter
Begot upon it ſelf, born on it ſelf.

Deſ. Heav'n keep that monſter from *Othello*'s mind!

Æmil. Lady, amen.

Deſ. I will go ſeek him. *Caſſio*, walk hereabout;
If I do find him fit, I'll move your ſuit,
And ſeek t' effect it to my uttermoſt.

Caſ. I humbly thank your Ladyſhip.

[*Ex.* Deſdem. *and* Æmil. *at one door*; Caſſio, *at the other.*

SCENE *changes to the Street before the Palace.*

Re-enter Caſſio, *meeting* Bianca.

Bian. 'SAVE you, friend *Caſſio.*

Caſ. What makes you from home?
How is it with you, my moſt fair *Bianca?*
Indeed, ſweet Love, I was coming to your houſe.

Bian. And I was going to your lodging, *Caſſio.*
What? keep a week away? ſeven days and nights?

Eightſcore eight hours? and lovers' abſent hours,
More tedious that the dial, eightſcore times?
Oh weary reck'ning!
Caſ. Pardon me, *Bianca*:
I have this while with leaden thoughts been preſt;
But I ſhall in a more convenient time
Strike off this ſcore of abſence. Sweet *Bianca*,
[*Giving her* Deſdemona's *Handkerchief.*
Take me this work out.
Bian. Oh *Caſſio*, whence came this?
This is ſome token from a newer friend:
Of thy felt abſence now I feel a cauſe:
Is't come to this? well, well.
Caſ. Go to, woman:
Throw your vile gueſſes in the Devil's teeth,
From whence you have them. You are jealous now,
That this is from ſome miſtreſs, ſome remembrance?
No, in good troth, *Bianca*.
Bian. Why, whoſe is it?
Caſ. I know not neither; I found it in my chamber;
I like the work well; ere it be demanded,
As like enough it will, I'd have it copied:
Take it, and do't, and leave me for this time.
Bian. Leave you? wherefore?
Caſ. I do attend here on the General,
And think it no addition, nor my wiſh,
To have him ſee me woman'd.
Bian. Why, I pray you?
Caſ. Not that I love you not.
Bian. But that you do not love me;
I pray you, bring me on the way a little;
And ſay, if I ſhall ſee you ſoon at night?
Caſ. 'Tis but a little way that I can bring you,
For I attend here. But I'll ſee you ſoon.
Bian. 'Tis very good; I muſt be circumſtanc'd. [*Exe.*

ACT

ACT IV.

SCENE, *a Court before the Palace.*

Enter Othello, *and* Iago.

IAGO.

WILL you think ſo?

Oth. Think ſo, *Iago?*

Iago. What, to kiſs in private?

Oth. An unauthoriz'd kiſs?

Iago. Or to be naked with her friend in bed,
An hour or more, not meaning any harm?

Oth. Naked in bed, *Iago*, and not mean harm? (43)
It is hypocriſy againſt the Devil:
They that mean virtuouſly, and yet do ſo,
The Devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heav'n.

Iago. If they do nothing, 'tis a venial ſlip:
But if I give my wife a handkerchief——

Oth. What then?

Iago. Why then, 'tis hers, my lord; and, being hers,
She may, I think, beſtow't it on any man.

(43) *Naked in bed,* Iago, *and mean no harm?*
It is Hypocriſie againſt the Devil.] This Paſſage puts me in mind of a ſingular Set of *Devotees* in the primitive *Church* of both Sexes, (whom S. *Cyprian* condemns in one of his Epiſtles) and which had continued a conſiderable time, as we may ſee from *Dodwell*'s *Cyprianic.* Diſſertations, where we have a full Account of them. There were ſeveral of both Sexes, who had made their Vows and Profeſſions of Chaſtity; and, as the extreameſt Trial of their Virtue, ſcrupled not to lie naked together in Bed. Some had been excommunicated for it of the female Sex, who yet ſtuck to their Innocence, and offer'd to undergo any Trials of their Virginity. Whether our Author had theſe diſſembling Devotees in his Mind or no, I dare not pretend to Say: but ſome of the Sect, if I remember right, were detected and brought to Puniſhment in his Time. Mr. *Warburton.*

Oth. She is protectreſs of her honour too ;
May ſhe give That ?
Iago. Her honour is an eſſence that's not ſeen,
They have it very oft, that have it not :
But for the handkerchief——
Oth. By heav'n, I would moſt gladly have forgot it ;
Thou ſaidſt,——oh, it comes o'er my memory,
As doth the Raven o'er th' infected houſe,
Boading to ill,——he had my handkerchief.
Iago. Ay, what of that ?
Oth. That's not ſo good now.
Iago. What if I ſaid, I'ad ſeen him do you wrong ?
Or heard him ſay, (as knaves be ſuch abroad, (44)
Who having by their own importunate ſuit,
Or voluntary dotage of ſome miſtreſs,
Convinc'd or ſuppled them, they cannot chuſe
But they muſt blab.)
Oth. Hath he ſaid any thing ?
Iago. He hath, my lord ; but be you well aſſur'd,
No more than he'll unſwear.
Oth. What hath he ſaid ?
Iago. Why, that he did—I know not what he did—
Oth. What ? what ?
Iago. Lye——

Oth.

(44) ——————*as Knaves be ſuch abroad,*
Who having by their own importunate Suit,
Or voluntary Dotage of ſome Miſtreſs,
Convinced *or* ſupplied *them, cannot chuſe*
But they muſt blab.] I alter'd this, as I have now reform'd the Text, in the *Appendix* to my SHAKESPEARE *reſtor'd*. I cannot underſtand the vulgar Reading, which poſſeſſes the Copies. My Emendation makes the Senſe of the Paſſage eaſy and intelligible : that there are ſome ſuch long-tongued Knaves in the World, who, if they thro' the *Force of Importunity extort* a Favour from their Miſtreſs, or if thro' *her own Fondneſs* they make her *pliant* to their Deſires, cannot help boaſting of their Succeſs. To *convince*, here, is not, as in the common Acceptation, to make ſenſible of the Truth of any thing by Reaſons and Arguments ; but to *overcome, get the better of*, &c.

So, in *Macbeth* ;

——————*his two Chamberlains*
Will I with Wine and Waſſel ſo convince, *&c.*

And,

Oth. With her?

Iago. With her; on her——what you will—

Oth. Lye with her! lye on her! lye with her! that's fulſom: handkerchief——confeſſions—handkerchief—— handkerchief—to confeſs, and be hang'd for his labour—— Firſt, to be hang'd, and then—to confeſs!—I tremble at it——Nature would not inveſt herſelf in ſuch ſhadowing without ſome inſtruction. It is not words, that ſhake me thus—piſh—noſes, ears, and lips—is't poſſible!— confeſs!——handkerchief!—oh devil——

[*Falls in a trance.*

Iago. Work on,
My medicine, work! thus credulous fools are caught;
And many worthy and chaſt Dames even thus,
All guiltleſs, meet reproach. What hoa! my lord!
My lord, I ſay, *Othello*,——

Enter Caſſio.

How now, *Caſſio?*

Caſ. What's the matter?

And, again:

——— *their Malady* convinces
The great Aſſay of Art.

And, ſo, in *Cymbeline*;

Your Italy *contains none ſo accompliſh'd a Courtier to* convince *the Honour of my Miſtreſs.*

To *ſupple*, (a Verb form'd from the Adjective,) tis well known, ſignifies, to make *pliant* and *flexible*: and is, particularly, a Term in *Surgery*, when any part ſwoln and ſtiff is, by *Fomentations*, &c. reduced, and made ſoft and pliable. I find the word uſed in our Author's time, in the Senſe that I here make it bear.

Fit. ——— *And you, Mas Broker,*
Shall have a Feeling.
Bro. ——— *So it* ſupple, *Sir,*
The Nerves.
Staple *of* News.

He's monſtrous vex'd, and muſty at my Cheſs-play,
But this ſhall ſupple *him, when he has read it.* Spaniſh *Curate.*

Cypr. *Thought and Affection cannot be controll'd.*
Phil. *Yet may't be bent and* ſuppled *with Extreams.* Dumb Knight.

Iago. My lord is fell into an Epilepſie,
This is the ſecond Fit; he had one yeſterday.
Caſ. Rub him about the temples.
Iago. No, forbear,
The lethargy muſt have his quiet courſe;
If not, he foams at mouth, and by and by
Breaks out to ſavage madneſs: look, he ſtirs.
Do you withdraw your ſelf a little while,
He will recover ſtraight; when he is gone,
I would on great occaſion ſpeak with you. [*Exit* Caſſio.
How is it, General? have you not hurt your head?
Oth. Doſt thou mock me?
Iago. I mock you not, by heav'n;
Would you would bear your fortunes like a man.
Oth. A horned man's a monſter, and a beaſt.
Iago. There's many a beaſt, then, in a populous city,
And many a civil monſter.
Oth. Did he confeſs it?
Iago. Good ſir, be a man:
Think, every bearded fellow, that's but yoak'd,
May draw with you. Millions are now alive,
That nightly lye in thoſe unproper beds,
Which they dare ſwear peculiar. Your caſe is better.
Oh, 'tis the ſpight of hell, the fiend's arch-mock,
To lip a Wanton in a ſecure couch;
And to ſuppoſe her chaſt. No, let me know,
And knowing what I am, I know what ſhe ſhall be.
Oth. Oh, thou art wiſe; 'tis certain.
Iago. Stand you a while apart,
Confine your ſelf but in a patient liſt.
Whilſt you were here, o'er-whelmed with your grief,
(A paſſion moſt unſuiting ſuch a man,)
Caſſio came hither. I ſhifted him away,
And laid good 'ſcuſes on your ecſtaſie;
Bad him anon return, and here ſpeak with me;
The which he promis'd. Do but encave your ſelf,
And mark the fleers, the gibes, and notable ſcorns,
That dwell in every region of his face.
For I will make him tell the tale anew;
Where, how, how oft, how long ago, and when,

He

He hath, and is again to cope your wife.
I say, but mark his gesture. Marry, patience;
Or I shall say, you are all in all in spleen,
And nothing of a man.
Oth. Dost thou hear, *Iago?*
I will be found most cunning in my patience;
But, dost thou hear, most bloody.
Iago. That's not amiss;
But yet keep time in all. Will you withdraw?
[Othello *withdraws.*
Now will I question *Cassio* of *Bianca*,
A huswife, that, by selling her desires,
Buys her self bread and cloth. It is a creature, *cloathes* Q.
That dotes on *Cassio*; as 'tis the strumpet's plague
To beguile many, and be beguil'd by one;
He, when he hears of her, cannot refrain
From the excess of laughter.——Here he comes—

Enter Cassio.

As he shall smile, *Othello* shall go mad;
And his unbookish jealousie must construe [162]
Poor *Cassio*'s smiles, gestures, and light behaviour,
Quite in the wrong. How do you now, Lieutenant?
Cas. The worser, that you give me the addition,
Whose want even kills me.
Iago. Ply *Desdemona* well, and you are sure on't:
Now, if this suite lay in *Bianca*'s power,
[*speaking lower.*
How quickly should you speed?
Cas. Alas, poor caitiff!
Oth. Look, how he laughs already. [*aside.*
Iago. I never knew a woman love man so.
Cas. Alas, poor rogue, I think, indeed, she loves me.
Oth. Now he denies it faintly, and laughs out. [*aside.*
Iago. Do you hear, *Cassio*?
Oth. Now he importunes him
To tell it o'er: go to, well said, well said. [*aside.*
Iago. She gives it out, that you shall marry her.
Do you intend it?

Cas.

Caſ. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. Do you triumph, *Roman?* do you triumph? [*aſide.*

Caſ. I marry her!—What? a cuſtomer? pr'ythee, bear ſome charity to my wit, do not think it ſo unwholſome. Ha, ha, ha.

Oth. So, ſo: they laugh, that win. [*aſide.*

Iago. Why, the Cry goes, that you ſhall marry her.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, ſay true.

Iago. I am a very villain elſe.

Oth. Have you ſcoar'd me? well. [*aſide.*

Caſ. This is the monkey's own giving out: ſhe is perſwaded, I will marry her, out of her own love and flattery, not out of my promiſe.

Oth. Iago beckons me: now he begins the ſtory. [*aſide.*

Caſ. She was here even now: ſhe haunts me in every place. I was the other day talking on the Sea-bank with certain *Venetians*, and thither comes the bauble, and falls me thus about my neck——

Oth. Crying, "oh dear *Caſſio*, as it were:" his geſture imports it. [*aſide.*

Caſ. So hangs, and lolls, and weeps upon me, ſo ſhakes, and pulls me. Ha, ha, ha——

Oth Now he tells, how ſhe pluckt him to my chamber: oh, I ſee that noſe of yours, but not that dog I ſhall throw it to. [*aſide.*

Caſ. Well, I muſt leave her company.

Iago. Before me! look, where ſhe comes.

Enter Bianca.

Caſ. 'Tis ſuch another fitchew! marry, a perfum'd one:——

What do you mean by this haunting of me?

Bian. Let the Devil and his Dam haunt you! what did you mean by that ſame handkerchief, you gave me even now? I was a fine fool to take it: I muſt take out the work? A likely peice of work, that you ſhould find it in your chamber, and know not who left it there. This is ſome minxe's token, and I muſt take out the work? there——give it your hobby-horſe: whereſoever you had it, I'll take out no work on't.

Caſ.

Caſ. How now, my ſweet *Bianca?* how now? how now?

Oth. By heav'n, that ſhould be my handkerchief. [*aſide.*

Bian. If you'll come to ſupper to night, you may; if you will not, come when you are next prepar'd for. [*Exit.*

Iago. After her, after her.——

Caſ. I muſt, ſhe'll rail in the ſtreets elſe.

Iago. Will you Sup there?

Caſ. Yes, I intend ſo.

Iago. Well, I may chance to ſee you; for I would very fain ſpeak with you.

Caſ. Pr'ythee, come, will you?

Iago. Go to, ſay no more. [*Exit* Caſſio.

Manent Othello, *and* Iago.

Oth. How ſhall I murther him, *Iago?*

Iago. Did you perceive, how he laugh'd at his vice?

Oth. Oh, *Iago!*——

Iago. And did you ſee the handkerchief?

Oth. Was that mine?

Iago. Yours, by this hand: and to ſee how he prizes the fooliſh woman your wife——She gave it him, and he hath given it his whore.

Oth. I would have him nine years a killing:
A fine woman! a fair woman! a ſweet woman!

Iago. Nay, you muſt forget That.

Oth. Ay, let her rot and periſh, and be damn'd to night; for ſhe ſhall not live. No, my heart is turn'd to ſtone: I ſtrike it, and it hurts my hand. Oh, the world hath not a ſweeter creature—She might lye by an emperor's ſide, and command him tasks.

Iago. Nay, that's not your way.

Oth. Hang her, I do but ſay what ſhe is——ſo delicate with her needle——An admirable muſician.——Oh, ſhe will ſing the ſavageneſs out of a bear: of ſo high and plenteous wit and invention!

Iago. She's the worſe for all this.

Oth. Oh, a thouſand, a thouſand times:

And

And then of so gentle condition!——

Iago. Ay, too gentle.

Oth. Nay, that's certain.

But yet the pity of it, *Iago*——Oh, *Iago*, the pity of it, *Iago*——

Iago. If you are so fond over her iniquity, give her patent to offend; for if it touch not you, it comes near no body.

Oth. I will chop her into messes: cuckold me!

Iago. Oh, 'tis foul in her.

Oth. With mine officer!

Iago. That's fouler.

Oth. Get me some poison, *Iago*, this night; I'll not expostulate with her, lest her body and her beauty unprovide my mind again; this night, *Iago*.

Iago. Do it not with poyson, strangle her in her bed, Even in the bed she hath contaminated.

Oth. Good, good:

The justice of it pleases; very good.

Iago. And for *Cassio*, let me be his undertaker:

You shall hear more by midnight. [*A Trumpet within.*

Oth. Excellent good:——what Trumpet is that same?

Iago. Something from *Venice*, sure. 'Tis *Lodovico* Come from the Duke: and, see, your wife is with him.

Enter Lodovico, Desdemona, *and Attendants, from the Palace.*

Lod. Save you, worthy General.

Oth. With all my heart, Sir.

Lod. The Duke and the Senators of *Venice* greet you. [*Gives him a Letter.*

Oth. I kiss the Instrument of their pleasures.

Des. And what's the news, good Cousin *Lodovico?*

Iago. I am very glad to see you, signior.

Welcome to *Cyprus*.

Lod. I thank you; how does lieutenant *Cassio?*

Iago. Lives, Sir.

Des. Cousin, there's fall'n between him and my lord An unkind breach: but you shall make all well.

Oth. Are you sure of that? [*aside.*

Des.

Def. My lord,——

Oth. *This fail you not to do, as you will*—— [*Reads.*

Lod. He did not call; he's buſie in the paper.
Is there diviſion 'twixt my lord and *Caſſio?*

Def. A moſt unhappy one; I would do much
T' atone them, for the love I bear to *Caſſio.*

Oth. Fire and brimſtone!

Def. My lord!

Oth. Are you wife?

Def. What, is he angry?

Lod. 'May be, the letter mov'd him.
For, as I think, they do command him home, (45)
Deputing *Caſſio* in his Government.

Def. Truſt me, I am glad on't.

Oth. Indeed! [*aſide.*

Def. My lord!

Oth. I am glad to ſee you mad.

Def. Why, ſweet *Othello?*

Oth. Devil!—— [*Striking her.*

Def. I have not deſerv'd this.

Lod. My lord, this would not be believ'd in *Venice*,
Though I ſhould ſwear, I ſaw't. 'Tis very much;
Make her amends, ſhe weeps.

Oth. Oh devil, devil!
If that the earth could teem with woman's tears,
Each drop, ſhe falls, would prove a crocodile:

(45) *For, as I think, they do command him home,*
Deputing Caſſio *in his Government.*] Had Mr. *Rymer* intended, or known how, to make a ſerious and ſenſible Critic on this Play, methinks, here is a fair Open given for Enquiry and Animadverſion. *Othello* is, as it were, but juſt arriv'd at *Cyprus* upon an Emergency of defending it againſt the *Turks*; the Senate could hardly yet have heard of the *Ottoman* Fleet being ſcatter'd by Tempeſt; and *Othello* is at once remanded home, without any Imputation ſuggeſted on his Conduct, or any Hint of his being employ'd in a more urgent Commiſſion. Tis true, the Deputation of *Caſſio* in his Room ſeems deſign'd to heighten the Moor's Reſentment: but ſome probable Reaſon ſhould have been aſſign'd, and thrown in to the Audience, for his being recall'd. As to what *Iago* ſays afterwards, that *Othello* is to go to *Mauritania*, This is only a Lye of his own Invention to carry a Point with *Rodorigo*.—— It is in little Omiſſions of this Sort that *Shakeſpear*'s Indolence, or Neglect of Art, is frequently to be cenſur'd.

Out

Out of my ſight——
Deſ. I will not ſtay t' offend you. [*going.*
Lod. Truly, an obedient lady:
I do beſeech your lordſhip, call her back.
Oth. Miſtreſs,——
Deſ. My lord.
Oth. What would you with her, Sir?
Lod. Who I, my lord?
Oth. Ay; you did wiſh, that I would make her turn:
Sir, ſhe can turn and turn, and yet go on;
And turn again. And ſhe can weep, Sir, weep;
And ſhe's obedient: as you ſay, obedient;
Very obedient—proceed you in your tears—
Concerning this, Sir,—oh well-painted paſſion!——
I am commanded home—get you away,
I'll ſend for you anon——Sir, I obey the mandate,
And will return to *Venice*——Hence, avant!——
[*Exit* Deſd.
Caſſio ſhall have my Place. And, Sir, to night
I do entreat that we may ſup together.
You are welcome, Sir, to *Cyprus*——
Goats and Monkies! [*Exit.*

Manent Lodovico, *and* Iago.

Lod. Is this the noble Moor, whom our full Senate
Call all-in-all ſufficient? this the Nature,
Which paſſion could not ſhake? whoſe ſolid virtue (46)
The ſhot of accident, nor dart of change,
Could

(46)—— ——*whoſe ſolid Virtue*
The Shot of Accident *nor Dart of* Chance
Could neither graze *nor pierce.*] But 'tis no Commendation to the moſt ſolid Virtue to be free from the Attacks of Fortune: but that it is ſo impenetrable as to ſuffer no Impreſſion. Now, to *graze*, ſignifies, only *to touch the Superficies* of any thing. That is the Attack of Fortune: And by That Virtue is try'd, but not diſcredited. We ought certainly therefore to read,

Can neither raze *nor pierce.*

i. e. neither lightly touch upon, nor pierce into. The ignorant Tranſcribers being acquainted with the Phraſe of *a Bullet grazing*, and *Shot* being

Could neither raze, nor pierce?

Iago. He is much chang'd.

Lod. Are his wits ſafe? is he not light of brain?

Iago. He's what he is; I may not breathe my cenſure.
What he might be, if what he might he is not,
I would to heaven, he were!

Lod. What, ſtrike his wife!

Iago. 'Faith, that was not ſo well; yet would I knew,
That ſtroke would prove the worſt.

Lod. Is it his uſe?
Or did the letters work upon his blood,
And new-create this fault?

Iago. Alas, alas!
It is not honeſty in me to ſpeak
What I have ſeen and known. You ſhall obſerve him,
And

being mention'd in the Line before, they corrupted the true Word. Beſides, we do not ſay, *graze* a Thing; but *graze on* it.

Mr. *Warburton.*

The ſame Diſtinction, betwixt *raze* and *pierce*, our Author has mark'd, I remember, in his Tranſlation of *Paris*'s Epiſtle to *Helen*.

My Wound is not a ſlight Raze *with an Arrow,*
But it hath pierc'd *my Heart, and burn'd my Marrow.*

In the ſame manner the *French* us'd their Word *raſer*, which ſometimes ſignifies, bruſhing over, touching a Thing but lightly. *Il ſe dit des corps qui paſſent fort près de quelques autres, & ne les touchent que légerément*; ſays RICHELET. So, with them, *raſer les eaux*, means, to skim lightly over the Water. And in the ſame Manner, the beſt *Latin* Poets uſed their Verb, *radere*; to skim along by, run gently over.

——————*ripas* radentia *flumina rodunt.*

Lucret. V. 257.

Fit quoque enim interdum, ut non tam concurrere nubes
Frontibus adverſis poſſint, quam de latere ire
Diverſo motu radentes *corpori' tractum.*

Idem VI. 117.

Ille inter navemq; Gyæ, ſcopuloſq; ſonanteis,
Radit *iter lævum interior.*

Vir. *Æn.* V. 170.

——————*Projectaq; Saxa Pachini*
Radimus.

Idem *Æn.* III. 699.

Proxima Circææ raduntur *littora terræ.*

Id. *Æn.* VII. 10.

&c. &c. But, to return to our Author. I have ventur'd to attack another Part of this Sentence, which my ingenious Friend ſlip'd over.

And his own courſes will denote him ſo,
That I may ſave my ſpeech. Do but go after,
And mark how he continues.

Lod. I'm ſorry, that I am deceiv'd in him. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE *changes to an Apartment in the Palace.*

Enter Othello *and* Æmilia.

Oth. YOU have ſeen nothing then?

Æmil. Nor ever heard, nor ever did ſuſpect.

Oth. Yes, you have ſeen *Caſſio* and her together.

Æmil. But then I ſaw no harm; and then I heard
Each ſyllable, that breath made up between them.

Oth. What? did they never whiſper?

Æmil. Never, my lord.

Oth. Nor ſend you out o'th' way?

Æmil. Never.

Oth. To fetch her fan, her gloves, her maſk, nor nothing?

I cannot ſee, for my Heart, the Difference betwixt the Shot of *Accident* and Dart of *Chance*. The Words, and Things they imply, are purely Synonymous; but that the Poet intended two different Things, ſeems plain from the *diſcretive* Adverb. Chance may afflict a Man in ſome Circumſtances; but other Diſtreſſes are to be accounted for from a different Cauſe. I am perſwaded, our Author wrote;

The Shot of Accident, *nor Dart of* Change, &c.

And, in ſeveral other Places, our Poet induſtriouſly puts theſe two Words in Oppoſition to each other.

Which ſhackles Accident, *and bolts up* Change. Anto. & Cleop.

——— *How* Chances *mock*,
And Changes *fill the cup of Alteration*; 2 Hen. IV.

Tho' Chance *of War hath wrought this* Change *of Cheer*.
Tit. Andron.

So, *Milton*, a very ſtudious Imitator of *Shakeſpeare's* Manner and Expreſſion;

Beſides, what Hope the never-ending Flight
Of future days may bring, what Chance, *what* Change,
Worth waiting: Par. loſt. *Bo.* II.

In brief ſententious Precepts while they treat
Of Fate, and Chance, *and* Change *in human Life*.
Par. reg. *Bo.* IV.

Æmil.

Æmil. Never, my lord.
Oth. That's ſtrange!
Æm. I durſt, my Lord, to wager ſhe is honeſt,
Lay down my ſoul at ſtake: if you think other,
Remove your thought, it doth abuſe your boſom.
If any wretch have put this in your head,
Let heav'n requite it with the ſerpent's curſe!
For if ſhe be not honeſt, chaſt and true,
There's no man happy; the pureſt of their wives
Is foul as ſlander.
Oth. Bid her come hither, go. [*Exit* Æmilia.
She ſays enough; yet ſhe's a ſimple bawd,
That cannot ſay as much. This is a ſubtle whore,
A cloſet lock and key of villanous ſecrets;
And yet ſhe'll kneel, and pray: I've ſeen her do't.

Enter Deſdemona *and* Æmilia.

Deſ. My lord, what is your will?
Oth. Pray you, chuck, come hither.
Deſ. What is your pleaſure?
Oth. Let me ſee your eyes; look in my face.
Deſ. What horrible fancy's this?
Oth. Some of your function, miſtreſs;
Leave procreants alone, and ſhut the door,
Cough, or cry, hem, if any body come.
Your myſtery, your myſtery;——nay, diſpatch.
[*Exit* Æmilia.
Deſ. Upon my knee, what doth your ſpeech import?
I underſtand a fury in your words,
But not your words.
Oth. Why? what art thou?
Deſ. Your wife, my lord; your true and loyal wife.
Oth. Come, ſwear it; damn thy ſelf; leſt, being like one
Of heav'n, the devils themſelves ſhould fear to ſeize thee.
Therefore be double-damn'd; ſwear, thou art honeſt.
Deſ. Heav'n doth truly know it.
Oth. Heav'n truly knows,
That thou art falſe as hell.
Deſ. To whom, my lord?
With whom? how am I falſe?

Oth. Ah, *Deſdemona*! away, away, away—
Def. Alas, the heavy day! why do you weep?
Am I the motive of theſe tears, my lord?
If, haply, you my father do ſuſpect
An inſtrument of this your calling back,
Lay not your blame on me; if you have loſt him,
Why, I have loſt him too.
Oth. Had it pleas'd heav'n
To try me with affliction, had he rain'd
All kind of ſores and ſhames on my bare head,
Steep'd me in poverty to the very lips,
Giv'n to captivity me and my hopes;
I ſhould have found in ſome place of my ſoul
A drop of patience. But, alas, to make me
A fixed figure for the hand of ſcorn
To point his ſlow and moving finger at——
Yet could I bear that too, well, very well.
But there, where I have garner'd up my heart,
Where either I muſt live, or bear no life,
The fountain from the which my current runs,
Or elſe dries up; to be diſcarded thence;
Or keep it as a ciſtern, for foul toads
To knot and gender in: Turn thy complexion there, (47)
Patience, thou young and roſe-lip'd cherubin;
Ay, there look grim as hell.
Def. I hope, my noble lord eſteems me honeſt.
Oth. Oh, ay, as ſummer flies are in the ſhambles,
That quicken ev'n with blowing. Oh thou weed!
Who art ſo lovely fair, and ſmell'ſt ſo ſweet,
That the ſenſe akes at thee——

(47) ——*Turn thy Complexion there,*
Patience, thou young and roſe-lip'd Cherubin;
I here *look grim as Hell.*] The Poet makes an Apoſtrophe to *Patience* as a Goddeſs; and is ſuppos'd to make *Othello* bid her turn her Complexion and Cherubin's Looks, becauſe he looks as grim as Hell upon the Occaſion. But I am perſwaded, the Text has been all along ſlightly corrupted, by miſtaking *I* in the laſt Verſe for the *Pronoun* of the *firſt* Perſon: whereas, in our Author's days, it likewiſe ſtood for the *Adverb* of *affirming*. As I have reform'd the Text, a proper Contraſt is reſtor'd; and Patience is urg'd not only to turn her Complexion, to drop the roſy Looks of a Cherub, but to put on the grim Aſpect of a Fiend.

Would

Would, thou had'ſt ne'er been born!
Def. Alas, what ignorant ſin have I committed?
Oth. Was this fair paper, this moſt goodly book,
Made to write whore upon? what, what committed?
Committed?——oh, thou publick commoner!
I ſhould make very forges of my cheeks,
That would to cynders burn up modeſty,
Did but I ſpeak thy deeds. What, what committed?
Heav'n ſtops the noſe at it, and the moon winks;
The bawdy wind, that kiſſes all it meets,
Is huſh'd within the hollow mine of earth,
And will not hear't. What committed?——Impudent Strumpet!
Def. By heav'n, you do me wrong.
Oth. Are not you a ſtrumpet?
Def. No, as I am a chriſtian.
If to preſerve this veſſel for my lord
From any other, foul, unlawful, Touch,
Be not to be a ſtrumpet, I am none.
Oth. What, not a whore?
Def. No, as I ſhall be ſaved.
Oth. Is't poſſible?
Def. Oh, heav'n forgive us!
Oth. I cry you mercy, then.
I took you for that cunning whore of *Venice*,
That married with *Othello*——

Enter Æmilia.

You, miſtreſs,
That have the office oppoſite to St. *Peter*,
And keep the gate of hell; You! you! ay, you!
We have done our courſe, there's mony for your pains;
I pray you, turn the key, and keep our counſel. [*Exit.*
Æmil. Alas, what does this gentleman conceive?
How do you, madam? how do you, my good lady?
Def. Faith, half aſleep.
Æmil. Good madam, what's the matter with my lord?
Def. With whom?
Æmil. Why, with my lord, madam?
Def. Who is thy lord?

Æmil. He that is yours, ſweet lady.

Def. I have none; do not talk to me, *Æmilia.*
I cannot weep; nor anſwer have I none,
But what ſhould go by water. Pray, to night
Lay on my bed my wedding ſheets, remember; our
And call thy huſband hither.

Æmil. Here's a change indeed! [*Exit.*

Def. 'Tis meet I ſhould be us'd ſo, very meet:
How have I been behav'd, that he might ſtick
The ſmall'ſt opinion of my leaſt miſuſe?

Enter Iago, *and* Æmilia.

Iago. What is your pleaſure, Madam? how is't with you?

Def. I cannot tell; thoſe, that do teach your babes,
Do it with gentle means, and eaſie taſks;
He might have chid me ſo: for, in good faith,
I am a child to chiding.

Iago. What's the matter, lady?

Æmil. Alas, *Iago*, my lord hath ſo bewhor'd her,
Thrown ſuch deſpight and heavy terms upon her,
That true hearts cannot bear it.

Def. Am I that name, *Iago?*

Iago. What name, fair lady?

Def. Such, as, ſhe ſaid, my lord did ſay I was.

Æmil. He call'd her whore; a beggar, in his drink,
Could not have laid ſuch terms upon his callet.

Iago. Why did he ſo?

Def. I do not know; I'm ſure, I am none ſuch.

Iago. Do not weep, do not weep; alas, the day!

Æmil. Hath ſhe forſook ſo many noble matches?
Her father? and her country? and her friends?
To be call'd whore? would it not make one weep?

Def. It is my wretched fortune.

Iago. Beſhrew him for't! how comes this trick upon him?

Def. Nay, heav'n doth know.

Æmil. I will be hang'd, if ſome eternal villain,
Some buſie and inſinuating rogue,

Some

Some cogging, cozening ſlave, to get ſome office,
Has not devis'd this ſlander: I'll be hang'd elſe.
Iago. Fie, there is no ſuch man; it is impoſſible.
Deſ. If any ſuch there be, heav'n pardon him!
Æmil. A halter pardon him, and hell gnaw his bones!
Why ſhould he call her whore? who keeps her company?
What place? what time? what form? what likely-hood?
The Moor's abus'd by ſome moſt villanous knave,
Some baſe notorious knave, ſome ſcurvy fellow.
Oh heav'n, that ſuch companions thou'dſt unfold,
And put in every honeſt hand a whip,
To laſh the raſcal naked through the world,
Ev'n from the eaſt to th' weſt!
Iago. Speak within door.
Æmil. Oh, fie upon them! Some ſuch 'ſquire he was,
That turn'd your wit the ſeamy ſide without;
And made you to ſuſpect me with the Moor.
Iago. You are a fool; go to.
Deſ. Alas, *Iago*,
What ſhall I do to win my lord again?
Good friend, go to him; by this light of heav'n,
I know not how I loſt him. Here I kneel; [*Kneeling.*
If e'er my will did treſpaſs 'gainſt his love,
Or in diſcourſe, or thought, or actual deed;
Or that mine eyes, mine ears, or any ſenſe,
Delighted them on any other form;
Or that I do not yet, and ever did,
And ever will, though he do ſhake me off
To beggarly divorcement, love him dearly,
Comfort forſwear me! Unkindneſs may do much;
And his unkindneſs may defeat my life,
But never taint my love. I can't ſay, *whore*;
It do's abhor me, now I ſpeak the word;
To do the act, that might th' addition earn,
Not the world's maſs of vanity could make me.
Iago. I pray you, be content; 'tis but his humour;
The buſineſs of the State do's him offence,
And he does chide with you.
Deſ. If 'twere no other,——
Iago. It is but ſo, I warrant. [*Trumpets.*

Hark, how these instruments summon to supper!
The messenger of *Venice* stays the meat;
Go in, and weep not; all things shall be well.
[*Exeunt* Desdemona *and* Æmilia.

Enter Rodorigo, *to* Iago.

How now, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. I do not find, that thou deal'st justly with me.

Iago. What in the contrary?

Rod. Every day thou doft'st me with some device, *Iago*; and rather, as it seems to me now, keep'st from me all conveniency, than supplies't me with the least advantage of hope. I will, indeed, no longer endure it. Nor am I yet persuaded to put up in peace what already I have foolishly suffer'd.

Iago. Will you hear me, *Rodorigo?*

Rod. Faith, I have heard too much; and your words and performances are no kin together.

Iago. You charge me most unjustly.

Rod. With naught but truth: I have wasted my self out of my means. The jewels you have had from me, to deliver to *Desdemona*, would half have corrupted a Votarist. You have told me, she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me expectations and comforts of sudden respect and acquittance; (48) but I find none.

Iago. Well, go to; very well.

Rod. Very well, go to; I cannot go to, man, nor 'tis not very well; nay, I think, it is scurvy, and begin to find my self fob'd in it.

Iago. Very well.

(48) *You have told me, she hath receiv'd them, and return'd me Expectations and Comforts of sudden Respect and* Acquaintance.] This was, first, the Reading of the Player-Editors, who, I presume, did not understand the Reading of the old *Quarto*, which I take to have been the Poet's Word, *Acquittance*; i. e. a Requital, a proper Return of her Favours:

So, in *Henry* V.

And shall forget the Office of our Hand,
Sooner than Quittance *of Desert and Merit,*
According to the Weight and Worthiness.

Rod.

Rod. I tell you, 'tis not very well. I will make my ſelf known to *Deſdemona:* If ſhe will return me my jewels, I will give over my ſuit, and repent my unlawful ſolicitation: if not, aſſure yourſelf, I will ſeek ſatisfaction of you.

Iago. You have ſaid now——

Rod. Ay, and ſaid nothing, but what, I proteſt, intendment of doing.

Iago. Why, now, I ſee, there's mettle in thee; and even from this inſtant do I build on thee a better opinion than ever before. Give me thy hand, *Rodorigo*, thou haſt taken againſt me a moſt juſt exception; but, I proteſt, I have dealt moſt directly in thy affair.

Rod. It hath not appear'd.

Iago. I grant, indeed, it hath not appear'd; and your ſuſpicion is not without wit and judgment. But, *Rodorigo*, if thou haſt That in thee indeed, which I have greater reaſon to believe now than ever, (I mean, purpoſe, courage, and valour) this night ſhew it. If thou the next night following enjoy not *Deſdemona*, take me from this world with treachery, and deviſe engines for my life.

Rod. Well; what is it? is it within reaſon and compaſs?

Iago. Sir, there is eſpecial Commiſſion come from *Venice* to depute *Caſſio* in *Othello*'s place.

Rod. Is that true? why, then *Othello* and *Deſdemona* return again to *Venice.*

Iago. Oh, no; he goes into *Mauritania*, and taketh away with him the fair *Deſdemona*, unleſs his abode be lingred here by ſome accident: Wherein none can be ſo determinate, as the removing of *Caſſio.*

Rod. How do you mean removing him?

Iago. Why, by making him uncapable of *Othello*'s Place; knocking out his brains.

Rod. And that you would have me to do?

Iago. Ay, if you dare do yourſelf a profit and a right. He ſups to night with a harlot; and thither will I go to him. He knows not yet of his honourable fortune; if you will watch his going thence, (which I will faſhion to fall out between twelve and one) you may take

him at your pleaſure. I will be near to ſecond your attempt, and he ſhall fall between us. Come, ſtand not amaz'd at it, but go along with me; I will ſhew you ſuch a neceſſity in his death, that you ſhall think yourſelf bound to put it on him. It is now high ſupper-time; and the night grows to waſte. About it.

Rod. I will hear further reaſon for this.

Iago. And you ſhall be ſatisfied. [*Exeunt.*

Enter Othello, Lodovico, Deſdemona, Æmilia, *and Attendants.*

Lod. I do beſeech you, Sir, trouble yourſelf no further.

Oth. Oh, pardon me; 'twill do me good to walk.

Lod. Madam, good night; I humbly thank your ladyſhip.

Deſ. Your Honour is moſt welcome.

Oth. Will you walk, Sir? oh *Deſdemona!*——

Deſ. My lord.

Oth. Get you to bed on th' inſtant, I will be return'd forthwith; diſmiſs your attendant there; look, it be done. [*Exit.*

Deſ. I will, my Lord.

Æmil. How goes it now? he looks gentler than he did.

Deſ. He ſays, he will return incontinent;
And hath commanded me to go to bed,
And bid me to diſmiſs you.

Æmil. Diſmiſs me?

Deſ. It was his bidding; therefore, good *Æmilia*,
Give me my nightly Wearing, and adieu.
We muſt not now diſpleaſe him.

Æmil. I would, you had never ſeen him!

Deſ. So would not I; my love doth ſo approve him,
That even his ſtubbornneſs, his checks, and frowns,
(Pr'ythee, unpin me) have grace and favour in them.

Æmil. I have laid thoſe ſheets, you bad me, on the bed.

Deſ. All's one: good father! how fooliſh are our minds?
If I do die before thee, pr'ythee, ſhroud me
In one of theſe ſame ſheets.

Æmil.

Æmil. Come, come; you talk.

Def. My mother had a maid call'd *Barbara*,
She was in love; and he, she lov'd, prov'd mad,
And did forsake her. She had a song of *willow*,
An old thing 'twas, but it expres's'd her fortune,
And she dy'd singing it. That song to night
Will not go from my mind; I've much ado,
But to go hang my head all at one side,
And sing it like poor *Barbara*. Pr'ythee, dispatch.

Æmil. Shall I go fetch your night-gown?

Def. No, unpin me here;
This *Lodovico* is a proper man.

Æmil. A very handsom man.

Def. He speaks well.

Æmil. I know a lady in *Venice* would have walk'd barefoot to *Palestine* for a touch of his neither lip.

Def. *The poor soul sat singing by a sycamore-tree,*
Sing all a green willow: [singing.
Her hand on her bosom, her head on her knee,
Sing willow, willow, willow:
The fresh streams ran by her, and murmur'd her moans;
Sing willow, &c.
Her salt tears fell from her, and softned the stones;
Sing willow, &c.
Willow, willow, &c. (Pr'ythee, hye thee, he'll come anon)
Sing all a green willow must be my garland.
Let no body blame him, his scorn I approve.

Nay, that's not next——Hark, who is't that knocks?

Æmil. It's the wind.

Def. *I call'd my love false love; but what said he then?*
Sing willow, &c.
If I court more women, you'll couch with more men.

So, get thee gone, good night; mine eyes do itch,
Doth that boad weeping?

Æmil. 'Tis neither here nor there.

Def. I have heard it said so; oh these men, these men!
Dost thou in conscience think, tell me, *Æmilia*,
That there be women do abuse their husbands
In such gross kind?

Æmil.

Æmil. There be ſome ſuch, no queſtion.

Def. Woud'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Æmil. Why, would not you?

Def. No, by this heav'nly light.

Æmil. Nor I neither, by this heav'nly light:
I might do't as well i'th' dark.

Def. Would'ſt thou do ſuch a deed for all the world?

Æmil. The world's a huge thing,
It is a great price, for a ſmall vice.

Def. In troth, I think, thou would'ſt not.

Æmil. In troth, I think, I ſhould; and undo't when I had done. Marry, I would not do ſuch a thing for a joint-ring, nor for meaſures of lawn, nor for gowns, petticoats, nor caps; nor any petty exhibition. But for all the whole world; why, who would not make her husband a cuckold, to make him a monarch? I ſhould venture purgatory for't.

Def. Beſhrew me, if I would do ſuch a wrong
For the whole world.

Æmil. Why, the wrong is but a wrong i'th' world; and having the world for your labour, 'tis a wrong in your own world, and you might quickly make it right (49).

Def. I do not think, there is any ſuch woman.

Æmil. Yes, a dozen; and as many to th' vantage,
As would ſtore the world they plaid for.
But, I do think, it is their huſbands faults,
If wives do fall: ſay, that they ſlack their duties,
And pour our treaſures into foreign laps;
Or elſe break out in peeviſh jealouſies,
Throwing reſtraint on us; or ſay, they ſtrike us,
Or ſcant our former Having in deſpight;
Why, we have galls, and though we have ſome grace,

(49) *And, having the World for your Labour, 'tis a* Wrong *in your own World, and you might quickly make it* right.] I am miſtaken, if by this Sentiment the Author did not intend to ridicule the Opinion of thoſe Philoſophers, who hold, that *Right* and *Wrong* are of ſo arbitrary Natures, that *God*, conſiſtently with his *Attributes*, may authorize *Injuſtice*. For, becauſe it becomes *Injuſtice* only by his *Will*, it ceaſes to be ſo when that Will is alter'd. Mr. *Warburton*.

Yet

Yet have we ſome revenge. Let huſbands know,
Their wives have ſenſe like them ; they ſee and ſmell,
And have their palats both for ſweet and ſower,
As huſbands have. What is it that they do,
When they change us for others ? is it ſport ?
I think, it is ; and doth affection breed it ?
I think, it doth : is't frailty, that thus errs ?
It is ſo too. And have not we affections ?
Deſires for ſport ? and frailty, as men have ?
Then let them uſe us well ; elſe let them know,
The ills we do, their ills inſtruct us to.

Deſ. Good night, good night ; heaven me ſuch uſes ſend,
Not to pick bad from bad ; but by bad, mend! [*Exeunt.*

ACT V.

SCENE, *a Street before the Palace.*

Enter Iago *and* Rodorigo.

IAGO.

HERE, ſtand behind this bulk. Straight will he come :
Wear thy good rapier bare, and put it home ;
Quick, quick, fear nothing ; I'll be at thy elbow.
It makes us, or it mars us : think on That,
And fix moſt firm thy reſolution.

Rod. Be near at hand, I may miſcarry in't.

Iago. Here, at thy hand ; be bold and take thy ſword.

Rod. I have no great devotion to the deed,
Yet he hath giv'n me ſatisfying reaſons ;

'Tis

'Tis but a man gone. Forth, my ſword; he dies.
[*Stands apart.*

Iago. I've rubb'd this young Knot almoſt to the ſenſe, (50)
And he grows angry. Now, whether he kill *Caſſio*,
Or *Caſſio* him, or each do kill the other,
Every way makes my gain. Live *Rodorigo*,
He calls me to a reſtitution large
Of gold and jewels, that I bob'd from him,
As gifts to *Deſdemona*.
It muſt not be.——If *Caſſio* do remain,
He hath a daily beauty in his life,
That makes me ugly; and, beſides, the Moor
May unfold me to him; there ſtand I in peril;
No, he muſt die. Be it ſo; I hear him coming.

Enter Caſſio.

Rod. I know his gate; 'tis he: villain, thou dyeſt.
[*He runs at* Caſſio, *and wounds him.*

Caſ. That Thruſt had been mine enemy indeed,
But that my coat is better than thou know'ſt:
I will make proof of thine. [*Fight.* Iago *cuts* Caſſio *be-*
[*hind in the Leg, and* exit. *Then* Rod. *and* Caſſio *fall.*

Rod. Oh, I am ſlain.

(50) *I've rubb'd this young* Gnat *almoſt to the Senſe,*
And he grows Angry.] The *rubbing a* Gnat *to Senſe*, is, I believe, an Experiment that never was communicated even to the *Royal Society*. The leaſt Frication, on the contrary, would not only rub him out of all Senſe, but out of Life into the Bargain. The old *Quarto*'s have it, *Quat:* a Word, which, I confeſs, I am abſolutely a Stranger to. I have ventur'd to conjecture,

I've rubb'd this young Knot, &c.

The *Knat*, or *Knot*, is a ſmall Bird, plentiful with us, in *Lincolnſhire* and *Lancaſhire*; which took its Name, as *Cambden* ſays, from its being a delicious Morſel with King *Canute*, who was likewiſe call'd *Knout*. This Bird, being once taken, as *Geſner* tells us, is above all others tame and tractable. In this reſpect it ſorts with *Rodorigo*'s Character, an eaſy, manageable Cully. And, again, as he is amorous in his Purſuit, ſo this Bird is of the Species of thoſe *quæ Clunes agitant*. It is call'd by ſome of the *Latin* Writers, *Cinclus*.

* *Quat. a pimple or little boil. Warwick* Caſ. *Shirl*

Caſ. I'm maim'd for ever; help, hoa! murther, murther! (51)

Enter Othello *above, at a Window.*

Oth. The voice of *Caſſio*,—— *Iago* keeps his word.
Rod. Oh, villain that I am!
Oth. It is even ſo.
Caſ. Oh, help, ho! light! a ſurgeon!——
Oth 'Tis he! oh brave *Iago*, honeſt and juſt,
That haſt ſuch noble ſenſe of thy friend's wrong;
Thou teacheſt me——Minion, your Dear lies dead;
And your fate hyes apace.——Strumpet, I come:
From off my heart, thoſe charms, thine eyes, are blotted:
Thy bed, luſt-ſtain'd, ſhall with luſt's blood be ſpotted.
[*Exit* Othello.

Enter Lodovico *and* Gratiano, *at a diſtance.*

Caſ. What, ho! no watch? no paſſage? murther, murther!
Gra. 'Tis ſome miſchance; the voice is very direful.
Caſ. Oh help!
Lod. Hark!
Rod. Oh wretched villain!

(51) Caſ. *I'm maim'd for ever.*] None of the Editions hitherto have by any marginal Direction accounted for what *Caſſio* here ſays, and likewiſe for what he afterwards ſays, *My Leg is cut in Two.* We are not to ſuppoſe, he receiv'd this violent Hurt in fencing with his Oppoſite; but as *Rodorigo* and He are engaged, *Iago* with a broad Sword hacks at him behind. In this Incident our Author preciſely copies his *Italian* Noveliſt. *Uſcendo una Sera il Capo di Squadra di caſa d' una Meretrice colla quale egli ſi ſolazzava, eſſendo la notte buia, gli ſi accoſtò l' Alfiero con la Spada in mano, & gli dirizzò un colpo alle gambe, per farlo cadere: & auvenne, ch' egli gli tagliò la deſtra coſcia à traverſo, onde il Miſero caddè.* "The "Captain (*Caſſio*) coming one Night from the Houſe of a Harlot, "(with whom he entertain'd himſelf,) it being very dark, the *Antient* "with his Sword ready drawn attack'd him, and let drive a Blow at "his Legs with Deſign to cut him down: And he happen'd to cut him "acroſs the right Thigh in ſuch a manner, that with the Wound the "miſerable Gentleman fell to Earth."

Lod.

Lod. Two or three groans. It is a heavy night;
Theſe may be counterfeits: let's think't unſafe
To come into the cry, without more help.
Rod. No body come? then ſhall I bleed to death.

Enter Iago, *in his ſhirt, with a Light and Sword.*

Lod. Hark——
Gra. Here's one comes in his ſhirt with light and weapons.
Iago. Who's there? whoſe noiſe is this, that cries out murther?
Lod. We do not know.
Iago. Do not you hear a cry?
Caſ. Here, here: for heav'n ſake, help me.
Iago. What's the matter?
Gra. This is *Othello*'s Antient, as I take it.
Lod. The ſame, indeed, a very valiant fellow.
Iago. What are you here, that cry ſo grievouſly?
Caſ. *Iago?* oh I'm ſpoil'd, undone by villains!
Give me ſome help.
Iago. Oh me, lieutenant! what villians have done this?
Caſ. I think, that one of them is hereabout;
And cannot make away.
Iago. Oh treacherous villains!
What are you there? come in and give ſome help.
[*To* Lod. *and* Gra.
Rod. Oh, help me there.
Caſ. That's one of them.
Iago. Oh murd'rous ſlave! oh villain! [Iago *ſtabs him.*
Rod. Oh damn'd *Iago!* oh inhuman dog!
Iago. Kill men i'th' dark? where be theſe bloody thieves!
How ſilent is this town? ho, murther! murther!
What may you be? are you of good or evil?
Lod. As you ſhall prove us, praiſe us.
Iago. Signior *Lodovico?*——
Lod. He, Sir.
Iago. I cry you mercy! here's *Caſſio*, hurt by villains.
Gra. *Caſſio?*

Iago.

Iago. How is't, brother?
Caſ. My leg is cut in two.
Iago. Marry, heav'n forbid!
Light, gentlemen, I'll bind it with my ſhirt.

Enter Bianca.

Bian. What is the matter, hoa, who is't that cry'd?
Iago. Who is't that cry'd?
Bian. Oh my dear *Caſſio*,
My ſweet *Caſſio*, oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*.
Iago. Oh notable ſtrumpet! *Caſſio*, may you ſuſpect
Who they ſhould be, that have thus mangled you?
Caſ. No.
Gra. I'm ſorry to find you thus:
I have been to ſeek you.
Iago. Lend me a garter. So——Oh for a chair,
To bear him eaſily hence.
Bian. Alas, he faints. Oh *Caſſio*, *Caſſio*, *Caſſio!*
Iago. Gentlemen all, I do ſuſpect this Traſh
To be a party in this Injury.
Patience a while, good *Caſſio*; come, come:
Lend me a Light: know we this face, or no?
Alas, my friend, and my dear countryman
Rodorigo? no: Yes, ſure: yea, 'tis *Rodorigo*.
Gra. What, of *Venice?*
Iago. Even he, Sir: did you know him?
Gra. Know him? ah!
Iago. Signior *Gratiano?* I cry your gentle pardon:
Theſe bloody accidents muſt excuſe my manners,
That ſo neglected you.
Gra. I am glad to ſee you.
Iago. How do you, *Caſſio?* oh a chair, a chair.
Gra. *Rodorigo?*
Iago. He, he, 'tis he: oh that's well ſaid, the chair.
Some good man bear him carefully from hence;
I'll fetch the General's ſurgeon. For you, miſtreſs,
Save you your labour. He that lies ſlain here, *Caſſio*,
Was my dear friend. What malice was between you?
Caſ. None in the world; nor do I know the man.

Iago.

Iago. What, look you pale?--oh, bear him out o'th' air.
Stay you, good gentlemen. Look you pale, miſtreſs?
Do you perceive the gaſtneſs of her eye? [*To* Bianca.
Nay, if you ſtare, we ſhall hear more anon.
Behold her well; I pray you, look upon her;
Do you ſee, gentlemen? nay, guiltineſs
Will ſpeak, though tongues were out of uſe.

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Alas, what is the matter?
What is the matter, husband?
Iago. *Caſſio* hath there been ſet on in the dark
By *Rodorigo*, and fellows that are 'ſcap'd:
He's almoſt ſlain, and *Rodorigo* dead.
Æmil. Alas, good gentleman! alas, good *Caſſio!*
Iago. This is the fruit of whoring—Pray, *Æmilia*,
Go know of *Caſſio* where he ſupt to night.
What, do you ſhake at that?
Bian. He ſupt at my houſe, but I therefore ſhake not.
Iago. Oh, did he ſo? I charge you go with me.
Æmil. Oh fie upon thee, ſtrumpet!
Bian. I am no ſtrumpet, but of life as honeſt
As you that thus abuſe me.
Æmil. As I? fie upon thee!
Iago. Kind gentlemen, let's ſee poor *Caſſio* dreſt.
Come, miſtreſs, you muſt tell's another tale.
Æmilia, run to the citadel,
And tell my lord and lady what hath hap'd:
Will you go on afore?——This is the night,
That either makes me, or foredoes me quite.
[*Exeunt*, Iago *following*.

SCENE, *A Bed-chamber:* Deſdemona *is diſcovered aſleep in her bed.*

Enter Othello, *with a Light and a Sword.*

Oth. IT is the cauſe, it is the cauſe, my ſoul;——
Let me not name it to you, you chaſte Stars!
It is the cauſe.——Yet I'll not ſhed her Blood,

Nor

Nor ſcar that whiter ſkin of hers than ſnow,
And ſmooth as monumental alabaſter:
[*Lays down the ſword.*
Yet ſhe muſt die; elſe ſhe'll betray more men.
Put out the light, and, then, put out the light; (52)
If I quench thee, thou flaming miniſter,
I can again thy former light reſtore,
Should I repent: but once put out *thy* light,
Thou cunning'ſt pattern of excelling nature,
I know not where is that *Promethean* heat,
That can thy light re-lumine.—— [*Sets down the taper.*
When I have pluck'd thy roſe,
I cannot give it vital growth again;
It needs muſt wither.——I'll ſmell thee on the tree;
[*Kiſſing her.*
Oh balmy breath, that doſt almoſt perſwade
Juſtice to break her ſword!——One more; one more;
Be thus when thou art dead, and I will kill thee,
And love thee after.——one more, that's the laſt;
So ſweet, was ne'er ſo fatal! I muſt weep,
But they are cruel tears: this Sorrow's heav'nly;
It ſtrikes, where it doth love.——ſhe wakes——

(52) *Put out the light, and then put out the light.*] The *Players*, in all the Companies wherever I have ſeen this Tragedy perform'd, commit an Abſurdity here, in making *Othello* put out the Candle, which, 'tis evident, never was the Poet's Intention. *Deſdemona* is diſcover'd in her Bed, in the dark; and *Othello* enters the Chamber with a ſingle Taper. If there were any other Lights burning in the Room, where would be the Drift of putting out *his?* If there were no others, and that he puts *his* out, how abſurd is it for *Deſdemona* in the Dark to talk of his *Eyes rowling*, and his *gnawing his nether Lip?* —This, I conceive, to have been the Poet's Meaning. *Othello*, ſtruck in part with Remorſe at the Murther he's going to do, thinks it beſt to do it in the Dark; this compunction of Nature, in the hurry and perturbation of thought, and thoſe Remains of Tenderneſs ſtill combating in his Boſom, ſtrikes him into an inſtant Reflexion, that if he puts out the light, he can rekindle it; but if he once puts out the Light of *her Life*, that will be extinguiſh'd for ever. While he is buſied in this Contemplation, he throws his Eyes towards her; and then ſooth'd with her beauteous Appearance, ſets down the Light, to go and kiſs her. Upon this, *Deſdemona* wakes; and they continue in Diſcourſe together till he ſtifles her.

Def. Who's there, *Othello?*
Oth. Ay, *Desdemona.*
Def. Will you come to bed, my Lord?
Oth. Have you pray'd to night, *Desdemona?*
Def. Ay, my Lord.
Oth. If you bethink yourself of any crime
Unreconcil'd as yet to heav'n, and grace,
Solicit for it straight.
Def. Alack, my Lord,
What may you mean by That?
Oth. Well, do it, and be brief; I will walk by.
I would not kill thy unprepared spirit,
No, (heav'ns forefend!) I would not kill thy soul.
Def. Talk you of killing?
Oth. Ay, I do.
Def. Then heav'n have mercy on me!
Oth. Amen, with all my heart.
Def. If you say so, I hope, you will not kill me.
Oth. Hum.
Def. And yet I fear you: for you're fatal then,
When your eyes rowl so. Why I should fear, I know not,
Since guilt I know not: yet, I feel, I fear.
Oth. Think on thy sins.
Def. They're Loves I bear to you.
Oth. Ay, and for That thou dy'st.
Def. That death's unnatural, that kills for loving.
Alas, why gnaw you so your nether-lip?
Some bloody passion shakes your very frame;
These are portents: but yet I hope, I hope,
They do not point on me.
Oth. Peace, and be still.
Def. I will so: what's the matter?
Oth. That handkerchief
Which I so lov'd, and gave thee, thou gav'st *Cassio.*
Def. No, by my life and soul: send for the man,
And ask him.
Oth. Sweet Soul, take heed, take heed of perjury;
Thou art on thy death-bed.
Def. Ay, but not yet to die.

Oth.

Oth. Presently;
Therefore confess thee freely of thy sin:
For to deny each article with oath,
Cannot remove, nor choak, the strong conception
That I do groan withal. Thou art to die.
Des. Oh, heav'n have mercy on me!
Oth. I say, amen.
Des. And have you mercy too!—I never did
Offend you in my life; never lov'd *Cassio*,
But with such general warrantry of heav'n,
As I might love. I never gave him token.
Oth. By heav'n, I saw my handkerchief in's hand.
Oh perjur'd woman! thou dost stone my heart;
And make'st me call, what I intend to do,
A murther, which I thought a sacrifice.
I saw the handkerchief.
Des. He found it then;
I never gave it him; send for him hither,
Let him confess a truth.
Oth. He hath confest.
Des. What, my lord?
Oth. That he hath——us'd thee——
Des. How? unlawfully?
Oth. Ay.
Des. He will not say so.
Oth. No, his mouth is stopp'd;
Honest *Iago* hath ta'en order for't.
Des. My fear interprets then—What, is he dead?
Oth. Had all his hairs been lives, my great revenge
Had stomach for them all.
Des. Alas, he is betray'd, and I undone.
Oth. Out, strumpet! weep'st thou for him to my face?
Des. Oh banish me, my Lord, but kill me not.
Oth. Down, strumpet.
Des. Kill me to morrow, let me live to night.
Oth. Nay, if you strive——
Des. But half an hour.
Oth. Being done, there is no pause.
Des. But while I say one prayer.
Oth. It is too late. [*He smothers her.*

Æmilia, *at the door.*

Æmil. My lord, my lord! what hoa! my lord, my lord!

Oth. What noiſe is this? not dead? not yet quite dead?
I, that am cruel, am yet merciful;
I would not have thee linger in thy pain.
So, ſo.

Æmil. within.] What hoa! my Lord, my Lord!

Oth. Who's there?

Æmil. Oh, my good Lord, I would ſpeak a word with you.

Oth. Yes, 'tis *Æmilia*——by and by——ſhe's dead.
'Tis like, ſhe comes to ſpeak of *Caſſio*'s death;
The noiſe was high.—Ha, no more moving?
Still as the Grave. Shall ſhe come in? were't good?
I think, ſhe ſtirs again——No——what's the beſt?
If ſhe come in, ſhe'll, ſure, ſpeak to my wife;
My wife! my wife! what wife? I have no wife.
Oh inſupportable! oh heavy hour!
Methinks, it ſhould be now a huge eclipſe (53)
Of Sun, and Moon, and that th' affrighted globe
[163] Should yawn at alteration——

Æmil. I beſeech you,
That I may ſpeak with you. Oh, good my lord!——

Oth. I had forgot thee; oh, come in, *Æmilia.*
Soft,

(53) *Methinks, it ſhould be now a huge* Eclipſe
Of Sun and Moon; and that th' affrighted *Globe*
Should yawn *at Alteration.*——] Mr. *Rymer* is ſo merry, as he thinks, upon this Paſſage, that I can't help tranſcribing his wonderful Criticiſm——"This is wonderful. Here is Poetry to *elevate* and *amuſe*. "It would be uncivil to ask *Flamſtead*, if the Sun and Moon can both "together be ſo hugely eclipſed, in any *heavy hour* whatſoever. Nor "muſt the Spectators conſult *Greſham*-Colledge, whether a Body is naturally *frighted* till he *yawn* again."——Such are the ludicrous Criticiſms of your *Wits*! But is the Word *Eclipſe* abſolutely reſtrain'd to that natural *Phænomenon* which we underſtand by it? If *Othello* thought his Deed ſo horrid, that the Sun and Moon ought to ſtart from their Spheres at it, and ceaſe to enlighten this under-Globe, might not ſuch a Defection be

Soft, by and by, let me the curtains draw.
Where art thou? what's the matter with thee now?
[*Unlocks the door.*

Enter Æmilia.

Æmil. Oh, my good lord, yonder's foul murther done.
Oth. What? now?
Æmil. But now, my Lord.
Oth. It is the very error of the Moon;
She comes more near the Earth than she was wont,
And makes men mad.
Æmil. *Cassio*, my lord, hath kill'd
A young *Venetian*, call'd *Rodorigo*.
Oth. *Rodorigo* kill'd? and *Cassio* kill'd?
Æmil. No, *Cassio* is not kill'd.
Oth. Not *Cassio* kill'd? then murther's out of tune,
And sweet revenge grows harsh.
Des. Oh, falsely, falsely murder'd!——
Æmil. Alas! what cry is that?
Oth. That? what?
Æmil. Out, and alas! that was my lady's voice.
Help! help, hoa! help! oh lady, speak again;
Sweet *Desdemona!* oh sweet mistress, speak.
Des. A guiltless death I die.
Æmil. Oh, who hath done this deed?
Des. No body, I my self, farewel;
Commend me to my kind Lord; oh, farewel. [*Dies.*
Oth. Why, how should she be murder'd?

be call'd an *Eclipse*, with a Vengeance? Well; but, then, can a Body be *frighted* till it *yawn?* Here again, *yawn* is restrain'd to the *Oscitation* of a Man ready to fall asleep; and, for the Joak's sake, must mean no other kind of *gaping*. This Gentleman must have known, sure, that *yawn* (as well as χανὼν, from which it is deriv'd) was oftner apply'd to the *gaping* of the *Earth*, than employ'd to signify the σῶμα κεχηνὸς, the *yawning*, for instance, of a Critick *gaping* after a feeble Jeast. But, I am afraid, Mr. *Rymer* was not too diligent a Reader of the *Scriptures*. Let the Poet account for the Prophanation, if he has committed any: but it is very obvious to me, his Allusion is grounded on a certain *solemn* Circumstance, when *Darkness* is said to have *cover'd the whole Face of the Land*; when *Rocks* were *rent*, and *Graves open'd*.

Æmil. Alas! who knows?
Oth. You heard her ſay, her ſelf, it was not I.
Æmil. She ſaid ſo, I muſt needs report the truth.
Oth. She's like a liar gone to burning hell;
'Twas I, that kill'd her.
Æmil. Oh, the more Angel ſhe, and you the blacker Devil.
Oth. She turn'd to folly, and ſhe was a whore.
Æmil. Thou doſt bely her, and thou art a Devil.
Oth. She was falſe as water.
Æmil. Thou art raſh as fire, to ſay
That ſhe was falſe. Oh, ſhe was heav'nly true.
Oth. *Caſſio* did tup her; aſk thy huſband elſe.
Oh, I were damn'd beneath all depth in hell,
But that I did proceed upon juſt grounds
To this extremity. Thy huſband knew it all.
Æmil. My huſband!
Oth. Thy huſband.
Æmil. That ſhe was falſe to wedlock?
Oth. Ay, with *Caſſio*: had ſhe been true,
If heav'n would make me ſuch another World,
Of one entire and perfect Chryſolite,
I'd not have ſold her for it.
Æmil. My huſband!
Oth. Ay, 'twas he that told me firſt;
An honeſt man he is, and hates the ſlime
That ſticks on filthy deeds.
Æmil. My huſband!
Oth. What needs this iteration, woman?
I ſay, thy huſband.
Æmil. Oh miſtreſs! villany has made mocks with love.
My huſband ſay, ſhe was falſe!
Oth. He, woman;
I ſay, thy huſband; do'ſt underſtand the word?
My friend, thy huſband, honeſt, honeſt *Iago*.
Æmil. If he ſays ſo, may his pernicious ſoul
Rot half a grain a day! he lies to th' heart.
She was too fond of her moſt filthy bargain.
Oth. Hah!——
Æmil. Do thy worſt;

This

This deed of thine is no more worthy heav'n,
Than thou waſt worthy her.

Oth. Peace, you were beſt.

Æmil. Thou haſt not half that power to do me harm,
As I have to be hurt: oh gull! oh dolt!
As ignorant as dirt! thou'ſt done a deed——
I care not for thy ſword, I'll make thee known,
Though I loſt twenty lives——Help! help, hoa! help!
The Moor hath kill'd my miſtreſs. Murther, murther!

Enter Montano, Gratiano, Iago, *and others.*

Mon. What is the matter? how now, General?

Æmil. Oh, are you come, *Iago?* you have done well,
That men muſt lay their murthers on your neck.

Gra. What is the matter?

Æmil. Diſprove this villain, if thou be'ſt a man;
He ſays, thou toldſt him that his wife was falſe:
I know, thou didſt not; thou'rt not ſuch a villain.
Speak, for my heart is full.

Iago. I told him what I thought; and told no more,
Than what he found himſelf was apt and true.

Æmil. But did you ever tell him, ſhe was falſe?

Iago. I did.

Æmil. You told a lie; an odious, damned, lie:
Upon my ſoul, a lie; a wicked lie.
She falſe with *Caſſio?* did you ſay, with *Caſſio?*

Iago. With *Caſſio*, miſtreſs; go to, charm your tongue.

Æmil. I will not charm my tongue; I'm bound to ſpeak;
My miſtreſs lies here murther'd in her bed.

All. Oh heavens forefend!

Æmil. And your reports have ſet the murther on.

Oth. Nay, ſtare not, maſters; it is true, indeed.

Gra. 'Tis a ſtrange truth.

Mon. Oh monſtrous act!

Æmil. Villany! villany! villany!
I think upon't——I think——I ſmell't——Oh villany!
I thought ſo then; I'll kill myſelf for grief;——
Oh villany, villany!

Iago. What, are you mad? I charge you, get you home.

Æmil. Good gentlemen, let me have leave to ſpeak;
'Tis proper I obey him, but not now:
Perchance, *Iago*, I will ne'er go home.
Oth. Oh! oh! oh! [Othello *falls on the bed.*
Æmil. Nay, lay thee down and roar:
For thou haſt kill'd the ſweeteſt Innocent,
That e'er did lift up eye.
Oth. Oh, ſhe was foul! [*Riſing.*
I ſcarce did know you, Uncle; there lyes your Niece,
Whoſe breath, indeed, theſe hands have newly ſtop'd;
I know, this act ſhews horrible and grim.
Gra. Poor *Deſdemona!* I'm glad, thy father's dead:
Thy match was mortal to him; and pure grief
Shore his old thread in twain. Did he live now,
This ſight would make him do a deſp'rate turn;
Yea, curſe his better Angel from his ſide,
And fall to reprobation.
Oth. 'Tis pitiful; but yet *Iago* knows,
That ſhe with *Caſſio* had the act of ſhame
A thouſand times committed. *Caſſio* confeſt it;
And ſhe did gratifie his amourous works,
With that recognizance and pledge of love
Which I firſt gave her; I ſaw it in his hand;
It was an handkerchief, an antique token
My father gave my mother.
Æmil. Oh heav'n! oh heav'nly Powers!
Iago. Come, hold your peace.
Æmil. 'Twill out, 'twill out,——I, peace!
No, I will ſpeak as liberal as the air;
Let heav'n, and men, and devils, let them all,
All, all cry ſhame againſt me, yet I'll ſpeak.
Iago. Be wiſe, and get you home.
Æmil. I will not. [Iago *offers to ſtab his wife.*
Gra. Fie, your ſword upon a woman?
Æmil. Oh, thou dull Moor! that handkerchief, thou ſpeak'ſt of,
I found by fortune, and did give my husband;
For often, with a ſolemn earneſtneſs,
(More than, indeed, belong'd to ſuch a trifle,)
He begg'd of me to ſteal it.

Iago.

Iago. Villanous whore!
Æmil. She give it *Caſſio?* alas, I found it,
And I did give't my husband.
Iago. Filth, thou lieſt.
Æmil. By heav'n, I do not; I do not, gentlemen:
Oh murd'rous coxcomb! what ſhould ſuch a fool
Do with ſo good a wife?

Iago *breaks through and wounds his wife, then runs out.*

Oth. Are there no ſtones in heav'n,
But what ſerve for the thunder? precious villain!
Gra. The woman falls; ſure, he has kill'd his wife.
Æmil. Ay, ay; oh, lay me by my miſtreſs' ſide.
Gra. He's gone, but his wife's kill'd.
Mon. 'Tis a notorious villain; take this weapon,
Which I have here recover'd from the Moor:
Come, guard the door without, let him not paſs,
But kill him rather; I'll after that ſame villain,
For 'tis a damned ſlave. [*Exeunt* Mon. *and* Gra.
Oth. I am not valiant neither;
But every puny whipſter gets my ſword.
But why ſhould honour out-live honeſty?
Let it go all.
Æmil. What did thy Song boad, lady?
Hark, can'ſt thou hear me? I will play the ſwan,
And die in muſick; *Willow*, *Willow*, *Willow*——
Moor, ſhe was chaſt; ſhe lov'd thee, cruel Moor;
So come my ſoul to bliſs, as I ſpeak true;
So ſpeaking as I think, alas, I die. [Æmilia *dies.*
Oth. I have another weapon in this chamber,
It was a ſword of *Spain*, the *Ebro*'s temper;
Oh, here it is: Uncle, I muſt come forth.
Gra. within.] If thou attempt it, it will coſt thee dear;
Thou haſt no weapon, and perforce muſt ſuffer.
Oth. Look in upon me then, and ſpeak with me,
Or, naked as I am, I will aſſault thee.

Re-enter Gratiano.

Gra. What is the matter?
Oth. Lo! I have a weapon:
A better never did itſelf ſuſtain Upon

Upon a ſoldier's thigh. I've ſeen the day,
That with this little arm, and this good ſword,
I've made my way thro more impediments,
Than twenty times your ſtop. But, oh vain boaſt!
Who can controul his fate? 'tis not ſo now.
Be not afraid, tho you do ſee me weapon'd;
Here is my journey's end, here is my Butt,
The very ſea-mark of my utmoſt ſail.
Do you go back diſmay'd? 'tis a loſt fear:
Man but a ruſh againſt *Othello*'s breaſt,
And he retires. Where ſhould *Othello* go?
Now——how doſt thou look now? oh ill-ſtarr'd Wench!
Pale as thy ſmock! When we ſhall meet at compt,
This look of thine will hurl my ſoul from heav'n,
And fiends will ſnatch at it. Cold, cold, my Girl?
Ev'n like thy chaſtity. Oh curſed ſlave!
Whip me, ye Devils,
From the poſſeſſion of this heav'nly ſight;
Blow me about in winds, roaſt me in ſulphur,
Waſh me in ſteep-down gulfs of liquid fire——
Oh *Deſdemona! Deſdemona!* dead, dead! oh, oh!

Enter Lodovico, Caſſio *led in wounded*, Montano, *and* Iago *priſoner, with officers.*

Lod. Where is this raſh and moſt unfortunate man?
Oth. That's he, that was *Othello:* here I am.
Lod. Where is that viper? bring the villain forth.
Oth. I look down tow'rds his feet;-but That's a fable. (54)
If that thou beeſt a Devil, I cannot kill thee.
[Othello *wounds* Iago.
Lod. Wrench his ſword from him.
Iago. I bleed, Sir, but not kill'd.

(54) *I look down tow'rds his Feet: but That's a Fable,*] I wont pretend to affirm, but *Ben Jonſon* ſeems to me to be ſneering at *Shakeſpeare*, for hinting at a Notion, inculcated, by the Foppery of Painters, and Superſtition of Zealots, into the Vulgar, that the *Devil* has *cloven Feet.*

I look'd o' your Feet *afore, you cannot cozen me;*
Your Shoe's not cloven, *Sir, you are* whole-hoof'd.
Devil's *an* Aſs.

Oth.

Oth. I am not ſorry neither: I'd have thee live;
For, in my ſenſe, tis happineſs to die.
Lod. Oh thou, *Othello*, that waſt once ſo good,
Fal'n in the practice of a curſed ſlave,——
What ſhall be ſaid to thee?
Oth. Why, any thing;
An honourable murth'rer, if you will:
For nought I did in hate, but all in honour.
Lod. This wretch hath part confeſt his villany:
Did you and he conſent in *Caſſio*'s death?
Oth. Ay.
Caſ. Dear General, I never gave you Cauſe.
Oth. I do believe it, and I ask your pardon:
Will you, I pray, demand that demy-devil,
Why he hath thus enſnar'd my ſoul and body?
Iago. Demand me nothing; what you know, you know;
From this time forth I never will ſpeak word.
Lod. What? not to pray?
Gra. Torments will ope your lips.
Oth. Well, thou doſt beſt.
Lod. Sir, you ſhall underſtand what hath befal'n,
Which, as I think, you know not; here's a letter,
Found in the pocket of the ſlain *Rodorigo*,
And, here, another; one of them imports
The death of *Caſſio* to be undertook
By *Rodorigo*.
Oth. Oh villain!
Caſ. Moſt heatheniſh and moſt groſs!
Lod. Now, here's another diſcontented paper,
Found in his pocket too; and this, it ſeems,
Rodorigo meant t'have ſent this damned villain;
But that, belike, *Iago* in the interim
Came in and ſatisfy'd him.
Oth. Oh thou pernicious caitiff!
How came you, *Caſſio*, by that handkerchief
That was my wife's?
Caſ. I found it in my chamber;
And he himſelf confeſt it but even now,
That there he dropt it for a ſpecial purpoſe,

Which

Which wrought to his desire.

Oth. Oh fool, fool, fool!

Cas. There is, besides, in *Rodorigo*'s letter,
How he upbraids *Iago* that he made him
Brave me upon the watch; whereon it came
That I was cast; and even now he spake,
After long seeming dead, *Iago* hurt him,
Iago set him on.

Lod. You must forsake this room, and go with us;
Your Pow'r and your Command is taken off,
And *Cassio* rules in *Cyprus*. For this slave,
If there be any cunning cruelty,
That can torment him much, and hold him long,
It shall be his. You shall close prisoner rest,
Till that the nature of your fault be known
To the *Venetian* State. Come, bring him away.

Oth. Soft you; a word or two, before you go.
I've done the State some service, and they know't;
No more of that. I pray you, in your letters,
When you shall these unlucky deeds relate,
Speak of me, as I am: Nothing extenuate,
Nor set down aught in malice. Then must you speak
Of one that lov'd not wisely, but too well;
Of one, not easily jealous; but being wrought,
Perplex'd in the extream; of one, whose hand, (55)
Like the base *Judian*, threw a pearl away
Richer than all his tribe; of one, whose eyes,

Albeit

(55) ——— ——— *of One, whose hand,*
Like the base Indian, *threw a Pearl away*
Richer than all his Tribe.] I have restor'd, *Judian*, from the Elder *Quarto*, as the genuine and more eligible Reading. Mr. *Pope* thinks, *this was occasion'd probably by the Word* Tribe *just after*: I have many Reasons to oppose to this Opinion. In the first Place, the most ignorant *Indian*, I believe, is so far the Reverse of the *Dunghil Cock* in the *Fable*, as to know the Estimation of a Pearl, beyond that of a Barley-Corn. So that, in that Respect, the Thought itself would not be just. Then, if our Author had design'd to reflect on the *ignorance* of the *Indian* without any farther Reproach, he would have call'd him *rude*, and not, *base*. Again, I am persuaded, as my Friend Mr. *Warburton* long ago observ'd, the Phrase is not here *literal*, but *metaphorical*: and, by his *Pearl*, our Author very properly means a *fine Woman*. To instance only in two Passages from his *Troilus*, of the like Usage;

Her

Albeit unuſed to the melting mood,
Drop tears as faſt as the *Arabian* trees
Their medicinal gum. Set you down this:
And ſay beſides, that in *Aleppo* once,
Where a malignant and a turban'd *Turk*
Beat a *Venetian*, and traduc'd the State,
I took by the throat the circumciſed dog,
And ſmote him thus. [*Stabs himſelf.*

Her Bed is India; *there ſhe lies, a* Pearl;
Is She worth keeping? why, She is a Pearl,
Whoſe Price hath launch'd above a thouſand Ships,
And turn'd crown'd Kings to Merchants.

But Mr. *Pope* objects farther to reading *Judian*, becauſe, *to make Senſe of* This, *we muſt preſuppoſe ſome particular Story of a* Jew *alluded to, which is much leſs obvious:* But has *Shakeſpeare* never done this, but in this ſingle Inſtance? Let us turn back, for Proof, to his *Twelfth-night*;

Why ſhould I not, had I the Heart to do't,
Like to th' Ægyptian Thief, at point of Death,
Kill what I love?

Here is a particular *Story* hinted at, (which I have explain'd in the proper place,) much *leſs obvious* than the Story above *preſuppos'd*. But this we are to obſerve of *Shakeſpeare*, that tho both his Stories are introduc'd *tacito nomine*, his *Alluſion* and *Similie* are as clear, as if he had given us the expreſs Hiſtory. *Ben Jonſon*, I am ſure, does not always convey his Alluſions it the ſame Clearneſs.

I have a Husband, and a two-legg'd one,
But ſuch a Moonling, as no wit of Man,
Or Roſes, *can redeem from being an* Aſs.

Here is a Story *preſuppos'd*, but ſo darkly couch'd, that, I dare warrant, ſcarce one Reader in five hundred of this Poet ever gueſs'd at it. Nor can Any One know what he would be at, who has not read either *Lucian* or *Apuleius:* and obſerv'd, that when *Lucius* by a magical Unguent was converted into an *Aſs*, the only Means of recovering his own Form was for him to brouſe on *freſh Roſes*. I hope, the Explication of this obſcure Paſſage will compenſate for the Digreſſion. But, to return to my Author. I am ſatisfied, in his *Judian*, he is alluding to *Herod*; who, in a Fit of blind Jealouſie, threw away ſuch a Jewel of a Wife as *Mariamne* was to him. What can be more parallel in Circumſtance, than the Conduct of *Herod* and *Othello?* Nor was the Story ſo little obvious, as Mr. *Pope* ſeems to imagine: For, in the Year 1613, the Lady *Elizabeth Carew* publiſh'd a *Tragedy*, call'd MARIAM, *the fair Queen of* JEWRY. I ſhall only add, that our Author might write *Judian*, or *Judean*, (if that ſhould be alledg'd as any objection) inſtead of *Judæan*, with the ſame Licenſe and Change of Accent, as, in his *Antony* and *Cleopatra*, he ſhortens the ſecond Syllable of *Euphrates* in Pronunciation.

Lod.

Lod. Oh bloody period!
Gra. All, that is ſpoke, is marr'd.
Oth. I kiſt thee, ere I kill'd thee.—No way but this,
[*To* Deſdem.
Killing my ſelf, to die upon a kiſs. [*dies.*
Caſ. This did I fear, but thought he had no weapon;
For he was great of heart.
Lod. Oh *Spartan* dog! [*To* Iago.
More fell than anguiſh, hunger, or the ſea!
Look on the tragick loading of this bed;
This is thy work; the object poiſons ſight,——
Let it be hid. *Gratiano*, keep the houſe,
And ſeize upon the fortunes of the Moor,
For they ſucceed to you. To you, lord Governor,
Remains the cenſure of this helliſh villain:
The time, the place, the torture, oh! inforce it.
My ſelf will ſtraight aboard; and to the State
This heavy act, with heavy heart, relate. [*Exeunt.*

The End of the Seventh Volume.

ERRATUM.

VOL. I. p. 249. l. 14, inſtead of, *On his wife's* Frailty, *read, On his wife's* Fealty.——If any other ſlight Errors have eſcap'd obſervance, or been committed at *Preſs*, it is hop'd, They are ſo very few that they will be eaſily pardon'd by the Readers.

A TABLE OF The ſeveral EDITIONS OF SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS, Collected by the EDITOR.

EDITIONS *of Authority.*

MR. *William Shakeſpeare*'s Comedies, Hiſtories, and Tragedies. Publiſh'd according to the true Original Copies. *London*, Printed by *Iſaac Jaggard* and *Ed. Blount*, 1623. (*Folio.*)

Mr. *William Shakeſpeare*'s Comedies, Hiſtories and Tragedies. Publiſh'd according to the true Original Copies. The *Second* Impreſſion. *London.* Printed by *Thomas Cotes*, for *Robert Allott*, and are to be ſold at the Signe of the Black-Beare in Paul's-Churchyard, 1632. (*Folio.*)

A Midſummer Night's dreame. As it hath been ſundry Times publikely acted, by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare.* Imprinted at *London* for *Thomas Fiſher*, and are

are to be ſould at his Shoppe at the Signe of the White Hart in Fleetſtreete, 1600. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. Printed by *James Roberts*, 1600. (*Quarto.*)

A moſt pleaſaunt and excellent conceited Comedie of Syr *John Falſtaffe*, and the merry Wives of *Windſor*. Entermixed with ſundrie variable and pleaſing humors of Syr *Hugh* the Welch Knight, Juſtice *Shallow*, and his wiſe Couſin M. *Slender*. With the ſwaggering Vaine of Auncient *Piſtoll*, and Corporall *Nym*. By *William Shakeſpeare*. As it hath bene divers times acted by the right Honourable my Lord Chamberlain's Servants: both before her Majeſtie, and elſewhere. *London:* Printed by *T. C.* for *Arthur Johnſon*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in Powles Churchyard at the Signe of the Flower de Leuſe and the Crowne, 1602. (*Quarto.*)

A moſt pleaſant and excellent conceited Comedy, of Sir *John Falſtaffe*, and the Merry Wives of *Windſor*. With the ſwaggering Vaine of Auncient *Piſtoll*, and Corporall *Nym*. Written by *W. Shakeſpeare*. Printed for *Arthur Johnſtone*, 1619. (*Quarto.*)

Much adoe about Nothing. As it hath been ſundrie times publickly acted by the right honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*. *London:* Printed by *V. S.* for *Andrew Wiſe* and *William Aſpley*, 1600. (*Quarto.*)

The moſt excellent Hiſtorie of the *Merchant of Venice*. With the extreame Crueltie of *Shylocke* the Jew towards the ſayd Merchant, in cutting a juſt pound of his fleſh: and the obtayning of *Portia*, by the choyſe of three Cheſts. As it hath beene divers times acted by the Lord Chamberlayne his Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*. At *London*, Printed by *J. R.* for *Thomas Heyes*, and are to be ſold in *Paules* Churchyard at the Signe of the Greene Dragon, 1600. (*Quarto.*)

The excellent Hiſtory of the *Merchant of Venice*. With the extreme Cruelty of *Shylocke* the Jew towards the ſaide Merchant, in cutting a juſt Pound of his Fleſh. And the obtaining of *Portia* by the choyſe of three Caſkets.

Caſkets. Written by *W. Shakeſpeare.* Printed by *J. Roberts*, 1600. (*Quarto.*)

The firſt Part of the troubleſome Reign of *John* King of *England*, with the Diſcovery of *Richard Cordelion*'s Baſe Son, vulgarly call'd the Baſtard *Fawconbridge*. Alſo the Death of King *John* at *Swinſtead*-Abbey; as it was ſundry times publiquely acted by the Queen's Majeſty's Players in the honourable Citty of *London*. Imprinted at *London* for *Sampſon Clarke*, ſold at his Shop the Backſide of the Royal Exchange, 1591. (*Quarto.*)

The ſecond Part of the troubleſome Reign of *John* King of *England*, conteyning the Death of *Arthur Plantagenet*, the landing of *Lewis*, and the poyſoning of King *John* at *Swinſtead*-Abbey. As it was *&c.* Imprinted *&c.* 1591. (*Quarto.*)

The firſt and ſecond Part of the troubleſome Raigne of *John* King of *England*. With the diſcoverie of King *Richard Cordelion*'s Baſe Sonne (vulgarly named, the Baſtard *Fawconbridge*:) alſo, the Death of King *John* at *Swinſtead*-Abbey. As they were (ſundry times) lately acted by the Queenes Majeſties Players. Written by *W. Sh.* Imprinted at *London* by *Valentine Simmes* for *John Helme*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtons* Churchyard in *Fleeteſtreet*, 1611. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. As they were (ſundry times) lately acted. Written by *W. Shakeſpeare. London*, Printed by *Aug. Mathewes* for *Thomas Dewe*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtones* Churchyard in *Fleetſtreet*, 1622. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragedie of King *Richard* the Second. As it hath been publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. By *William Shakeſpeare. London*, Printed by *Valentine Simmes* for *Andrew Wiſe*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in *Paules* Churchyard at the Signe of the Angel, 1598. (*Quarto.*)

The Hiſtory of *Henrie* the Fourth; with the Battell at *Shrewſburie*, betweene the King and Lord *Henry*

Percy, ſurnamed *Henry Hotſpur* of the *North*. With the humorous conceits of Sir *John Falſtaffe*. Newly corrected by *W. Shakeſpeare*. At *London*, printed by *S. S.* for *Andrew Wiſe*, dwelling in *Paules* Churchyard at the Signe of the Angell, 1599. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. *London*, Printed by *T. P.* and are to be ſold by *Mathew Lawe*, dwelling in *Pauls* Churchyard, at the Sign of the *Foxe* neere S. *Auſtine*'s Gate, 1622. (*Quarto.*)

The ſecond Part of *Henrie* the Fourth, continuing to his Death, and Coronation of *Henrie* the Fift. With the Humours of Sir *John Falſtaffe*, and ſwaggering *Piſtoll*. As it hath been ſundrie times publikely acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*. *London*, Printed by *V. S.* for *Andrew Wiſe*, and *William Aſpley*, 1600. (*Quarto.*)

The Chronicle Hiſtory of *Henry* the Fift, with his Battell fought at *Agin Court* in *France*. Together with Ancient *Piſtoll*. As it hath been ſundry times play'd by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants. Printed for *T. P.* 1608. (*Quarto.*)

The whole *Contention* betweene the two famous *Houſes*, LANCASTER and YORKE. With the Tragical Ends of the good Duke *Humfrey*, *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, and King *Henrie* the Sixt. Divided into two Parts. And newly corrected and enlarged. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*, Gent. Printed at *London*, for *T. P.* (*Quarto.*)

The Same. With the true Tragedy of *Richard* Duke of *Yorke*, and the Death of good King *Henrie* the Sixt. Acted by the Earl of *Pembroke*'s Servants, at *London*. Printed by *W. W.* for *Tho. Millington*, 1600. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragedy of King *Richard* the Third. Containing his treacherous Plots againſt his Brother *Clarence*: the pittiefull Murther of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannical Uſurpation: with the whole Courſe of his deteſted Life, and moſt deſerved Death. As it hath beene

beene lately acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine his Servants, at *London*. Printed by *Valentine Sims*, for *Andrew Wiſe*, dwelling in *Paule*'s Churchyard, at the Signe of the Angell, 1597. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. By *W. Shakeſpeare.* Printed by *Tho. Creed*, for *Andrew Wiſe*, 1598. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. Newly augmented, by *William Shakeſpeare. London*, Printed by *Thomas Creede*, *&c.* 1602. (*Quarto.*)

M. *William Shakeſpeare*, his true Chronicle Hiſtory of the Life and Death of King *Lear*, and his Three Daughters. With the unfortunate Life of *Edgar*, Sonne and Heire to the Earle of *Gloceſter*, and his ſullen and aſſumed humour of *Tom* of *Bedlam*. As it was plaid before the King's Majeſty at *Whitehall*, upon St. *Stephens* night in *Chriſtmas* Hollidaies. By his Majeſties Servants, playing uſually at the Globe on the Banckeſide. Printed for *Nathaniel Butter*, 1608. (*Quarto.*)

The moſt lamentable Tragedie of *Titus Andronicus*. As it hath ſundry times beene plaide by the King's Majeſties Servants. *London*, printed for *Eedward White*, and are to be ſolde at his Shoppe, nere the little North dore of *Pauls*, at the Signe of the Gun, 1611. (*Quarto.*)

An excellent conceited Tragedy of *Romeo* and *Juliet*. As it hath been often with great Applauſe play'd publickly by the Right Honourable the Lord of *Hunſdon* his Servants. *London*, printed by *John Danter*, 1597. (*Quarto.*)

The moſt excellent and lamentable Tragedie of *Romeo* and *Juliet*; newly corrected, augmented, and amended. As it hath been ſundry times publickly acted by the Right Honourable the Lord Chamberlaine's Servants. Printed by *Tho. Crede*, for *Cuthbert Burby*, 1599. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragical Hiſtorie of *Hamlet*, Prince of *Denmarke*. By *William Shakeſpeare*. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almoſt as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppie. At *London*: Printed

by *J. R.* for *N. L.* and are to be ſold at his Shoppe under St. *Dunſton*'s Church in *Fleetſtreet*, 1605. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragedy of *Hamlet* Prince of *Denmarke*. By *William Shakeſpeare*. Newly imprinted and enlarged to almoſt as much againe as it was, according to the true and perfect Coppy. At *London*; printed for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shoppe in St. *Dunſton*'s Churchyeard in *Fleetſtreet*. Under the Diall, 1611. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragædy of *Othello*, the Moore of *Venice*. As it hath beene diverſe times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black-Friers*, by his Majeſties Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*. *London*, Printed by *N. O.* for *Thomas Walkley*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, at the Eagle and Child in *Brittan's Burſſe*, 1622. (*Quarto.*)

EDITIONS *of middle Authority.*

THE Works of Mr. *William Shakeſpeare*, &c. The Third Impreſſion, 1664. (*Folio.*)

The Merry Wives of *Windſor*. With the Humours of Sir *John Falſtaffe*; as alſo the ſwaggering Vaine of Ancient *Piſtoll*, and Corporal *Nym*. Written by *William Shake-ſpeare*, newly corrected. *London*: Printed by *T. H.* for *R. Meighen*, and are to be ſold at his Shop, next to the *Middle Temple* Gate, and in St. *Dunſtan*'s Churchyard in *Fleetſtreet*, 1630. (*Quarto.*)

The excellent Hiſtory of the Merchant of *Venice*. With the extream Cruelty of *Shylock* the Jew; and the obtaining of *Portia* by the Choice of three Caſkets. As it hath been ſundry times publikely acted by the King's Majeſties Servants at the Globe. Written by *W. Shakeſpeare*. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended. *London*: printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtans* Churchyard in *Fleet-ſtreet*, under the Dyall, 1637. (*Quarto.*)

Love's

Love's Labour's Loſt. A wittie and pleaſant Comedie; as it was acted by his Majeſties Servants at the *Black-Friers* and the *Globe.* Written by *William Shakeſpeare. London*: Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in Saint *Dunſtones* Churchyard under the Diall, 1631. (*Quarto.*)

A witty and pleaſant Comedie called, *The Taming of the Shrew.* As it was acted by his Majeſties Servants at the *Blacke-Friers* and the *Globe.* Written by *Will. Shakeſpeare. London:* Printed by *W. S.* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtones* Churchyard under the Diall, 1631. (*Quarto.*)

The Life and Death of King *Richard* the Second. With new Additions of the *Parliament Scene*, and the Depoſing of King *Richard.* As it hath beene acted by the King's Majeſties Servants, at the *Globe.* By *William Shakeſpeare. London*, Printed by *John Norton*, 1634. (*Quarto.*)

The Hiſtorie of *Henry* the Fourth: With the Battel at *Shrewsbury*, betweene the King, and Lord *Henry Percy*, ſurnamed *Henry Hotſpur* of the *North.* With the humorous Conceits of Sir *John Falſtaffe.* Newly corrected, by *William Shake-ſpeare. London*, Printed by *John Norton*, and are to be ſold by *Hugh Perry*, at his Shop next to Ivie-bridge in the Strand, 1639. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragedie of King *Richard* the Third. Contayning his treacherous Plots againſt his Brother *Clarence*: The pittifull Murder of his innocent Nephewes: his tyrannical Uſurpation: with the whole Courſe of his deteſted Life, and moſt deſerved Death. As it hath been lately acted by the King's Majeſties Servants. Newly augmented. By *William Shakeſpeare. London*, Printed by *Thomas Purfoot*, and are to be ſold by *Mathew Law*, dwelling in *Pauls* Churchyard at the Signe of the *Foxe*, neere St. *Auſtine*'s Gate, 1624. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. Printed by *John Norton*, and are to be ſold by *Mathew Law*, &c. 1629. (*Quarto.*)

The Same. Printed by *John Norton*, 1634. (*Quarto.*)

M. *William Shakeſpeare*, his true Chronicle Hiſtory of the Life and Death of King *Lear* and his *three Daughters*. With the Unfortunat Life of *Edgar*, Sonne and Heire to the Earle of *Gloceſter*, and his ſullen aſſumed humour of *Tom* of *Bedlam*. As it was plaid before the King's Majeſty at *Whit-hall* upon S. *Stephens* night, in *Chriſtmas* Hollidaies. By his Majeſties Servants, playing uſually at the Globe on the *Bank-ſide*. *London*, Printed by *Jane Bell*, and are to be ſold at the Eaſt-end of *Chriſt-church*, 1655. (*Quarto.*)

The moſt excellent and Lamentable Tragedie of *Romeo* and *Juliet*. As it hath been ſundry times publikely acted by the Kings Majeſties Servants at the *Globe*. Written by *W. Shake-ſpeare*. Newly corrected, augmented, and amended. *London*, printed by *R. Young* for *John Smethwicke*, and are to be ſold at his Shop in St. *Dunſtans* Churchyard in *Fleetſtreet*, under the Dyall, 1637. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragedy of *Hamlet*, Prince of *Denmark*. Newly imprinted and inlarged, according to the true and perfect Copy laſt printed. By *William Shakeſpeare*. *London*, printed by *R. Younge* for *John Smethwicke*, *&c.* 1637. (*Quarto.*)

The Tragædy of *Othello*, the Moore of *Venice*. As it hath beene diverſe times acted at the *Globe*, and at the *Black-Friers*, by his Majeſties Servants. Written by *William Shakeſpeare*. *London*, printed by *A. M.* for *Richard Hawkins*, and are to be ſold at his Shoppe in *Chancery-Lane*, neere Serjeants-Inne, 1630. (*Quarto.*)

EDITIONS *of no Authority.*

THE Works of Mr. *William Shakeſpear*, in Six Volumes, adorn'd with Cuts. Revis'd and corrected, with an Account of the Life and Writings of the Author, by N. ROWE Eſq;. *London*, printed for *Jacob Tonſon* within *Grays*-Inn Gate, next *Grays*-Inn Lane, 1709. (*Octavo.*)

The

The Same. (in 12*mo.*) 1714.

The Works of *Shakeſpear*, in Six Volumes. Collated and corrected by the former Editions, by Mr. POPE. *London*, printed for *Jacob Tonſon* in the Strand, 1725. (*Quarto.*)

The ſame. (in 12*mo.*) 1728.

F I N I S.

E R R A T U M.

In the Title of the above *Table*, inſtead of *Collected* by the EDITOR, read, *Collated* by *&c.*

a 419. Have you forgot all place of sense
and duty?

Iown I cannot understand this, but a very small alteration sets it right: I think we must either read,

—— all place, and sense of duty

or — all sense of place, and duty.

b. 481. Put out the light, and, then, put
out the light;

Mr Tibbald's observation upon the Players absurdly puting out the candle here is very just, but he retains I think a wrong pointing, which turns this fine passage into a foolish jingle of the light and the light that has given occasion for a good deal of ridicule. I think the sense of the passage is this,

Put out the light, and then — (kill her) at that instant the reflection strikes him of the different consequences of extinguishing the light of the candle, and her life, and, repeting what he he had said, he goes on with the comparison. I would point it thus,

Put out the light and then ——

—— put out the light! ——
If I quench thee &c.

c 443. Like to the Pontic Sea,
&c
I should imagine this simile if not borrowed from yet alludes to Sir Philip Sidney's device, whose impresse Camden in his remains says was the Caspian Sea, with this motto, SINE RE-FLUXV.

d. 406 Make Love's quick pants in Desdemona's arms,
The Quarto of 1622 reads
And swiftly come to Desdemona's arms,

e 455 Both the Folio of 1632 & the Quarto of 1622 after Lie on her add, we say lie on her when they belie her.

f 396 My downright violence and storm of fortunes
W. reads — violence to forms, &c —

g 405 — essential vesture —
— terrestrial —— W.

h 422 Drunk and speak? Parrot, and squabble ——
— speak Parrot? &c

i 433 Though I perchance —
Think — W

k 438 — Be you not known on't
— acknown
i.e. do not acknowledge that
you have it

l 453 The Devil their virtue tempts, and they tempt heaven.
— tempts not; they tempt —
W.

m 454 — protectress — propertied — W.

n 455 — instruction — induction. W.

o 458 Do you triumph, Roman?
— Rogue. W

p 473 — And he she lov'd prov'd mad
And did forsake her: —
W reads
And he she lov'd forsook her,
And she prov'd mad —

q 489 Are there no stones in heaven,
But what serve for the thunder?
Warb: reads the second line;
For what then serves the thunder?

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Thomas Pennant Barton.

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